

August

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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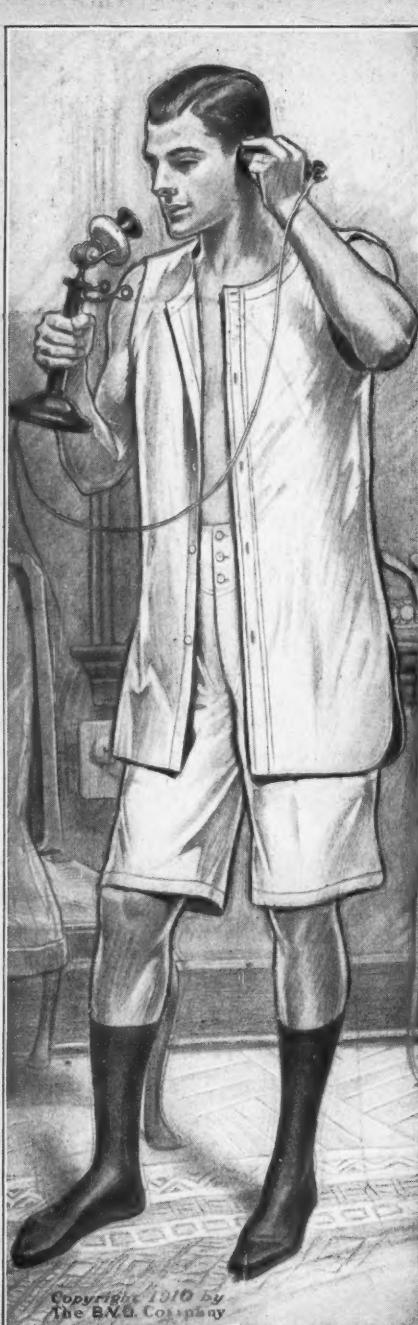
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in the September number of the "NATIONAL" will be
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He's the Author  **WALLACE IRWIN**

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By R. K. CARTER

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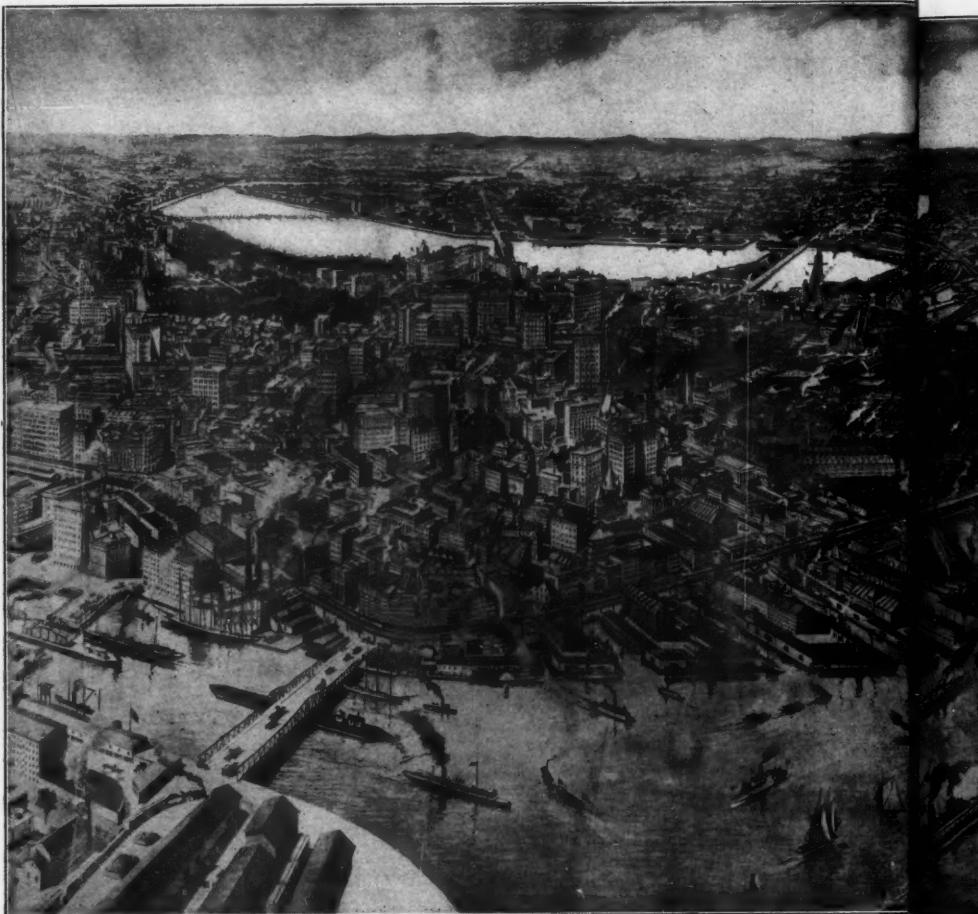


Courtesy of the
New York World CURTISS LANDING AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND—WINNING THE WORLD'S \$10,000 PRIZE, MAY 29, 1910



JUST BACK FROM MARS

"Look ahead," said Keely, "here comes the moon."—See page 561



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE B

WHAT city could be so interesting to American school teachers as Boston? After a visit to the "Hub" history lessons are more graphic, tales of the "tea party" and other stirring scenes of the Revolution are more like personal memories than history lessons. On returning home from their visit to the historic city, each teacher-tourist is able to give a zest, color and personal touch to the history and geography hour which was not hitherto possible. Almost every American girl and boy, poring over school books, hopes some day to visit Boston and see the noted places mentioned on the printed page.

No periodical is more generally used in the school room than the **National Magazine**, and it seems natural that the August issue should bid the teachers of the National Educational Association welcome to the city. In fact, this number will be a fitting and prized souvenir of the National Educational Association convention of 1910. It is peculiarly apropos that such a magazine should be printed in Boston, the city of colonial history and tradition, and the cradle of the American Revolution.

In this haven on the Massachusetts shore the great frigates of the war of 1812 were built, as well as the splendid clippers and largest freighters in the days before America resigned her phenomenal competition for the commercial sovereignty of the

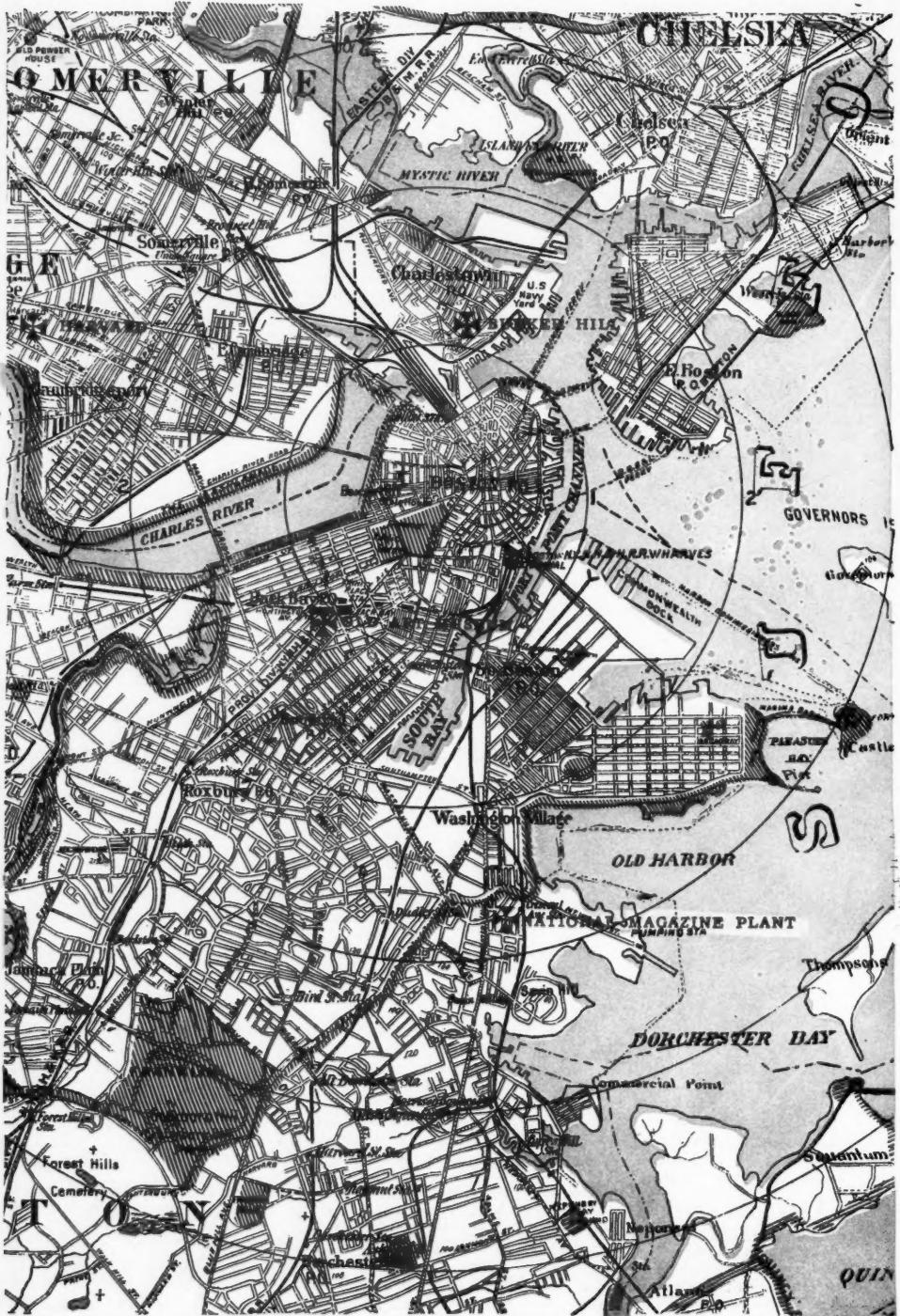


THE BOSTON OF TODAY

world. Boston is known, too, as "the modern Athens," the mother of hundreds of the learned and great men of the republic.

Today Boston may claim her place as the queen of American summer cities; in midsummer it is the most interesting of American localities from an historical point of view, and is in close touch with many beautiful, historic and comfortable urban hot weather resorts. Boston's larger and newer additions supplement the forty-acre Common and the beautiful Public Garden with boulevard on boulevard. Cool and charming are the loitering places provided at City Point pier and Fort Independence; the magnificent grassy lawns of Franklin Park, the sylvan shores and sea breezes and many other breathing places are easily reached, safe to visit, well kept and free to all.

In Greater Boston, the Middlesex Fells, the lofty summit and splendid views of the Blue Hills, the unnumbered places for pleasure and fishing excursions, the long-curving beaches, crowded attractions of Nantasket, Revere, Nahant and Winthrop, have each a distinct charm. Daily excursions are frequent, while a week's visit may be made at very moderate cost. Thousands of visitors spend a whole summer's day at the seaside at a cost of ten cents for car fare.



BOSTON AND NEARBY POINTS OF INTEREST

From the "map of the Boston District" (copyright), published by Walker Lithograph & Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXII

AUGUST, 1910

NUMBER FOUR



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

"IRED—just worn out"—like the drowsy response of a congregational "amen" came the chorus of weariness from every senator and congressman during the last stifling days of the session. In the Marble Room of the Senate all the brilliant mural paintings and classic elegance of pillar and tile—so impressive in snappy, winter weather—now seemed stiff and superfluous. Rounded periods, flashes of humor and the stirring moments in debate are submerged in dreams of the lounging days of summer. And these same lazy days determine the legislation. By coming close to Nature in summer time, public men get nearer to the people. How revivifying is the remembrance of lying in the "shade of the shock"—a jug of water near at hand—listening to the soft quiver of the leaves overhead—looking upward at the blue streaks of sky showing between—and resting. Nowhere can a man so well pull himself together as out in the fields—in contact with Nature. All our houses and modern apartments, our luxurious furnishings and strongly built walls are nothing but hibernating holes. Out in the open, where the scent of the hay refreshes, where the drone of the bee is heard, where the buzz of myriad insects mingles with the song of birds—that is the place where virile, creative thoughts breed—even if the chrysalis does not enter upon its metamorphosis and become a butterfly until stimulated by the warmth of winter social activities.

Look at the soil—that little spot of earth under one's heel, within the immediate range of vision near the haycock—it bears a very hive of industry—there a thousand live creatures are wide awake. There is no sloth in Nature, there is no pause, no nerve fag, for the tiny workers are in their native habitat. Many a strong, lusty man whose muscles were built in the fresh air at wholesome work wastes slowly in the city grind. The stifling confinement, the round of industrial or social activities become a sordid urban whirl to him, and he looks eagerly forward to those all too brief weeks of summer when he shall once more touch the earth—like Antaeus—and renew his vigor for the combats and vicissitudes of life.

* * *

President Taft may have dreamed of the Myopia links, and the long, warm afternoons on the North Shore boating, or of watching from his veranda the sails of the yachts as they skirt the shores of Little and Big Misery. Even the ambassadors themselves realize the need for a change. The English Embassy decided to move for the summer to Dublin, New Hampshire, rather suggestively Irish for an official English rendezvous. Distinguished city magnates, who would be shocked if seen in Washington doing any sort of "menial" work, are willing to take the garden hose and nightly freshen the grateful grass, or take a scythe or hoe in hand, while the literary lady of the



Photo by Clinedinst

CHILDREN OF KING GEORGE V

Prince Edward, Albert, Henry, George and Princess Victoria. Prince Edward on extreme left

house, or the young miss just home from college reads on the piazza a beautiful tribute to grass:

"I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray.

"Held in my heart I cannot form a cry,
It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
So full the simple grass is of delight.

* * *

WHEN the dignified, affable and alert Prince, Tsai Tao, of the Imperial family of China, accepted the honors conferred upon him by the officials in Washington, he had every appearance of enjoying his visit. He is studying conditions in the United States with a view to reforms and development in the Celestial Kingdom. As I saw him leaving the office of Secretary of State Knox, he was attired in a black cloak trimmed with blue, something like the "eel cloaks" of today, and he wore a black hat with a long white-tipped feather, laid down horizontally. He was accompanied by Lord

Li, son of Li Hung Chang, a young man at least six feet tall and weighing over two hundred pounds, who is always ready to rise in the morning and prepare to be up and doing when anything worth while is on hand. Secretary Knox enjoyed the conference with the Chinese Prince, and there was an exchange of real wit, for the Chinese sense of humor is more akin to the American than is that of the Japanese.

The Chinese Empire, which hitherto has never possessed an organized standing army, purposes to organize a centralized army corps of 10,000 men in each of the thirty-six provinces of China—in all 360,000 men.

As the imperial party, in charge of Assistant Secretary Hale passed out, shutters flapped open, for even the government clerks could not resist abandoning their dignity for the nonce, to get a peep at the stately procession. On the streets, bowling along in carriages, at the railroad stations, the delegation received a popular ovation.

A luncheon was given by Secretary Knox, and the prince and his interpreter,

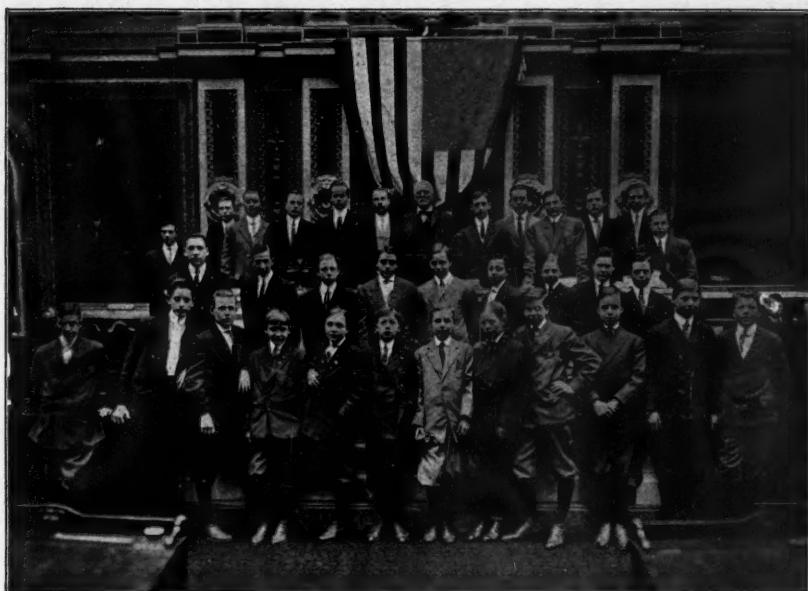


Photo by Clinedinst

PAGES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL. These youngsters receive seventy-five dollars per month. Some of the United States Congressmen now in office were pages when they were boys

Lord Li, and the imperial party made a trip to the yacht "Mayflower" and to Mount Vernon, where the prince placed a wreath upon the tomb of Washington. The Prince, accompanied by Chang Tin Tang, was cordially welcomed to the White House by President Taft. The imperial party also witnessed a cavalry parade and visited the navy yards. At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the iron works were inspected, where the steel armor plates are made. The Prince was especially interested in seeing the works and mechanism of the great gun factories at Bethlehem. Later they viewed Niagara Falls, and at West Point were greatly impressed by the beauty of the scenery and the perfect discipline and splendid architecture of the great military school.

* * *

WHEN it comes to marvelous fluency, Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas stands at the head of the class, and he is also happy in the possession of a rich, full-toned voice, capable of expressing

deep feeling. In the Senate chamber he is one of the most popular orators, and it is understood that what he says will have just enough of the droll and the picturesque to make it "go." He is always sure of an attentive hearing.

In reply to a question as to his habit of preparing his speeches, Mr. Bailey says:

"I seldom prepare any speech for the Senate, though I generally take the trouble to correct the stenographers' notes. The speech which I delivered in the Senate last session on the question of free raw materials is the only one I can now recall that I have carefully prepared before delivering. I took the precaution to do that in the case of that particular speech because it was doctrinal and intended more for Democrats outside of the Senate than for those who are members of that body. I also prepared a part of my 'Income' speech, but the part which I did prepare constituted less than a third of it."

Many of his speeches are long and take hours to deliver, yet newspaper men have

noticed, in following his utterances with pen and note book, that he never hesitates for a word but reels off his speech with a gusto that is coveted by all public speakers.

* * *

SHIVERING in the chilly blasts of a "Norther," we watched Louis Paulhan, the French aviator, as he prepared for his flight at New Orleans. The bold aeronaut rose into the air, swept in great circles around and above us, and noiselessly poised his dainty craft for the final descent. When he alighted, the throng of editors heartily cheered the plucky Frenchman. He was clad in a rather striking costume, sported a green felt hat, and wore a pair of riding breeches, of so close a fit that some of the younger editors suggested that "he had been melted and poured into



HON. M. G. BULKELEY
United States Senator from Connecticut

them." Like a "gentleman rider," eager to jump the hurdle with a spirited steed, his dark eyes gleamed. A genial and notably youthful face was not at all in keeping with our preconception of the worn air which is supposed to char-

acterize the hero of many aerial flights. In England, Paulhan flew 185 miles in 252 minutes, actual flying time, and averaged 44.04 miles per hour. He won the prize of fifty thousand dollars given by Lord Northcote for a flight from London to Manchester, and the enthusiasm of the sportsmen of England exceeded all bounds. Graham White, the English

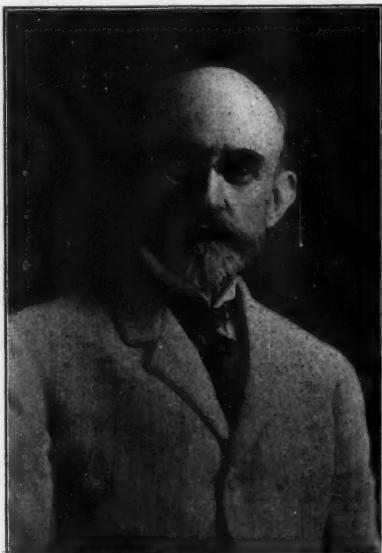


Photo by Harris & Ewing

HON. JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP
Secretary Isthmian Canal Commission

aviator, gave the Frenchman a hard chase. At a height of five hundred feet to one thousand feet, with a veering wind, the aeronaut kept a steady, unerring course and followed the fast express on the London & Northwestern, taking his bearings after sunset from the train lights. It was moonlight, and that was perhaps why the date was chosen. Only one stop over night was made, and that was followed by an early start. How weird that aerial flight, at dawn, in the slowly growing daylight of that latitude, must have been! He passed over the historic town of Rugby at a height of one thousand feet. The high wind encountered at Polesworth put his opponent, White, out of the contest; he tried manfully to continue the race, but was obliged to

give up the struggle. Paulhan was numb with cold when he arrived and was hardly able to respond to the cheers and greetings of the throng which greeted his descent. On the last stretch he made the final twenty-four miles at the rate of sixty-four miles an hour, passing the train on which his wife was traveling. He had as usual parted with her, kissing her affectionately, and she had followed him to see him land if possible.

* * *

WHEN is an egg a fresh egg?" promises to rival in unanswerability the question, "How many spirits can poise themselves upon the point of a needle?" Modern wiseacres do not worry about standing room for spirits, but much of their attention is absorbed by cold storage problems. Even unfresh eggs have their uses, it seems, for we hear from "across the water" that an English political campaign would be considered very tame if addled eggs could not be obtained as a spicy valedictory to unpopular candidates.

The investigation of cold-storage problems is not carried on with the vigor which might bring a solution, for products have a tiresome way of going down in price, just when the hue and cry of "high prices" is loud enough to be clearly heard throughout the land. If investigation puts the prices down, why not continue it? It has been decided that an egg does not lose its value by being kept, provided the hand of Father Time has not lain too heavily upon it. If consumed within six months from the time it has been cold-storaged, its nourishing powers are not seriously impaired. The word "fresh" has a wide meaning. For instance, if cold storage men apply the meaning given by Mr. Webster, "in raw, green, or untried state,"

almost any egg might be "fresh." Or definition number seven, "not salt-fresh meat in distinction from that which is pickled," would apply to any unpickled "fresh" eggs, salt being no longer used to



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MRS. P. C. KNOX
Wife of the Secretary of State

preserve them. An old-time mariner of sailing vessel days describes eggs that had been packed in salt for three months as "uninjured in flavor, but with the yolks a trifle hardened."

It has been suggested that the milk in an egg might be a fair test of its being strictly fresh, and the only sure way to

obtain such eggs is to set up a henry, and attain the altitude reached by the farmer's wife:

"I never eat an egg that I don't know was a-walking around the yard yesterday."

* * *

GLANCING over the leaves of a business directory or at the signs displayed on the busy streets of a city, one is impressed with the curious uses to which air is put nowadays. Every sort of air—"regenerated" "compressed," cold air for cold storage and hot air for heating—

\$9,000,000 in 1902. The exportation of automobiles from the United States has developed chiefly in the past ten years, and in 1909 reached nearly \$10,000,000. Imports were \$6,000,000 in 1905, and fell to \$3,000,000 three years later, and were increased to \$4,000,000 in 1909.

France leads the world in her export of automobiles. Reports from Canada say that the prejudice against machines of American make is dying out, and their real excellence is being appreciated. Automobiles are very largely used throughout the Dominion in farming as well as for pleasure. The exportation of over a million dollars' worth of automobiles every month tells the story of a great development in the trade.

* * *



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., AND HIS BRIDE
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as Miss Eleanor Alexander, at the
Washington Horse Show

is offered for sale, but no "air trade" is advancing so rapidly as that of the compressed air in the rubber tubes that gird the wheels of an automobile.

Even to those in the trade, the facts of automobile development are astonishing. The value of auto exports from all countries in 1909 exceeded \$50,000,000, against

OF all the gifts made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, few will be more far-reaching in world benefit than the new building for the International Bureau of the American Republics, dedicated in April. It was a significant event in the development of closer relations between the Pan-American States. The happiest man on this occasion was Mr. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau, who has made a life study of the establishment of good feeling among them, and the opening of trade relations between nations. John Barrett is a true Yankee who "can turn his hand to anything." When he set out on his first great mission to Siam, it is said that all he knew of the Land of the White Elephant was his recollection of having seen

the Siamese twins in a circus when a boy. Mr. Barrett settled while in Siam the famous Cheek claim, involving several millions of dollars, in a way that surprised even veteran diplomats. After serving also as the United States Minister in Argentina, Panama and Colombia, he accompanied Secretary Root on his tour

of South America, and is building up a bureau that constantly grows in popularity. The *Bulletin*, the monthly organ of the Bureau, is a veritable encyclopaedia of Latin-American information, and is taking its place as a powerful periodical under the associate editorship of Franklin Adams, and is without doubt as patriotic and progressive a publication as even Mr. Barrett himself could desire.

* * *

BR E A T H L E S S, hat in hand, side by side with another "sprinter," I tore down the platform of a local station half an hour's ride outside Washington. Just in time we both swung into the smoking car and sank panting upon the nearest seat. I turned to look at the man who had galloped beside me for a whole minute—and who at the end of the run had more breath to spare than I had. He was an old acquaintance possessed of an extraordinary memory for figures; he recited off statistics about the railroads and the amount of mails carried in a way that amazed me. When my head was "all of a swim," and I was trying to digest a tithe of what he told me, he said:

"People do a lot of figuring in these days; nothing is so convincing to modern man as seeing matter set down in black and white. In a recent debate on 'The Causes of the Present Deficit,' the fact was disclosed that while the total sum paid to the railroads for carrying mails amounted to \$46,000,000, even if all mails had been always carried free the deficit would not be wholly accounted for, but would still remain at a sufficiently high figure—\$20,000,000."

"I have collected a mass of figures in my leisure time as an amusement, and know what I'm talking about. The railroads make me pretty mad if my train

comes in a minute late of a morning, so that I miss the car which ought to carry me to work—hope I catch it this morning—but I don't believe in saddling with the onus of an enormous expenditure a lot of folks who are really not responsible for it."



Photo by
Clinedinst

MISS ELOISE HUGHES

Daughter of United States Congressman Hughes of West Virginia. She is a great favorite in Washington society

SECRETARY MEYER walked hurriedly across Executive Avenue. Meeting a newspaper man he paused a moment before the executive office to briefly outline his idea of the requirements of the seamen of the future who are to serve the United States upon the "vasty deep."

"What the old navy wanted," said Mr. Meyer, "was a sailor, a man who had been before the mast, a man who could run up into the rigging with readiness, unfurl the sails and be an all-around man. What

the navy requires today is not that class of man who is set in his ideas; we want young men who can be trained to manage the mechanical features of a modern battleship.

"An inland man is often better than a man from the sea, because he comes with no preconceived ideas and learns what he is taught. He should have the faculty

The fact that he had only a country school education did not prove an obstacle in the way of his ambition to be a lawyer, for after spending his evenings for several years studying law, he was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was elected to the State Senate in 1890 and two years later was sent to Congress where he has since risen to a position of national importance.



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MRS. LARZ ANDERSON AT THE WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW
She has won many cups and ribbons

for acquiring knowledge of electricity, mechanical and machinery work, because our great battleships today are nothing more nor less than great big moving machine shops."

* * *

THE Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee is James A. Tawney, who represents the first district of Minnesota in Congress. Born near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1855, he was but a lad of eight when the memorable battle took place. He commenced life in earnest as an apprentice in his father's blacksmith shop at the age of fourteen, after attending the village school. In 1877 he went West, settled at Winona, started life at his trade as a machinist, in the very city where President Taft delivered his famous tariff speech.

Coming from an agricultural district, he has been a consistent advocate of the interests of the farmer. During the consideration of the Wilson Bill in the Fifty-third Congress, though he was then but a new member and the House was Democratic, he secured the adoption of the only Republican amendment to that bill, increasing the duty on barley to protect the barley-growers in Minnesota. For this accomplishment he was christened "Barley Jim." During the consideration of the Payne Bill last summer, he succeeded in securing the adoption of an amendment increasing the duty on barley considerably over that recommended by the Ways and Means Committee. Through his efforts, also, during the earlier years of his service, a tax was placed on filled cheese and adulterated flour, driving out of the market two spurious products

which seriously threatened both foreign and domestic markets for the farmers.

To him more than to any other man are the farmers of the country indebted for the present oleomargarine law. Recently the existence of this law has been seriously threatened, but it is not likely that the interests seeking its repeal will succeed in their purpose as long as Mr. Tawney remains a member of the House.

Mr. Tawney was one of the most conspicuous figures on the floor during the consideration of the Payne tariff law, chiefly because of his fight for free lumber. This fight became so bitter as to win for him, on account of his persistency, the personal enmity of some of the advocates of the lumber duties. But for the votes of some thirty-seven Democrats against

to engage in debate a large part of the time while appropriation bills are under consideration. These bills must be considered and passed annually while tariff legislation is considered only about once in a decade.

All the appropriations for the construction of the Panama Canal thus far made have been considered and recommended by the Committee on Appropriations; and much to its credit may it be said that these recommendations have passed both houses and become law in every case without any change whatever. This is due to the fact that the members of the committee, and Mr. Tawney in particular, have made exhaustive personal investigations of the work at the Isthmus on the ground, and he is therefore



Photo by
Clineinst DAUGHTERS OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Misses Meyer (center), Madam Von Stumm of German Embassy. Fashionable assemblage gather to witness baseball between Washington's society club men

the amendments he offered, he would have succeeded in placing lumber on the free list.

The visitor to Washington soon becomes familiar with the figure of Tawney on the floor. While in theory the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is the floor leader, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, which has come to be the most important committee of the House, is the leader always at the helm, for appropriations go on and on forever. This is due to the fact that his duties require him to be on the floor and

thoroughly familiar with the requirements of that great project. The appropriations for the Canal for next year will be about \$37,000,000.

No man is more familiar with national expenditures than he, and through his initiative many economies have been effected. Realizing the lack of co-ordination between the various departments of the government in the submission of their estimates for public expenditures and the responsibility which has heretofore fallen upon Congress of cutting down

the estimates to bring them within the revenues, Mr. Tawney recently secured the adoption of a provision requiring the heads of the departments to submit their estimates to the President in order that he may go over them before they are sent to Congress, and if he finds that they do not come within the estimated revenue for the ensuing year, he is then required either to cut them down, or to recommend



HON. JAMES A. TAWNEY
Congressman from First District of Minnesota

to Congress new sources of taxation to meet the increased expenditures proposed. The responsibility placed upon the executive has been productive of greatly reduced estimates for appropriations. It has put a stop to the practice formerly followed by the departments of estimating for more than they could use in the hope of thus securing large appropriations and has thrown upon the heads of the departments, who are familiar with the actual needs of their departments, rather than upon Congress, the duty of paring the estimates as close as possible to the real needs of the service. Mr. Tawney's most recent accomplishment, and one that has met with universal approval, was the adoption of an amendment to the sundry

civil appropriation bill, appropriating \$250,000, to enable the President to appoint a tariff board and employ experts for the purpose of investigating the cost of production at home and abroad. The information gathered by this board will be thoroughly reliable and will prove invaluable when another revision of the tariff is undertaken.

Mr. Tawney is an indefatigable worker, a ready debater, and a born fighter. These qualities have enabled him to forge to the front in the House and have gained for him a position which is next in actual power and importance to that of President of the United States and Speaker of the House. He is one of the strongest possibilities for Speaker in the next Congress. Those who are familiar with his ability, his fearlessness and his standing in national affairs would look upon it as little short of a calamity should the people of his district fail to appreciate the value of his service not only to them but to the entire country, and he will be returned this fall to continue his work in Congress by a handsome majority.

* * *

THERE is a breezy, business air about the White House these days. Mr. Charles D. Norton, who was recently appointed secretary to the President, has brought to the office wide experience gained in a singularly successful business career, in which he commanded a salary almost equal to that of the President himself. Under his guidance the administration is meeting and solving problems in the incisive and decisive way in which business propositions are handled, and prophecies are made that the Taft administration will be appreciated more and more as the legislative and executive plan develops.

While walking through the Treasury Department a short time ago, I noticed that furniture was being brought out of the supervising architect's old office. Through the door I saw the gleam of flags—the old Stars and Stripes rarely decorate any room in Washington except on special occasions.

"What holiday is this," I queried, "about to be celebrated within the sombre shades of the old Treasury Department?"

Inside, under the direction of Secretary Norton, who was at that time Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, preparations were being made for an exhibit. All manufacturers of all kinds of office furniture and labor-saving appliances had been invited to make an exhibit here during the first week of May. Government officials and clerks were given opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with every device which might accelerate their work. This was a most significant innovation, showing what Uncle Sam has done to keep up with his business contemporaries in securing the latest and best equipment.

There were tabulating devices, typewriters, filing cases, stencil machines, everything that is included in the equipment of a modern and up-to-date office. The exposition suggested that office work has passed the stage of mere professional quill-driving, at so much per thousand words, is now "skilled labor," and the question is not merely how many letters may be turned out in a day, but how the best and most effective output may be attained, while saving time and labor.

Some foreshadowing of such advancement is dimly hinted at in the essays of Charles Lamb. Surrounded by uncongenial labors and interests, his heart was in the work which he delighted to do after "business hours." Seated in his own home he wrote those charming essays which are truly his "life work," and many of which were suggested by his employment and business associates. Thousands of people today know the South-Sea House only because he has described it.

"Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases, offices roomy as state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; . . . Huge charts which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico,

dim as dreams—and soundings of the Bay of Panama! . . . Vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces-of-eight once lay, an 'unsunned heap,' . . . long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous *bubble*."



CHARLES DYER NORTON
Recently appointed secretary to President Taft

"Thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves. . . . with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers. . . . I cannot look upon these defunct dragons with complacency."

He tells of his fellow-clerks, "a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery." One is a Macaroni, "the last of

that race of beaux." Another is an "old bachelor . . . who would chirp and expand over a muffin," and still another is "Thomas Tame," who "had the air and stoop of a nobleman."

The reader marvels in what direction Lamb would have branched out had he



Photo by Stein, Milwaukee

A. CRESSY MORRISON
Who is carrying on a stirring campaign for clean money

worked at congenial employment. To what use would he have put the genius expended in describing his fellow-clerks? Any young fellow who thinks he has "no scope" for his talents had better study the "Essays of Elia," and see what cheery old Charles made out of the most uninteresting position a man could possibly fill.

This innovation in the way of an exhibition was launched at the Treasury Department in Washington at ten o'clock, one May day, when Assistant Secretary Norton, now secretary to President Taft, delivered an address, in part as follows:

Inasmuch as the exhibit is made only for the benefit of the government service, and cannot be thrown open to the public, or be

advertised in any way, I am glad to express our appreciation of the efforts of so large a number of business firms to enable the government employees conveniently to examine their devices. I urge that you and your assistants encourage every one of your clerks who shows any interest in better business methods to familiarize himself with these labor-saving devices, and, after the exhibit is over, you are requested to report in writing to the Secretary of the Treasury, in detail, whether any of these machines or devices will increase the efficiency of your office.

No man is really fortunate who holds a sinecure, or does work elaborately or expensively that could be done simply and at less cost. The man himself deteriorates so that he pays an even heavier penalty than does the employer from whom he draws 'something for nothing' on pay day. He is fortunate whose faculties are tested daily by necessary work, done in the most scientific way, and who receives fair pay for doing it. In the immense and rapidly expanding activities of the government there is ample



Photo by Clinedinst

MISS BESSIE SESSIONS

Step-daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin Reeves Russell, United States Marine Corps, retired. One of Washington's prettiest society girls, discovered in "Bright Eyes," Forest Theater, Philadelphia, by her friends

room for every clerk who is or who can be made efficient.

Modern methods and labor-saving devices, if skilfully applied, will not, in my opinion, turn adrift efficient employees. There will be many transfers as vacancies occur by death or resignation in the service, and in justice to men and women who have entered

the government service in good faith, we are bound, in my opinion, to work just as zealously to bring about these necessary readjustments as to introduce better business methods.

We are really discussing here one of the great policies of the present Administration, the retrenchment of public expenditures.

At the very moment when the aspirations of the whole American people are for the expansion of the great and costly Federal agencies engaged in promoting public health; conserving public lands; teaching scientific farming or lumbering; improving our waterways; our national defenses; enlarging our courts of justice; at the very moment, in short, when the Federal Government is urged to expand our national expenditures, as we have been doing for the past ten years, we are threatened with deficits despite our immense revenues. It is in order to conserve these great projects of social betterment then that retrenchment and the elimination of

of the service, and has adopted this novel method of bringing them to the attention of the heads of bureaus and employees of the Treasury Department, as well as to the heads of bureaus and employees of all of the Executive.



Photo by Clinedit

MRS. JOHN KELIHER
Wife of the United States Congressman from
Massachusetts

waste has become so vitally important and so necessary to the American people who employ us all.

As a result of this exhibition the Secretary of the Treasury hopes to eliminate some of the antiquated methods of transacting government business which prevail at this time. He believes that the adoption of some of the machines and devices shown will materially increase the efficiency



HENRY S. GRAVES
New Forestry Chief, who succeeded Mr. Pinchot

INCREASING numbers of soiled bills are being returned to Washington for redemption. Mr. A. Cressy Morrison, of Chicago, still carries on with enthusiasm a campaign against "filthy lucre," filthy in the literal sense of the word; when represented by the bills commonly used in present-day transaction of business.

The results of a thorough analysis of twenty-four of the worst bills turned in are startling. There were germs of grippa, tuberculosis, diphtheria and other contagious diseases. Mr. Morrison claims that the examinations made for typhoid and cholera germs in drinking water should be applied to bills. When Mr. Hilditch, of Yale, examined 24 bills he discovered an average of 142,000 bacteria of various dangerous maladies, which is a matter of grave concern when it is considered that this money had passed through the hands

of thousands of men, women and children all over the country. It has been proved scientifically that paper money is a means of transmission of disease. Germs of tuberculosis and other contagious disorders may live for several days in bills. From a sanitary standpoint, the federal government ought to remedy this disgrace.



Photo by
Clinedinst MISS MATHILDE TOWNSEND

Of Washington, District of Columbia, who will marry Mr. Peter G. Gerry of New York. Miss Townsend is the social leader of Washington. She is very beautiful and worth millions of dollars. Date of marriage not decided upon

ful condition. In fact, the bills become so contaminated that no self-respecting person would accept such an accumulation of filth in any other form than money, in a public or private transaction.

The expense of sending money to the sub-treasury for redemption is assigned as one reason why bills are not oftener turned in for renewal. Large sums of

money are tied up for the length of time required for transit and verification as to genuineness after reaching the Treasury. Here each bill has to pass through a minute analysis and comparison with various records to insure its genuineness. The government seems to be guided largely by laws which pay no attention to a sanitary currency. Persons who have traveled in Great Britain and noted the clean bills in use there, have felt that the unclean condition of Uncle Sam's green bills is a disgrace.

So long as positive proof can be obtained and given to the government that innumerable germs of filthy and mortal diseases exist, even in a single bill, it seems that precautionary steps should at once be taken. If a smallpox patient should expend a few bills, the grocer, the butcher and the baker would be likely to place many customers in grave danger by circulating these bills, not to speak of their personal risk. Congressman Wiley has a bill now before the House requesting that money returned to the Treasury shall not be reissued, and that the cost of transportation both ways shall be borne by the Department. An amendment provides that when the bank examiner counts the reserve, which must be held legally by any bank, he will consider a debit against the treasury for redemption as a part of the reserve; such an amendment would clear the path of the chief difficulties in the way of clean money.

The total number of bills redeemed last year was 241,000,000 of separate issues, the largest number ever redeemed, and representing a face value of over a billion and a quarter dollars. One particular dollar bill submitted to the Department of Agriculture for examination showed over 92,000,000 germs, among which were over 13,000,000 living bacteria, with a life varying from hours to days;

including germs of smallpox, yellow fever, tuberculosis and diphtheria. With the natural love of the American people for cleanliness, it should not be long before Mr. Morrison realizes an abundant success in his stirring campaign for clean money and wholesome bills.

* * *

IN the prime of life, at the age of forty-eight, and with twenty-two years of solid usefulness before him on the Supreme Court bench, should he retire at the age of seventy, Charles E. Hughes is regarded as being especially fitted to the post assigned to him. He has decided not to qualify until October, at the fall term of the Supreme Court. The influence which Governor Hughes has exerted on state and national affairs, and on public life in general, must be great and lasting. Who would have thought that the hard-working, painstaking attorney of a few years ago, conducting the insurance investigation in New York City Hall, and keeping his head cool amid the storms, always pushing forward relentlessly but forcefully for the truth—and nothing but the truth—without a

ship of public righteousness by the nation?

His success has been achieved without partisan machinery, wholly depending on the plain integrity of his purposes and the co-operation of the people. Studious and simple in all that he does, a page



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
AND JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

On the railway platform during the trip through Europe. Mr. O'Laughlin was formerly assistant secretary of state and the author of the popular "Through Europe and from the Jungle with Roosevelt."

of Euclid or other abstruse subject by way of diversion is enjoyed with his regular daily luncheon of lamb chops. It is no surprise to learn that in vacation time he prefers climbing a Swiss mountain to lounging in a piazza chair.

His speeches are rare contributions to political literature—clear, concise and so easily understood, and yet having all the dignity of an opinion delivered from the bench. Impervious to flattery and the ordinary allurements of public life, he is guided by principle rather than by policy, and finds pleasure in grappling with great problems which must eventually reach him. The unanimity of his selection by every member of the Cabinet, and its hearty endorsement by the whole people, is an universal approbation of the American people of his elevation to the supreme tribunal of the United States; and in his choice President Taft has shown that, despite criticisms, he is truly a nation-serving President.



Photo by
Clinedinst

MISS EDNA ELLERBE

Daughter of Congressman Ellerbe of South Carolina, and one of the leaders of the Southern Congressional set at the National Capital

trace of personal feeling or malice, would soon be called to represent the champion-

While in Albany, it is believed, President Taft, in a long talk with Governor Hughes, decided to offer him the justiceship of the Supreme Court. Probably this decision was arrived at in view of the fact that Governor Hughes was firm in his



Photo by Cinedinst

AN INTERESTING SNAP SHOT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

determination not to run again for his present office. He never has any hesitation in explaining his views, be it on the Anti-Trust Act or any other matter, and his language on the questions of the day is plain and unmistakable.

"We do not want anything which will interfere with business enterprise. We don't want anything which will interfere with investments to give opportunities for labor. We do not want to return to soup houses. We don't want to make it difficult for men to find employment. But, on the other hand, we do want to make it difficult for anybody or for any set to unite together and prevent other people from having perfectly fair and just treatment. We want to end discrimination in business.

"I am for the Anti-Trust Act. I am against the unfair combinations by which people are deprived of their chance to get to markets and by which independents have a hard time getting along. I believe in the policy that has been adopted of making it absolutely impos-

sible for secret agreements; for those measures which are taken to put down the independent competitor in this country."

Those who know Governor Hughes, and have made a study of his policies in connection with his public career, understand that his opinions are not formed on the fleeting impulse of the moment, but are the voicing of settled convictions.

* * *

IN these days of history-making, when history is being made so rapidly that even the historian is swept out of his accustomed judicial attitude, it is refreshing to take down a volume of John Fiske's ethical, historical and literary essays. As time recedes, the lengthening perspective heightens the genial philosophy which Fiske embodied in classical English, and the spirit of his works is worthy of general acceptance for, although at times ready with a rapier thrust, he never forgot that his first duty to the reader was to give facts, and state them as justly and entertainingly as possible.

At the latest meeting of the Educational



JOHN FISKE

Association, many speakers paid deserved tribute to the memory of John Fiske, whose work as an historian has had a wide and lasting influence upon the school teachers and the children of the country.

ON the same day that he was at the White House, Governor Walter E. Clark of Alaska was hung in effigy in Juneau because of the removal of a United States marshal. He is planning for extensive improvements in Alaska this year.

"For the first time in Alaskan history," he said, "an appropriation has been made for lighthouses, and a line of acetylene lamps will stretch along the southeastern coast. They will be provided with the Swedish prism so that the lights will burn for six months at a time."

Lamps of this kind are apparently extinguished the moment the sun comes up, and the light turns on again as soon as the sun sets.

"The government does well," remarked a facetious young Washingtonian, "to illuminate Alaska's \$50,000,000 worth of commerce."

An Alaskan gentleman standing by remarked that more than the commerce needed illumination, adding:

"The whole status of Alaska has been much interfered with by this scare raised over the Pinchot-Ballinger inquiry. Great fields of coal lie undeveloped and may do so for years. Meanwhile people are buying British Columbian coal and lugging it across the border. Supplies of fuel could be obtained near at hand if the Alaskan situation could be speedily adjusted."

* * *

SINCE his visit to Europe Senator Tillman has a fund of new stories, which sound properly filtered and possess the true continental flavor. In London he enjoyed a real "pea soup" fog; to get a good view of it he took a ride on top of a 'bus, which passed slowly along the streets, as though feeling its way. The wintry chill pinched his nose and ears, the fog dripped Niobe-like around him; everything was moist and sticky; sound was deadened; cabs and foot passengers loomed up for a moment, like phantoms, and disappeared as suddenly.

"If I was a scholar," said the 'bus driver, emphasizing his final "d," "I'd always talk Latin on this sort of a day."

The Senator asked why.

"You know, these folks all look like ghosts and ghostesses to me—and Latin's

the proper language to talk to spirits in. It's well known they won't answer if they're spoke to in English."

Beside the Senator was a Parsee, wearing a red fez. The driver cast sundry curious glances at him, during the frequent pauses necessitated by the fog. When the man got off, he said:

"You're an American, I know, sir, but would you mind telling me where that chap hails from who's wearing that monkey cap?"

"He is a sun-worshipper, they are called Parsees."

"Well, well—worships the sun, does he? I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a little



"Beside the Senator was a Parsee wearing a red fez"

rest from his prayers," and he glanced expressively at the wet, shivering passengers, and the gloomy, cheerless slice of street faintly visible through the fog.

* * *

A PROBLEM that was wrinkling the overhanging brows of the political prophets, prior to the return of the famous traveler, was "What will Roosevelt do when he reaches the United States?" They had picked out all sorts of places for him to fill, ranging from the New York Senatorship to the Presidential chair of the United States. Some Congressmen have felt that he would add weight and dignity to their councils, as a member of the lower House.

Meantime the ex-President has been having "the time of his life" mingling with his relatives of Dutch blood. One word expresses his opinion of the trip, "Bully." He will probably find enjoyment on his return, whether he proceeds to take part in the destinies of his native

land, to mix with the insurgents, to hold public office or to settle down at Oyster Bay and write things for other folks to read. No one dreams of having a dull campaign this fall, with the slayer of African wild beasts well to the front. If he is not "all over bluggy" like the five-year-old hero of fiction, he is undoubtedly ready to take an active part in anything that may be a-doing when he comes home.

If an inquiry should be made as to the most impressive feature in the Roosevelt



"Roosevelt won't carry out any plans suggested to him"

visit to Europe, the consensus of opinion would probably light upon his stay in France. That must indeed have been an impressive moment when he gazed upon the red marble of the tomb of Napoleon. Looking over the railing, as thousands of other men, both small and great, have done, he may have mused—in the midst of his own popularity—upon the fleeting character of human greatness:

"False the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even."

* * *

IN a certain high school in Washington the following test is applied in order to separate the "cranks" from the "jolly good fellows."

"Nail a square piece of water against the side of a house, and when the water has dried up, move the house away, and what remains is a miffle."

Only a "jolly good fellow" will listen a second time to this mysterious announcement. The others will all turn up their noses, even if nature has persistently

turned them down. This method has proved so successful that the high school boys succeeded in getting the formula printed in one of the Washington newspapers, where "it may be seen unto this day."

* * *

AN expert investigator declares that the simple fact of having gone through the marriage ceremony does not require a woman to change her name—it is merely

a complimentary concession to her husband's dignity, and is not legally necessary either in the United States or abroad. In many cases, when titled women have married, they have retained their own name, and the plebeian husband has reversed the usual process and tacked his wife's name onto his own. A notable instance of this was when the Baroness Burdette Coutts married her secretary, and he was thereafter known as Mr. Burdette Coutts. This revelation was made at a recent woman's convention.

There were many speeches on the streets and in the historic avenues of Washington. The suffragettes were there in full force, and began a militant campaign, but it did not meet with the measure of success attained in England.

President Taft was invited to address the convention, though he explained that he was not in sympathy with the movement. He finally accepted, and it was during his speech that he was "hissed"; furnishing much copy for the newspapers—a hissing audience of women being a decided anomaly. The convention promptly disavowed the action, and the public have concluded that women are no more strong-minded than men, and that their feelings also occasionally run away with them. It has been stated that such a thing could not occur in a gathering of men, and that even a labor organization would not be guilty of so flagrant a breach of hospitality. On the other hand, a speaker addressing an assembly of men, by special invitation, is almost sure to say only what will be agreeable for them.

to hear. Incidentally the surprise expressed conveys a delicate compliment to the good behavior of women, which they probably will not be slow to see.

* * *

AT the Agricultural Department is encouraging proof of continued prosperity. It is generally conceded now on every side that the flood time of fortune for the farmer has arrived. The great increase in population will insure the farmer a good market for his product. The situation has evoked from Arthur Brisbane a summary that is full of interest:

"The farmer is twice as rich today as he ever was in the history of America.

"The farmer, though you may not know it, buys half of all the automobiles made in America now, or more than half!

"The farmer now gets for his hogs, alive and squealing on the hoof, just double the amount that he was very glad to get a few years ago.

"He gets more for his wheat, for his corn, his eggs, his butter and milk.

"And besides getting bigger prices, the farmer, thanks to scientific agriculture, gets more out of each acre.

"You understand, of course, that every dollar added to the price the farmer receives for food produced means a dollar added to the cost of living.

"The middleman simply adds to the price he charges you every increase in the price paid the farmer.

"It would be impossible to say just how much the income of the farmers has increased during the past years, but the sum is enormous, running into thousands of millions."

* * *

MANY a full-grown man has lively memories of the hickory which was used upon him in youth, upon the principle quoted by a small Sunday-school scholar: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he's old he'll go it."

However, hickory has been put to other uses than the training of youthful Americans, and it seems the supply, according to the Agricultural Department, is rapidly failing. The value of hickory lumber at this time is thirty dollars per thousand, and the high grades are selling at fifty dollars. The total value of hickory production is not less than \$12,000,000 annua". At the present time it consti-

tutes not more than five per cent of the standing timber of the United States. The supply in Indiana and Ohio, where the best wood formerly grew, has been almost exhausted. At present Arkansas is in the lead, followed by Tennessee, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio.

* * *

ADAINTY little lady, who is still full of lively interest in all that she sees, is Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, wife of the famous Confederate leader. She visited at the home of Mrs. Leiter and was given a warm reception by many old Northern and Confederate soldiers, and received marked attention from the President and other prominent officials. Mrs. Jackson now lives at Charlotte, North Carolina, and



"Many a full-grown man has lively memories of the hickory"

her recent visit to Washington was quite an event in her usually domestic life.

"Had I not come," she said, "I never could have imagined just what this visit would mean to me; it has been such a pleasure to meet so many people whose names are connecting links between the present and the past, and recall those

memories that grow both sadder and sweeter with the passing of time.

"It has meant so much to me to feel that my beloved husband's memory is embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, and that as a martial commander he is still loved and admired."

Her comment on the differences between the past and present called attention to the fact that there is much less dancing



"There'll never be any peace with that drum going"

at social gatherings than when she was a girl. Miss Fillmore was the hostess at the White House when she first visited Washington, and Mrs. Jackson recalled one evening in particular when a number of young girls were invited to the executive mansion.

"My sister and I were among the guests, and I shall never forget how one of the young ladies played on the harp and sang 'Auld Robin Gray.' I never enjoyed anything more. We visited for four months at one time at the White House."

Mrs. Leiter insists that Mrs. Jackson shall return to Washington next winter and continue to enjoy life at the capital.

* * *

DURING the great Peace Jubilee in Boston, when Gilmore's band made its notable appearance, one of the big drums was decorated with the motto, "Let us have peace." As the drummer marched along the street, he batted his instrument with all his might, and the

band kept up a lively quick step. An Irishman who did not especially love drum music stood beside the drummer when the band paused.

"What's that motto around the drum?" he asked.

"Can't you read?" said the drummer with asperity. "That is 'Let us have peace.' "

"Who's the peace for?" persisted the inquirer.

"Peace for everyone," was the impatient reply.

"Well, I want to tell you that there'll never be any peace for me, or anyone else who's not stone deaf, with that drum going."

* * *

AN old story is going the rounds in Washington, concerning Joaquin Miller, the poet who has recently been discussing the advisability of establishing a new colony of poets—"real poets, who dwell in the nebulae of thought and ideals." It is conceded by the Good Gray Poet of the Sierras that such an aggregation of the poetic element would argue and debate all day long, possibly from dark to dawn.

"That would be delightful," said he. "The arguments would be on the verses of Swinburne, Tennyson, Keats and kindred pleasant and sensible subjects in which there would be no trace of rancor or malice."

A lawyer who was listening to the plans remarked that he hoped the colony would have at least one peacemaker.

"Absurd," said a poet present. "The soul capable of creating real poetry is incapable of quarrelling."

"Never saw a man yet who could not quarrel. Ministers are supposed to be exponents of peace and yet I heard a story the other day which goes to prove the contrary."

"Merely a friendly argument," replied the man of verse.

"Well, you listen to this: Three ministers were dining together, and were talking of the death of King Edward. Two were Englishmen and it happened that the conversation later turned upon the merits of William III and James II. They could not agree as to the characters of the two

kings, and excitement rose to fever heat.

"William III was a rascal—I spit upon his memory," cried one minister.

"Not so, not so," exclaimed the other Englishman, "James II was the rascal. I spit upon his memory."

"Both appealed to the third minister, who made no answer but arose and rang the bell. On the appearance of the waiter, he said gravely:

"Spittoons for two, if you please."

* * *

THE records prove it. Even so mighty a man as Theodore Roosevelt cannot resist the fascination of mailing souvenir post cards during his trips abroad. Thirteen cards bearing his signature were received by as many school children in an East Side industrial school, which is maintained by the Children's Aid Society, in New York City, in which ex-President Roosevelt has always been interested. The reception of the thirteen post cards so delighted the pupils that school was dismissed early, to enable the happy little ones to carry home the news of their collection trophies to rejoice the hearts of their parents.

* * *

IT is odd how stories seem to go in cycles. Of late I have heard several that have had to do with tobacco or the habit of spitting—expectorating, to be polite. While rings of blue smoke floated around the cloak room, the tale of Lord Shaftesbury and a brusque miner from the West was told. Having "made his pile" and desiring to see life, he appealed to an influential acquaintance, who gave him a note of introduction to his lordship, with the remark: "He's a fine man—the best of all the London bigwigs."

In the early part of the century the genus miner was comparatively rare, and his lordship was much interested in the rough American with the immense gold watch chain. He invited him to dine and after the Westerner had sat patiently an hour at the table, he remarked:

"Takes a sight of time for you English to get yer vittles down, don't it?"

He felt more at home in the smoking

room and conceived a great admiration for the rich Turkish rug. He spat often—but was careful to land the tobacco juice upon the polished floor beyond the edge of the rug. Lord Shaftesbury gently pushed a beautiful china cuspidor toward him each time that the offence was repeated. When the oaken floor beyond one edge of the rug showed a most unusual line of moisture his lordship's aristocratic foot pushed the cuspidor with more energy; this time the miner responded:

"I've been watchin' you pokin' that handsome green and yaller box at me—now, I tell you I don't know what you use it for, but if you keep on shoving it this way, blessed if I don't spit in it."

* * *

A RETURN to the pranks of childhood never loses interest for some "grown-ups," no matter how stately and dignified they may be at times. During the session of the investigation of the Committee of the High Cost of Living, it was felt that



"He felt more at home in the smoking room."

something must be done to bring the accumulation of food out of cold storage.

A bill was introduced by Senator Lodge, making it illegal to keep certain lines of goods in cold storage for more than one year, awaiting an increase in price, while the food deteriorates in quality and weight. Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, had a similar bill in the House. When he went into the cloak room to pick up his distinguished "tile," he found within it a single, solitary egg,

with an intimation that the person presenting him with this gift was aware that he was interested in the high cost of living. There was a hint about that egg that the cold storage bill had already been enacted and that some of the warehouses had generously parted with their heirlooms, retained for many generations.

* * *

A GROUP of Senators were looking over the National for May. They were studying the map with all the intense interest of a boy preparing a difficult geography lesson. Uncle Shelby Cullom treated himself to a hearty laugh when



"Senator Heyburn was dead to the world."

he heard Senator Penrose describe his voyage to Panama:

"We were in a sea running forty feet high, and the wind blew eighty miles an hour."

Senator Heyburn had also been with him and he could not deny the statement, having been most of the time "dead to the world," a victim of *mal de mer*. The Senator from Idaho is said to be the only poor sailor of the senatorial party. Like all other visitors to the Canal, the members of Congress who have been to the Isthmus are always eager to hear what is being done there, and no detail is too trifling to escape their attention. The world-map printed in the July issue tells a story of the Canal in one graphic glance.

REPORTS from the census enumerators are pouring in at the Census Department, which looks more like a gigantic mail order house than a government bureau, and the particulars concerning Uncle Sam's family are providing work for large numbers of citizens.

"How strange it seems," said the beautiful young lady, pausing to gaze at the unpretentious red building which is the home of the Census Department, "how very strange it seems that the whole truth about every resident in the United States may be discovered within those walls."

Clasping a handful of material at the back of her long, slim gown, to lift it "a la mode Paris," she cast upon her sturdy companion the appealing glance which is "all the style" for 1910, because it goes so well with a clinging gown.

"Bless your heart," he said cheerfully, "do you really imagine that all the millions of United States citizens and aliens have opened their little hearts, without reserve, for the inspection of Uncle Sam?"

"But, Senator, you know they *must* tell the enumerator the truth."

From the mass of census figures gathered this year will be collated the important particulars concerning ninety millions or more of people, which, by an almost flawless system, were recorded within the space of fifteen days. The enumerators started on April 15, just before the chronic moving day, as it was felt that there would be a better chance of getting information. No threshold escaped the long, printed list of questions, and if anyone is not correctly recorded it is certainly not the fault of the Census Bureau. Many remarks have been passed on the civility of the enumerators.

The census is "no regarder of persons," and the tabulation was made at the White House by one lone supervisor, who in a few minutes, without even interviewing the President or any of his family, put everyone down on the list.

WHILE waiting for a car in the Capitol grounds the other day, conversation among the senators and congressmen turned upon boyhood's ambitions. Senator William Alden Smith spoke of his first search for a job. On applying he was looked over carefully, and then asked:

"So you think you would like to be a railroad man?"

It developed later that the lad would have to place a deposit of ten dollars on his first lot of goods before embarking as a train newsboy.

"I went home in the depths of despair. It was impossible for me to raise that amount; I knew that, however willing, my mother could not supply me because



"But, Senator, they must tell the enumerator the truth."

we never had anything to spare at home. It was a bitter disappointment, and I felt as though my whole life was about to be wrecked for the lack of ten dollars.

Mother comforted me and gave me a quarter. While I was on the street, with the money in my pocket, an inspiration came to me. I invested my twenty-five

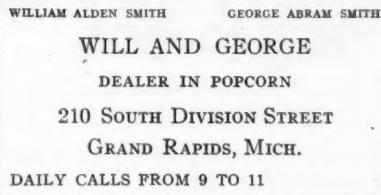
cents in corn and set up a popcorn stand that afternoon. I sold it all and by the time my stand was empty I had one dollar and a quarter. Then I invested fifty cents and that day I sold three dollars' worth of corn. I felt that I was now launched on



"So you think you would like to be a railroad man?"

a wave of prosperity and went into business in earnest with my brother as partner.

"I well remember how excited we were fixing up a sign, and today I have in my possession one of our business cards, which I would not think of parting with. It reads:



"The old popper which had been borrowed from a kindly neighbor was replaced by the best kind we could get and it was no time before we had accumulated fifty dollars, and we soon became the sole support of our parents. Business increased and we took on helpers, and some of our aides are very prosperous today."

One of the Senator's conferees said: "I know now why William Alden carries popcorn in his pocket to the Senate, when he has a perplexity to settle."

AN artist in Washington was lamenting over the decadence of the male form:

"So far as beauty goes, we men are 'all to the bad,'" he said mournfully, "although the female form is every decade coming nearer to the symmetry and contour of the old Grecian statues."

He told a tale of woe about a wealthy man who went to a friend of his and insisted on having his portrait painted full length and in profile.

"Poor Adolphe is in despair. The old



"Meantime I am spending my time looking for a man over forty who has retained any pretensions at all to symmetrical proportions."

chap won't consent to wear Greek drapery or a Roman toga, and what to do with that portentous abdomen my friend does not know. When I saw him last he was trying to persuade his sitter to be painted holding a sheet of music or a big book before him, but the old fellow wanted to show off his thick gold watch-chain and held the music too high.

"Tell Adolphe," suggested a friend, "to throw up the commission."

"He can't afford to do that," replied the artist gloomily. "Meantime I am spending my time looking for a man over forty who has retained any pretensions at all to

symmetrical proportions—either they are hopelessly skinny or they are propelling a fearful rotundity along life's pathway. Oh, those fleshy outlines! What would not I give for such a sitter as Webster or Calhoun."

* * *

SURELY one would think once and for all time the superstitious belief that a train of calamities follows the appearance of a comet has been dissipated. For centuries the appearance of such fiery apparitions in the midnight sky has been connected in the minds of the people with floods, pestilence, war, commotion and accidents by land and sea. Now all is changed, and the steady gaze of the world was fixed upon a streaming tail of fire with no more than a lively curiosity. Even the most superstitious of Congressmen—and who would dare to name them?—admit that the appearance of the comet had nothing to do with the vote on a final amendment in the House.

Observations were taken constantly and systematically by experts, who gazed cheerfully and unafraid upon the immense tail and upon the comet itself. A young student of the heavens, who had spent many hours gazing at the comet through a powerful telescope in Washington, remarked: "If I'd done this a couple of hundred years ago I should have been considered as courageous as Mars himself—always provided I was not burned at the stake under the suspicion of being in league with the 'Old Harry' and his demons."

After some more conversation regarding the comet and its tail, he added:

"That fiery old chap, with his ribbon of blazes attached, might have suggested to mortal mind the myth of Phoebus Apollo and Phaeton when that festive young offspring of the sun god borrowed his father's horses, and running off the right course came near setting the earth on fire—the comet may be responsible for that old myth."

ALL sorts of ingenious devices have been arranged to "discharge the callers" as the secretaries say, who gain audiences with the senators and congressmen in Washington. One senator has just beneath his desk a push button for the secretary to come in on signal with announcement of a telephone call or some important and pressing engagement, which dismisses the caller in a polite way. To another secretary is delegated the special occupation of arranging appointment hours, and discharging callers in regular order so as to keep the procession moving steadily. If there are an available ten or fifteen minutes, he fills this in with what are called "diplomacy" calls. These "professional" callers are soon enrolled on a list which is passed from room to room by the clever secretary of the "Congressional Order vs. Time Killers."

There is more sincerity and real enjoyment than the people realize when the senator finds on his list a visitor "from home," who can give correct information as to how affairs are going among his constituents.

* * *

IT is quite true that the habit of smoking often grows upon a man as his work increases, but the hard smokers claim that it does not deaden the intellect as doctors say—that is, non-smoking doctors—but rather exhilarates every faculty. Even in the Senate tobacco abounds. Senator Root and Senator Carter were in the Senate chamber, after adjournment, when members are wont to gather in little moving eddies to talk over the business of the day; sentences are uttered amid puffs from big black cigars, smoked by Senator Root, and airy whiffs of such small cigarettes as are used by Senator Crane.

At one of these "extra sessions" Senator Root told the story of a friend of his whose wife did not love "My Lady Nicotine," and was wont to preach to her husband the desirability of smoking less.

"In these days of activity, when the mind is surcharged with work each day, the tendency is to smoke, and keep on smoking, without regard to expense or evil effect on the health," she said, and then the fond husband knew what was coming.

"She pointed out persistently how much better he would be 'physically, mentally and morally' if he gave up the use of 'those horrid, black cigars, which make the house smell like a bar room and create an odor which never leaves the curtains and carpets.'

"What you say may all be true, my dear," said the husband in that subdued way engendered by many years of wedded happiness, "but only think how many great men have been incessant smokers—go back to Sir Walter Raleigh; consider Thackeray, the great writer, or even recollect General Grant—never forget that great men must smoke to calm their minds."

"The lady's eye flashed with the gleam of a victory:

"I will remember all that you say about great men, Horatio, if you will promise me one thing."

"Horatio, who had not closely observed his wife's countenance, gave his 'sacred word of honor.'

"Promise me, then, that you will smoke no more until you are really great—no more tobacco until you are a great man like Thackeray or Grant."

The narrator paused and then added sadly that the husband's response had not been recorded.

* * *

ONCEASONALLY a scholar comes to the front insisting that the world is growing worse, but it is a delightful change to find one who says, "The whole world is growing better and better." He points out that gentlemen no longer drink intoxicating liquors to excess, regarding it today as a disgrace to be drunk. Money is no longer raised for building colleges by means of lotteries, as it was when Harvard was erected and the Capitol built at Washington. Criticism of present conditions, and even muck-raking, is encouraging, he states, because it shows that the moral sense of the people is awakening. In economic transactions, as in old business customs, there is a general forsaking of old fashions for something which indicates growth and greater skill. Education is more generally disseminated; the average man and woman of today know more than members of so-called

"learned professions" in past centuries. Cleanliness is being insisted upon in public affairs, as upon the public streets. When the United States troops took possession of Manila it was a pest hole; they introduced sewers and a good sanitary system, and now it is a thriving and healthful city. Like Panama, it is today a sanitary example for the world. The water systems alone are a model and worth millions of dollars in producing healthfulness. Sweeping the streets, gathering the garbage, putting in sewers, may not be very romantic, but it is what adds to the happiness and welfare of the people, and it is doubtful whether the most ardent lover of "the good old times," would be anxious to go back to a condition of affairs when it was necessary to wade in mud and filth ankle deep, lantern in hand, in order to get to an evening party. Let's know what is being done today before we wail any more about "good old times."

Our national hysteria, inflamed by muck-rakers, is subsiding. People are beginning to realize that the nation has many patriotic men, who are doing great work, outside of self-appointed country saviors seeking higher office. Look no further than the work on the Panama Canal for men of sterling and unimpeachable integrity and purest motives. The digging on the Isthmus is accomplishing something never expected—it is convincing people that real patriotism is something more than pointing the finger of scorn, or invoking the bitter remedy of moral lynch law.

Muck-raking and partisanship are nothing new. Jealousy, prejudice and misunderstanding have produced more social upheavals, brought on more wars between nations, than have ever been caused by a desire to protect the innocent, relieve the oppressed or attain liberty. True, these commotions often leave the atmosphere clearer. The best remedy in the world for jealousy and misunderstanding is to come face to face with the aggressor—to look straight into the eyes of our fellow-man, and see in him the same inherent purposes and convictions and impulses, the identical affections that animate us.

There was Solomon, the champion wailer, pessimist and poet of all history. It

is argued from study of that wise man's writings that pessimism has always existed, and probably will, and doubtless there is no more today than there was two thousand years ago.

* * *

A NEW bust of ex-President Roosevelt has arrived at the Capitol, and has been on inspection in the room of Senator Wetmore. It is pronounced a work of art, and while it certainly reflects the strenuousness usually associated with the ex-President, the grin to which everyone is so accustomed is not portrayed, nor do the spectacles appear, and the eyes look out from the face with a slight, but natural squint. The bust is of Italian marble and is the work of James S. Fraser, a New York sculptor. There are twenty niches in the Capitol for vice-presidents; not only are they all filled, but at the present time there are twenty-seven busts in all and only twenty niches. It is proposed to remove the busts of some of the vice-presidents of long ago, and to replace them with more popular or distinguished statesmen.

"You can bet some of them will have to move over for Teddy," was the grim comment of a secretary trying to figure out how twenty goes into twenty-seven once.

* * *

THE auction sale of the art collection of Charles T. Yerkes affords another proof of the prosperity of the nation, in the price paid for Turner's "Rockets and Blue Lights," which brought under the hammer \$120,000. It looks like a lot of money for a picture to hang on the wall of a man's home, or in an art gallery, but it certainly indicates a revival of art interest. Other famous paintings brought upwards of \$80,000 to \$100,000, prices which ought to encourage American artists, although the figures seemed to be gauged by the age of the picture and the proof that it was painted by the hand of one of "the old masters," rather than as representing modern ideas of the beautiful. Thousands of persons who fall into raptures over one of those ancient canvases would, if perfectly candid, admit that in their hearts they saw more beauty in a

"1910 colored photograph." As a matter of fact, most Americans, while they enjoy the glory and honor of owning one of these "gems," really find more satisfaction in looking at portrayals of American scenes, reproductions of things which are familiar to them, than they do at a picture of some old Flemish burgher buying a goose for his Sunday dinner, or a stolid, stuffy Dutchman and his wife, standing with "eyes right" to have their pictures "took."

The old-world ideals of art have been carefully grafted upon American society trees, and it remains to see whether they will flourish and bear fruit. It is only fair to say, however, that some of the "old masters" used colors and applied them in a way which retain, after centuries, a brilliancy and effect that many modern canvases will never equal.

* * *

AN English magazine recently employed both English and American cartoonists to illustrate the same joke. Accompanying each design submitted, the artist was required to state in writing just how the ludicrous or witty side of the subject had impressed him, and why he had decided to illustrate it as he did.

The contest revived an old contention as to whether Englishmen or Americans have the truest sense of humor. London *Punch*, famous throughout the world as the oldest and most widely read of comic papers, is conceded to have established and maintained for generations a keen and delicate sense of humor, and to have given the world a series of cartoons that are, and will be for all time, English classics. The Parisian cartoons are artistic in design and verbiage, but too often the sentiment is objectionable, and they seldom display that *soupcou* of tenderness and purity of heart with which John Leech so genially imbued even his most ridiculous character.

Du Maurier's beautiful faces and subtle combinations of heartsomeness and wit; Thackeray's inartistic but effective illustrations of his own writings; Nast's powerful satires of the Civil War period, and savage and effective attacks on the infamous Tweed and his "respectable" apologists; Hogarth, crass and broad in

the spirit of his time but immortal in his early courage and power; Opper, the modern Cruikshank, who perhaps sacrificed art too recklessly to effect, but is to be reckoned with none the less—these are all well known. Beard's animal pictures are certainly genuinely artistic and masterly.

An American cartoonist, Mr. Arthur Young, now coming to the front and best known to Chicago and Milwaukee *illuminati*, insists that Americans have the keenest and most original sense of humor because they assimilate so easily the best of all that comes to them from all parts of the world. As every picture must first exist in the heart and brain of its delineator, so must he be the most versatile and exquisite portrayer with pen and pencil who draws nearest and most lovingly to the hearts of all sentient beings, and to the great heart of the life and love of the world.

* * *

FOR the first time in its history, the Senate recently adjourned for lunch. There was a red-hot political discussion going on, and yet it had an undercurrent of genial jollity. It was described as a political "love scene." Senator Rayner and some of his Democratic colleagues were twitting Senator Dolliver for not coming over bag and baggage to the Democratic party, comparing themselves to a young man whose feelings are wounded by heartless flirtation, when he has "serious intentions."

The proposition of the Senator from Maryland, that there should be a permanent alliance, described as "holy political wedlock," and the appeal for information as to future "intentions" proved very amusing to those who were listening to the by-play between the Democrats and insurgents. The regulars doubtless felt disposed to spur on the insurgents to display the ardor which ought to have characterized young John Alden, just before he was routed by the inquiry:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The advances of Senator Rayner were repelled by Senator Dolliver, and he declared his intention of fighting with the

Republican party, even though he had to combat when he believed it to be wrong, adding:

"It is a large party, and it has within the past fifteen years converted very large numbers of good people to its faith. It is large enough and good enough to carry on the fight for good government."

Senator Bailey cheerfully pointed out: "You cannot fight the Democrats and each other at the same time. If you insurgents co-operate with the Democrats there is not a state or district in the Union where you could not prove successful."

Senator Rayner, with mock seriousness, went on to allude touchingly to "the radiant smiles" cast upon his party, and expressed grave doubts as to whether they might be construed as "the tokens of permanent affection."

It was finally concluded that there were Republicans in the Democratic ranks and vice versa, and that it was time for both parties to call a truce, and under the white flag arrange for an exchange of prisoners.

Like sensible men, the Senators adjourned and dispersed to take crackers and milk and some of "the custard that mother made."

* * *

THE good old custom of "indignation meetings" has gone out of fashion. Today, they are supplanted by indignation articles which appear in magazines and newspapers. Americans were wont to assemble periodically in city halls and other public places and definitely voice their indignation concerning any public movement which did not meet with their approval.

What, in former years, was merely the spoken declaration of indignation, the expression of a popular sentiment which perhaps had radically changed within a few hours, now finds vent in cold print in the pages of newspaper or magazine, perused by thousands. It is not surprising that at times it seems almost impossible for the earnest seeker after truth to find her lineaments in such guise—

"Thy face is far from this our war,
Our charge and counter-cry."

Today, only one side of the debate is presented in any publication, and there

is no opportunity to talk it over, and hear the views of others on the matter, as in indignation meetings. It is to be hoped that there may be a revival of the old-fashioned gatherings for the expression of feeling on important questions and that generous impulse as well as cold discussion may bring good men closer together, and encourage united action for the common good.

* * *

HE was one of the grim and glum men in Washington whom it is said that no applicant for a position has ever approached. It was not that he was so stern in appearance, but he had a voice which fairly bristled with irony and sarcasm, before which even the stoutest heart might quail. His favorite remark, when speaking to some new employee, who had been engaged by some other member of the firm, was:

"Our first requirement is absolute *correctness in figures*," the last three words always in italics.

One day two young ladies ventured into the privacy of his office; they wore an imperious and somewhat saucy smile. Bedecked with beautiful complexions, empire gowns and picture hats, they were beyond the pale of criticism.

"What we first insist upon is correctness in figures," said the G. G. man, not looking up.

Civil and unabashed they shook their sunny curls, and smoothing their hipless skirts, remarked, in perfect unison: "We are told that our figures are absolutely correct. We were once in a Florodora sextet."

They got the job.

However, there is a sequel: One of the attractive young women worked in the office of the ogre; she was expected to keep his desk in order. She had strict orders never "to touch anything," while on the other hand she must on no account allow dust or waste papers to accumulate on the desk.

"And for heaven's sake, when I get stamps for a special purpose, don't go and send them all out on letters."

Twenty-five stamps had lain on the desk for three days; the young woman knew they belonged in a certain drawer,

but thought it wiser to adhere to the order, "touch nothing." This particular morning the ogre arrived in an especially exasperated frame of mind—the breakfast coffee had not been quite right.

"Here," he roared. The young woman briskly came forward. "How many times have I told you never to leave stamps lying around? Take these and put them where I can't see them."

With surprising speed she whipped the stamps from his hand, drew them across her tongue and with a deft movement plastered them upon the shiny bald pate of the irate gentleman. With a low bow and a polite "good-morning" the lovely young lady in the hipless gown left that office forever and forever.

* * *

DE NY it as they may, men incessantly comment upon the variations in feminine raiment. A Congressman frankly admits that the hats this year are an entertaining puzzle. He was watching a procession of young girls coming from matinees and other afternoon functions. "Their hats are tipped upward," he said, "and downward, hind-side afore—in fact every way." He turned to his companion:

"Was there a fashion in the days of our youth—or is it merely a tradition handed down from a mysterious past—that a woman's hat should be put on straight?"

His elderly friend smiled a cheerful assent to the first part of the question.

"If you can point out one of these girls, Jim," continued the Congressman, "whose hat is on straight, I will admit that I am a goat. Some hats list to starboard, some to larboard, and some are down by the stern, while others have the fo'c'sle level with the lady's chin."

"Well," said his friend cautiously, "if there is a hat on the street straight, with the exception of yours, I cannot see it. But there is one thing I do notice, and that is that a girl with a turned-up nose pretty nearly always gets a hat with exactly the same tilt."

Passersby little thought that the two grave-faced men were absorbed in watching the "angles" of ladies' hats. Then they began to "swop" experiences in summer bonnets:

"Would you believe," said the Congressman, "that I was entrusted with the selection of a new hat for my wife and the wife of a friend? The other husband and I had gone to the milliner's with the two ladies, because we had an appointment to take them somewhere and knew they would spend the entire afternoon choosing hats if they went alone. My friend's wife could not decide what to buy."

"Let me choose for you," I said, jokingly.

"I was rather surprised when the two ladies left the selection in my hands. I picked out a handsome looking hat, with a lot of flowers on it, for my wife, and a small, simple one for my friend's wife, who was a small woman. When we two men went to pay the bills I almost fainted with astonishment." He shook his head sadly.

"What was wrong?"

"My bill was eighteen dollars and my friend's sixty—he's never felt quite the same toward me since."

* * *

IN an interesting interview Congressman Weeks related his experience on first entering Congress. He said he soon realized that a member who was thoroughly familiar with even one subject could maintain the attention of his audience better than a Congressman who could talk fairly well on almost any subject.

A measure came up involving the custom of "hazing" at Annapolis, and as he was a graduate he was urged to say something on behalf of the bill.

"You may not have as good a chance for five years to speak on a subject which you so thoroughly understand," said his colleague.

He asked the speaker for an opportunity to state his views in five minutes.

"When I rose to make my little speech," said Mr. Weeks, "the members were in the usual state of disorder, talking, writing, lounging or coming in or going out. 'Mr. Speaker,' I said as loudly as I could, with the idea of making my voice heard above the din, 'I am a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis'—before I got any farther, to my surprise, the noise ceased. Men stopped and looked at me with attention, as though saying to themselves,

'Here is a man who knows whereof he speaks. We will listen to what information he may be able to give.' Since then," continued Mr. Weeks, "I have found that exact knowledge on any subject under discussion will always gain the attention of the House of Representatives."

Representative Weeks still retains the square shoulders and military bearing and aspect of a naval officer. He stands six feet high and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds but walks as briskly as if pacing the quarter deck. Born in New Hampshire, he is accounted one of the strong men in the New England delegation of hard workers, and knows how to make barren soil yield crops.

An ardent friend of Speaker Cannon, he insists on carrying forward, in a conservative and logical way, the work of the party by which he was elected. No man has a keener sense of responsibility. He made a startling assertion in reference to the sums of money that would be required if each man were able to carry out his pet plans without any restraining influences from a centralized authority. One congressman alone had a scheme for expending a hundred millions annually. With such a terrific drain upon the public funds from all sources, poor Uncle Sam would in a short time be bankrupt. When the truth and meaning of the many schemes to secure the expenditure of public moneys is fully realized, the value of a restraining influence, as indicated by Congressman Weeks, will be fully appreciated.

* * *

TARIFF negotiations today rather suggest the story of the Illinois school ma'am. She inquired of a little boy—the bright boy, of course:—

"You see, Johnny, with monetary and tariff questions before the country, and so much talk about revenues, it is very necessary for you boys to know something about finance."

"Ye'ap," said Johnny with flattering attention.

"If I gave you a cent, and Mr. Rockefeller gave you two cents—how much money would you have in your pocket?"

"Five cents," shouted Johnny without a moment's pause.

"Now, Johnny, listen again. If I gave you one cent and Mr. Rockefeller gave you two cents—one and two, remember—how much money would be in your pocket?"

"Five cents," persisted the pupil.

"You know better than that, Johnny. How could one and two make five? Don't be stubborn, Johnny."

"I ain't stubborn," replied the boy reproachfully. "If you gave me one cent and Mr. Rockefeller gave me two I would have five in my pocket, 'cause there's two there now." He grinned triumphantly, and the embarrassed school ma'am forgot to rebuke him, because she recognized in him the budding promise for future high finance.

* * *

AS the completion of the Panama Canal approaches, candidates for "Canal Expositions" develop; among them are New Orleans, Washington, San Francisco and San Diego, California. Representative Moore introduced a resolution for the appointment of a joint committee to consider the advisability of holding an exposition of all the American republics in 1915, to celebrate in Washington the Panama Canal opening. Like all resolutions, this was introduced to sense the drift of public opinion, and it is believed that it will develop into arrangements for an exposition that will become a world celebration in the broadest sense, for, as one of the congressmen remarked:

"Not only the American republics, but the whole world is vitally interested in the Panama Canal's completion."

Such an exposition would afford a splendid opportunity for the production of a series of historical pictures, from the landing of Balboa on the Isthmus down to the present day. Every event of any importance in the history of the United States might appropriately be illustrated.

* * *

THE blow has fallen! The "crepuscles and penumbras"—as the modern novelist hath it—have laid hold of President Taft. Amid all his trials as chief executive of the nation, he is now confronted with the anguish of losing his good cook.

Martha Peterson is her name, and Sweden is her native land. She took delight in the preparation of "vittles" for the presidential board until that fatal day when a pair of blue eyes, set in a smiling Hibernian face, gazed admiringly at her. Then Cupid skipped up and shot his deadly arrow; so the President's good cook is to become Mrs. James Mulvy. 'Tis said that the Taft family, like Dickens' "John Chivery" have "come forth magnanimous," and congratulated the big policeman who, while protecting the White House, discovered a jewel in the kitchen.

* * *

WHEN it comes to "doing things," Senator Gallinger is always in evidence; his exhaustive committee work requires his attention at three various offices, and he is never known to have a leisure hour. The handling of the District of Columbia Committee affairs is an immense task, but add to this the hearings which the Senator must attend, his work on the Committees on Naval Affairs, Commerce and Appropriations, and we have the schedule of a very busy man.

In his office in the Senate building is a painting of the historic naval engagement between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac"—a suggestion of activity and a reminder that the timbers of the "Merrimac" came from the mountains in New Hampshire where he lives.

* * *

A NEW conundrum is going the rounds in Washington—"American tourists are importing into the United States in large quantities something which no custom house officer can discover and on which no duty can possibly be charged—what is it?"

The answer is, "English jokes on the American visitor."

Congressman Fassett, of New York, relates a story which a friend assures him is "absolutely true." Reaching London, the Congressman's acquaintance decided to visit Parliament and see the two houses in session. He was not aware that no stranger is allowed on the floor of the House of Lords while session is being held. Unaware that he was committing a gross

breach of law and etiquette, the American tourist, who is described as "a nervy chap," tried to make his way in and showed much surprise on being stopped. There is a rule that the servants of the various lords may be admitted, provided they wish to speak to their masters, whether it be regarding a necktie set awry or a dinner engagement. The American's accent for once was not recognized; his persistence was remarkable, but his progress was stopped with the question:

"Sir, what lord do you serve?"

"What lord—do you take me for a minister?" exclaimed the astonished visitor.

"I merely ask what lord you serve that you may be admitted to the floor."

"Oh, I see. Well, I serve the Lord Jehovah."

He passed in, while the keeper of the door remarked to someone who stood near:

"He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds—their names always sound queer."

* * *

AS I stood looking at a Congressman's mail the other day, I wondered if he ever felt like the colored lady who hated to write letters:

"Never ask me to put pen to paper—which is my pet 'diversion,'" she said, when bidding farewell to friends.

The mail bag emptied, several score were added to hundreds of letters received on one particular subject. Each letter asked the support of the Congressman, and all were written in the same decisive way. Evidently the constituents of this Congressman had no "diversion" to writing on this particular subject. It was entertaining to watch the division of the mail into its various heads—many letters on specific subjects—a great many circular requests—and a very tiny bunch of "personals." One wonders how on earth correspondence was attended to before the advent of the clicking typewriter.

* * *

INDUSTRIAL development in the United States is strikingly indicated by the increase of importations of raw silk, which in 1909 surpassed the highest record of all previous years, reaching a total value of over \$78,000,000 and is in marked

contrast to the almost stationary importation of manufactured silk goods, proving that we now make for ourselves rather than buy at a high price what has been made for us. While the importations of raw silk have increased to seventy odd millions, or sixteen-fold, the importations of manufactured silk in many years have increased only \$5,000,000.

Such results as these ought to give great impetus to the culture of the silk worm and the production of American raw silk. Our climate and soil are certainly adapted to produce silk cheaply, but at present our chief sources of supply are Japan, Italy and China.

* * *

THE introduction of aerial navigation is playing havoc with the meaning of words. Take that phrase of the ardent Romeo, whose suit is trampled upon by the stern parent:

"Fly with me."

How much that meant long ago—what filing and oiling of bolts and bars—what vials of poison—what rapier thrusts and ebbing life blood—what balcony scenes—what lambent moonlight upon the green-sward, while the devoted pair quietly dodged around in the shadows. Now, when a young man says to a lovely lady, "Won't you fly with me?" she merely smiles and says:

"With pleasure—I simply adore flying."

No coyness, no downward glances, no blushes are seen. There is merely a matter-of-fact question as to the kind of airship to be used in the "flight." The aviation conversation that follows would in the days of Cotton Mather have been sufficient to land both young people in a lunatic asylum—the witch's broomstick was a joke to the aerial flights of today.

* * *

WITH a hand on his bright auburn locks, his mother tried to find out what little Bobby would like best for his birthday. She was an ardent student of the new science of teaching by suggestion, and she proceeded to drop hints that he should choose a book.

"What would you like, Bobby—a new game?—but then little brother is not big

enough yet to play with you. Then if you had a cart you could use it only out-of-doors, and it would be of no use on wet days."

Bobby looked up with a gleam in his eye which she feared meant a request to be taken to the circus.

"If I should take you to the circus, you would be so dreadfully tired and sleepy—what you need is something to carry with you, indoors and out—something to tell you pretty stories—now what would you like, dear?"

"What I really *would* like—that's what you mean, ain't it, mamma?"

Mamma nodded.

"You see, I get such awful spankin's all the time—I'm kind o' tired of it. I'd like to see you give the baby a real good spankin' on my birthday—so he'd holler real loud," said Bobby, in gleeful anticipation of coming joy.

* * *

THE Third Hague peace conference is to convene in 1915, a date which it is hoped will be marked not only by the impetus given to commerce and peaceful intercourse by the completed Panama Canal, but by a general representation of the great powers of the world on the question of international disarmament and the proposition to establish a world-naval police force for the prevention of outrage and the preservation of world peace.

* * *

IN the long hot days when we boys spent many hours, sorely against our will, picking peas for "Sunday dinner," we never thought that pea vines could be useful; it has been left for the twentieth century to evolve from them a product that is almost equal to clover hay. The vines are cured by spreading over sod-land and recent experiments at the Agricultural Department prove pea vines to be excellent for ensilage, even superior to corn silage. They are preserved in silos, and if closely stacked and well tramped, decay affects the surface only to a depth of a few inches. Hay from waste pea vines is already a valuable asset for the canning factories, and is now selling at from three to five dollars per ton.

A SHATTERED DREAM

By MORGAN ROBERTS

E LIZABETH PATTERSON, for her father had slightly changed the family name, was born February 6, 1785, two years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and nineteen years after her father had left the Irish home-farm to seek his fortune. From her earliest childhood she was singularly intelligent, self-possessed and determined, and these qualities probably grew unchecked by the parents of the beautiful child, whose masterful character grew with her growth, and with her beauty and prestige made her, at the early age of eighteen, the reigning belle of Baltimore.

She was, if contemporary testimony may be trusted, extremely beautiful, an almost perfect type of virginal womanhood. The youth of Baltimore fairly raved over her beauty, and indeed many of the ladies, too, albeit indisposed to rave over a woman's charms, granted her the palm of surpassing loveliness. Perfect Grecian features, an exquisitely shaped neck and daintily erect head, a wealth of silken hair, large and dark eyes, in which pride was softened into tenderness; a complexion in which the bloom of the peach blent with the purity of the lily; teeth of pearl revealed by parting lips of coral, added to the magical charm of snowy shoulders, tapering arms and a form, which, from queenly neck to tiny feet, suggested the melting lines of Venus, dignified by the stateliness of Juno.

"*Incedit regina.*" As a queen she trod the salons and ballrooms of Baltimore, charming to all, but tender to none, until in the very first year of her social pre-eminence, Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of the Man of Destiny, then First Consul of France, came to America and visited Baltimore.

Honors of every kind, entertainments of all descriptions, public and private diversions, were all lavished upon so eminent a guest. And at the fall races, at

which all the aristocracy plus the whole sporting gentility of Maryland were gathered, the gallant, handsome and famous young Corsican was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, "the belle of Baltimore," the daughter of the richest merchant of the Bay Shore, and the granddaughter of the Irish yeoman, and great-grand-daughter of "Old Mortality," who, having spent his life and humble earnings in making and renewing the epitaphs of others, lay without memorial in an already forgotten grave.

Tradition says that, like Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, one of the fortunetelling dames of that simple age had told her fortune as a child, and predicted that she "should become a great lady in France," which the over-wise little maiden had brooded and wondered over many times, until,

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,

she had half dismissed it as a childish fancy—half determined with an energetic toss of her dainty head that thus it should certainly be realized.

On the other hand, it is told that some of his gay entertainers had warned the young Frenchman that "to see Elizabeth Patterson was to long to marry her," and that, while vowing that nothing would ever induce him to marry an American lady, he had facetiously nicknamed Miss Patterson "*Ma belle femme*" (my beautiful wife) before he had ever seen her.

Now at their first meeting, the gay French lieutenant, black-haired, dark-eyed, graceful, slender, and with delicate "hands and feet like a woman's," irreproachably correct in garb, chaussure and manners, approached the girl of whose transcendent beauty "the half had not been told him." She wore, in the fashion of the day, a chamois-colored silk gown, whose close-fitting corsage and scant

drapery revealed rather than concealed the contours of her perfect form. A kerchief of priceless lace, covered, yet revealed, the ivory tower of her neck and sloping shoulders. From beneath a huge hat, a bewildering cloud of silk-gauze and ostrich plumes, her faultless face and glorious eyes, indomitably fascinating as those of the storied "Serpent of Old Nile," enthralled at sight the susceptible young Frenchman.

At that meeting, men say, the ancient soothsayer's prophecy flushed the cheeks and thrilled the pulses of Elizabeth; all the more weirdly that Jerome, inadvertently, drew so close to the queenly maiden that a golden aiguillette of his splendid uniform became entangled in the filmy laces of her corsage. For an instant the woman whose splendid self-possession no attention or devotion had ever for a moment stirred from its utter calm felt that a new and almost painful interest had awakened hopes and ambitions which were no longer the dream-life of a child. But she would not confess by word or look her own prepossession, and Jerome Bonaparte, for the first time perhaps in his life, realized that an American beauty showered him with no sugared compliments or affected confusion, but looked straight through him with great, calm eyes, in which perfect good-breeding seemed allied with consummate personal indifference.

He then realized, too late, that he had mocked at the Fates, and despised the power of Venus, who, as in the ancient Grecian epics, now taught him that to see this woman was to admire; to admire was to love irremediably, and that love could only find content in marriage. His prompt decision did honor to the heart of the young officer. He would renounce France, meet the ire of Napoleon, sacrifice certain riches, world-wide glory, and even the almost certain attainment of royalty for the sake of the woman he loved.

Elizabeth was scarcely less enamored, when after brief delays the proposal was made with all the tender, amorous, chivalrous fire of the Gallic temperament, and, if the dazzling prospect held out before her filled her heart with something of gratified ambition, who can blame a woman

who gives up everything to the man of her choice, when she can realize that the bonds of marriage not only enlarge the scope of her influence and happiness, but bear the stamp of dignities which the whole world recognizes?

In vain her father's Scotch prudence and worldly wisdom pointed out the probable resentment of Napoleon, and sought to end the infatuation of a love which he felt could only end unhappily for his only daughter. An enforced separation only ended when Elizabeth declared, in passionless but intense determination, that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for a single hour than of any other man living, for a lifetime."

Bowing to the inevitable, William Patterson determined that no pains or costs should be spared to make the marriage tie indissoluble. Pinning his faith to that dogma of the Roman Catholic church that makes marriage a holy sacrament, the grandson of the Presbyterian mason, who had devoted his life-work to preserving the memories of the Protestant martyrs of "Kirk and Covenant," determined that the highest prelate of the Roman Catholic faith should perform the marriage ceremony.

Just two and a half years after the death and burial of "Old Mortality" on Christmas Eve, 1803, all Baltimore rang with the greatest social event that the city of beautiful women had ever witnessed—the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson.

The groom was resplendent in a purple-satin coat, heavy with costly embroideries and gold lace, whose skirt, lined with white satin, in the latest fashion of the Directory beau monde, fell over his satin knee-breeches and silk hose, to the very tops of the diamond-buckles, that clasped his low-cut shoes. His long, fine hair was powdered snowy white, contrasting well with his dark eyes and rich complexion.

The bride wore a white muslin dress, of diaphanous texture, such as the famous Indian looms have made famous for centuries, which, despite rich embroidery and costly lace, revealed the beauty of arms and neck, and fitted in the extreme of a fashion that emphasized the outlines of her faultless limbs and perfect form.

"All the clothes worn by her might have been put in my pocket," wrote a lively correspondent of that letter-writing era. "Her dress was of muslin of an extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress, she wore but one garment."

Congratulations and good wishes were showered upon her, and the weeks of the honeymoon were a dream of sweet madness and gratified ambition.

All the Bonapartes but one sent congratulations, and Lucien openly counselled perfect independence of action.

"The Consul," said he, "is to be considered as isolated from the family. All his ideas and aims are actuated by a policy with which we have nothing to do. We still remain plain citizens, and as such feel highly gratified with the connection. Our earnest wish is that Jerome may remain where he now is and become a citizen of the United States."

But this sensible advice was by no means palatable to Jerome Bonaparte or his ambitious wife. On May 18, 1804, Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor of the French, and on December 2 was crowned amid magnificent ceremonies with the Empress Josephine at Notre Dame. Lucien and Jerome, who had dared to question his authority, were expressly excluded from the Napoleonic dynasty.

But early in March the First Consul had expressed to the American Ambassador his anger at Jerome, and his inexorable denial of the legality of his marriage. In his eyes Jerome had committed an almost unpardonable crime, which only the most abject submission could efface. Otherwise Jerome must expect no countenance from him.

"Sole creator of my own destiny," Napoleon said vehemently, "I owe nothing to my brother. If Jerome does nothing for me, I will see to it that I do nothing for him," and he ordered that no money be sent to the Citizen Jerome, and that he be summoned to return to his duty on the first French frigate homeward bound. The young American with whom he had connected himself, and who was not his wife, was never to be allowed to set her foot on French soil.

These evil tidings reached Baltimore at the same time with the account of

Napoleon's *coup-d'état* of May 18, so that during the same week Jerome knew that he was the brother of an Emperor of France and commanded to renounce the woman he loved, or be expatriated forever.

This cruel decree fell like a bolt out of a clear sky into the Eden of the happy lovers. At the height of social prestige, and in the midst of festivals and honors unprecedented in American social life, and happy beyond her wildest dreams, Elizabeth Bonaparte saw across her rosy path of pleasure and fame the adamantine wall of an inflexible human will.

Yet there was too much at stake to think of yielding, and we may well doubt that the girl bride's slender form held a spirit less fearless and indomitable than that which burned within the meagre frame of the great Corsican, to whom a woman's happiness and honor was of less moment than the life of the veriest *gamin* of his rawest levies.

Something of this the young bride realized, yet she did not despair. If Josephine, the Creole of Martinique, poor, endowed of little culture, could assume royalty, and retain the love of Napoleon, could she not reconcile the Emperor with his brother, and prove her fitness to share and even aid in his career?

She would meet him with humility, but without fear; charm him by her beauty, her wit, and her sympathies, and, above all, by a courage and ambition which should never fail to follow and second the mighty aims of her husband's brother. Surely, the fates that had united them so strangely would not separate them until both had attained a common and splendid destiny.

The dangers of chase and capture by British cruisers and other causes delayed the return to Europe until 1805, but on April 21 of that year the young couple entered Lisbon in safety, only to find that Napoleon had given strict orders that the young American should not be allowed to land, while a French ambassador came on board, and in bland accents asked what service he could render to "Miss Patterson."

"Tell your master," said the proud beauty, "that Madame Bonaparte is

ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the Bonaparte family," an answer which pleased the fancy of the Emperor and excited his admiration, but did not alter his determination.

There was no alternative. Jerome must proceed to Paris and meet his brother alone, and Elizabeth must seek refuge in some friendly European city until her husband should rejoin her. This was not easily done, for all the ports of France, Holland, Spain, Italy and Portugal were closed against her, and it was intimated to her that people far less dangerous to the projects of Napoleon had been removed by mysterious "accident" from his path forever.

For the first time the fair American knew what it was to fear, and in May she sailed for Dover, where the Prime Minister, Sir William Pitt, had detailed a military escort to restrain within bounds an immense concourse that gathered to see her.

The *London Times* of May 19, 1805, thus chronicled her arrival:

"The beautiful wife of Jerome Bonaparte, after being refused admittance into every port in Europe where the French influence degrades and dishonors humanity, has landed at Dover, under the protection of a great and generous people. This interesting lady, who has been the victim of imposture and ambition, will here receive all the rights of hospitality, which, whatever may be the conduct of America, Great Britain will never forget nor omit to exercise toward her with a parental hand. The contemptible Jerome was for form's sake made a prisoner at Lisbon. His treachery toward this lovely unfortunate will procure him an early pardon, and a 'Highness-ship' from the Imperial swindler, his brother."

Naturally, such a reception and such comments by the English press were not relished by Napoleon. "Miss Patterson," he wrote to Jerome, "has been in London, and caused great excitement among the English. *This has only increased her guilt.*"

For some three months Elizabeth Bonaparte remained in London, awaiting a certain event with feelings far different from the once bright hopes of giving an

heir to the Bonaparte family honors. Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born at Camberwell, June 7, 1805, and a few months later mother and babe returned to Baltimore.

At first Jerome Bonaparte wrote passionately loving letters to his wife, and tried vainly to induce his brother to countenance his marriage.

Napoleon was obdurate. "Your marriage is null. I will never acknowledge it," he declared, and having ordered his mother to revoke the approval which she had given the union, added: "Speak to his sisters that they may write to him also, for when I have pronounced his sentence, I shall be inflexible, and his life will be blasted forever."

He was less fortunate when he ordered Pope Pius VII to publish a bull annulling the marriage, for the head of the Roman Catholic Church would not annul the solemn sacrament which alone stood between a tyrant and the dishonor of an innocent woman, and when Jerome at last yielded to the threats and promises of his brother, a civil divorce was the only recourse. This accomplished, Jerome was created a prince of the Empire, an admiral of the French navy and finally King of Westphalia. On August 12, 1807, he was again married, this time to Princess Frederika Catherina of Wurtemburg.

Later, Jerome sent to America for his son, and offered the mother the Duchy of Smalkalden, and an income of two hundred thousand francs (\$40,000) per annum, but she refused to give up her son or accept his gifts, saying: "Westphalia is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to hold two queens."

She, however, accepted an annuity of sixty thousand francs (\$12,000) from Napoleon, giving up her husband and resuming her maiden name, and when Jerome expressed his indignation at her choice, she replied: "I prefer to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle rather than to be suspended to the bill of a goose."

Napoleon is said to have been so pleased with the spirit of her replies that he conveyed to her his willingness to favor her in any way not unfavorable to his own policies. "Tell him I am ambitious," she replied. "I desire to be a Duchess";

but his promise, although made, was never fulfilled.

Her son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was graduated at Harvard College in 1826, and studied law, but never practiced. His legitimacy was acknowledged by Napoleon III, but in opposition to the wishes of his mother he refused to marry a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, and espoused a Baltimore heiress, Miss Susan May Williams, and found contentment in a society and conditions which his mother found intolerable.

"All my desires must be disappointed," she said in one of her letters, "and I am condemned to vegetate forever in a country where I am not happy. You can have no idea of the mode of existence here inflicted upon us. Commerce, although it may fill the purse, clogs the brain. I am condemned to solitude."

To her father she wrote in the same strain, and at last so alienated his affection that out of his fortune, immense for those unsophisticated days, she was left only a small part of his real estate, which, however, eventually became of great value.

Only European travel and society seemed to reclaim for Madame Bonaparte some of the lost joys and enthusiasms of her lost elysium. Between 1815 and 1834 much of her life was spent in continental Europe, where, as a gallant writer said of her, "if she is not Queen of Westphalia, she is at least Queen of Hearts."

For in the European courts to which she had access, the deserted wife of Jerome Bonaparte was still a queen, disrowned and sceptreless, it is true; but thus de-throned by a brutal and merciless ambition, a very queen of men through her beauty, dignity and charm of manner. Envy was silent because of her misfortunes; scandal never tarnished her womanly career; her exquisite costumes and jewelry were only foils to her splendid beauty and graceful carriage, and if her wit was keen she seldom used it as a weapon, or earned a reputation as a critic of men and manners.

"If I saw a woman enter a room on her head, or in the costume of the Venus de Medici," she once said, "I should never remark upon it, being certain that she

must have some excellent reason for conduct so eccentric."

As for Jerome Bonaparte, his career of magnificent extravagance, extortionate exactions in taxes and benevolences, his idlesse, luxury, libertinage and empty vanity and ridiculous display, are they not written in the annals that portray the futile efforts of Napoleon the Great, to make a royal galaxy out of the family list of Napoleons the Little, and how a few years after her desertion, Jerome was driven from his kingdom, and an exile from France?

In beautiful Florence, in the year 1822, Madame Bonaparte was looking at the art treasures of the great Pitti palace, when she suddenly met the eyes of Jerome who, with his wife, was also visiting the gallery. He whispered to the Princess, "That is my American wife"; but the woman he had deserted passed him by as if he had never existed, but she left Florence at once.

"I could not return to Florence," she afterward declared, "because Prince Jerome went to live there, having no desire ever to meet him again."

As to Napoleon, whose relentless ambition had thus ruined her life, he also came, in time, to regret that he had failed to recognize in her the talents and capacity which, to do him justice, the great Corsican was first among continental tyrants to recognize and reward. At St. Helena he spoke to Bertrand of her talents, and his own regrets; and of the magnanimity of a woman who, although so deeply wronged, could still enthusiastically admire his genius and sympathize in his fall.

"Those whom I loaded with kindness have forsaken me; those whom I have wronged have forgiven me," said wearily the Man of Destiny, whose radiant star shot like a comet across the sky of European polity, dictating war and peace, only to fade into space above the isolated rock where a dying man recalled past victories and defeats, and awaited the inevitable end.

On her return to America in 1834, she brought with her an immense outfit of European clothing, etc., declaring that she had bought enough to last the remainder of her life; but in spite of some

eccentricities and changes of fashion, her remarkable beauty, brilliancy and dignity made her attractive to the end of life.

Born while Louis and Marie Antoinette were at the height of their power; conversant while a child of their terrible fate, and the bloody Reign of Terror; closely interested in the career of Napoleon the Great, the Bourbons who succeeded him, the remarkable rise and fall of Napoleon III, the terrors of the Commune, and the renaissance of the French Republic, one would think that a granddaughter of "Old Mortality" and an American girl who had known the terror of the British attack on Washington and Baltimore would have lost her admiration of the princely splendors and ambitions which had so cruelly wrecked her own life.

Her only son died June 17, 1870, leaving a son also named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, born in 1832. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, was graduated in 1852, and for two years served in the mounted rifles on the Western frontier. In 1854 he entered the French service as sous-lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Imperial Cavalry; took part as engineer in the Crimean War at Balaklava, Inkerman, Tchernaya and Sebastopol, and was promoted colonel, and decorated by the Sultan with the Medjidie Order, by the French Emperor with the medal and ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and

received the Crimean medal from Queen Victoria. Later, he served in Algiers and Tunis, was in the Imperial Guards in 1867-71, and scarcely escaped with his life from the Communists in Paris. He returned to America, and in 1871 married Mrs. Caroline (Appleton) Edgar, a granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

Eight years later Elizabeth Bonaparte passed away, dying in Baltimore, April 4, 1879, over ninety-four years old.

To the last she retained a formal adherence to the Presbyterian church in which she was baptized, although she declared in favor of the Roman Catholic "because that is the religion of Kings." When asked if she would give up Presbyterianism, she answered: "The only reason I would not is that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors sat upon."

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," saith the preacher. Was the woman really great, believing in her destiny, and that of her children, and holding in sight that *ignis fatuus* of kingly power and influence to the very end of a loveless and wearisome life?

Or was she only a spoiled child, beautiful and talented, yet obstinately determined to secure a bauble, which, having once held within her grasp, she could never cease to seek for, or replace with the nobler jewels of a true womanly life? Who shall say?

CHILD LABOR

"Them which have reaped."—James v:4

God counts the tears of women; but the tears
That fall from toiling childhood's tired eyes
Are garnered in the darkest deeps of Hell
To nurse the roots of evil; from them spring,
Vice, crime, contagion, sickness, sorrow, sin
And pestilence, that stalking through the world,
In fetid foulness levies toll on all;
For every tear, full many lives must pay,
For every wrong that childhood's shoulders bear
An hundred generations show the mark,
Ten thousand fold the debt must be repaid!

— Joseph Bondy.

The Nobility of the Trades

BARBERS AND HAIRDRESSERS

By CHARLES WINSLOW HALL

HIS ancient and honorable profession takes its popular English name from the medieval French *barbear* and the old English *barbour*, both of them derived, of course, from the Latin *barba*, the beard. The trade has, however, so far as its history can be traced, never confined itself to shaving or caring for the beard or even the head.

But the art itself is as old as human history. Flakes of obsidian and flints, sharp sea-shells, and rude tweezers of bone and wood were used to remove superfluous hair before the artisans of the bronze age first poured their alloys of copper and tin into rude moulds and formed the curious razors of Norseland, with their ringed handles and heavy blades, in shape strangely like the crude and ponderous Sheffield razors of the Eighteenth Century.

In the realm of mythology the ingenious, if not ingenuous, Hermes (or Mercury) is said to have been the first to practice the barber's art even on high Olympus, where Zeus, "father of gods and men," reclined at ease, yet deemed that hair and beard required some little trimming and arranging. Whether ox-eyed Juno had reflected on the personal appearance of her majestic spouse and made him anxious to purchase that peace which is supposed to accompany the connubial existence of gods and men, or whether he was about to leave the serenity of

Olympus and the charms of home on one of those amatory pursuits of earthly beauties which seem to have been his chief and most lamentable shortcoming, history does not state; but it seems that then and there Mercury evolved and used razors, soapball and face powder, and bidding Jupiter view his renovated beauty in a crystal stream, received the gracious acknowledgments of the god.

In the Book of Ezekiel, chapter v, 1, (B.C. 594) is the only reference to the barber to be found in the Bible; but that is sufficient to establish the fact that barbers plied their calling among the Jews, and used a special cutting instrument:

"And thou, son of man, take a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thy head and upon thy beard," etc.

But long before this time the Egyptian barbers, as they do to this day, plied their calling in the streets and public places or visited the houses and shops of their patrons, shaving both beard and head as is largely the practice among most Eastern people under the tropics today.

The reader of the "Arabian Nights" will read that when Haroun-al-Raschid, the Great Caliph, roamed in disguise through his palm-encircled city of Bagdad, among those whose stories especially pleased the Commander of the Faithful was a barber misnamed Silence, whose loquacity has amused millions of readers

to this day, and has been characteristic of many unregenerate members of his calling in all ages and countries ever since.

Not that this tendency to gossip freely is to be ascribed to any barber as an inexcusable weakness, for since the days of the Caliph, on whom be peace, men have expected a certain amount of small talk from the tonsorial operator although it is written that the Grecian king, Archelaus, stipulated with his barber that he should shave him and hold his peace. So probably did King Midas when, having been induced by the vengeful Apollo with great hairy asses' ears, he perforce admitted his barber to a knowledge of his strange misfortune, while the barber, aching to impart this great secret to someone, dug a hole in the meadow and whispered it to the roots of the flowers and grasses, which forthwith began to sway and swing in the mischievous zephyrs, murmuring and whispering "King Midas has asses' ears."

Even in the most remote times the use of false hair was known, and a frontlet of curls, over thirty centuries old, is on exhibition in the Egyptian Department of the British Museum. As a rule, the mummies of the princesses and queens of the Pharaonic period have long and beautiful hair while those of their lords and masters always reveal how closely and tenderly their bereaved attendants performed "The Last Shave."

That Egyptian barbers did not always shave too closely appears from an anecdote told of Mark Antony, who, when about to feast with Cleopatra, had his face shaved ten times before he was satisfied with his personal appearance. The toilet appliances of the Egyptians were numerous and included hair-dyes, washes, lotions, unguents, *fizatifs* and perfumes, among the latter some so lasting that an Egyptian vase long shown at Alnwick Castle contained a mixture of gums, resins and other ingredients which after the lapse of twenty centuries still gave forth an agreeable perfume. Mirrors of metal and combs of boxwood, horn and even gold and silver were toilet accessories in Thebes three thousand years ago, and the luxury of the Egyptian toilet of those days was renowned throughout the earth. But Moses, in his desire to make the Jews indeed "a

peculiar people," commanded that they should wear the beard and hair naturally as decreed in Leviticus, chapter xix, 27: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard."

But Joseph, when he was honored by Pharaoh, shaved himself after the manner of the Egyptians, and it is probable that the Jews did likewise while they dwelt in Egypt.

Otherwise, the Biblical references to shaving are allied with directions for the cure of disease or accounts of disfigurements offered to heralds and ambassadors by shaving one-half the head or beard and sending them back thus dishonored.

Athens, in the days when "Greece nurtured in her glory's prime" every art and luxury, possessed barbers' shops which were not only the resorts of the coxcombs and dandies of Attica but were favorite centres of resort for the many who desired "to hear and to tell some new thing."

In warlike Macedonia, the practice of shaving the face is said to have been introduced about B.C. 350 by King Philip, whose son, Alexander the Great, commanded that his soldiers should adopt and maintain the practice so that the enemy could not grasp a Macedonian spearman by the beard with one hand while he decapitated or stabbed him with the other.

The Athenians were by no means lacking in the adoption of the perfumes, pomades and dyes of the Egyptians, but attributed the invention of hair-dye to Medea, the witch maiden, daughter of the King of Colchis, whose passion for Jason secured her magical aid in carrying off the Golden Fleece and whose fierce love, impelling her even to crime to secure his safety, was repaid by aversion and neglect. Alexander's great foes, the Persian kings, were full bearded and are said to have had their beards interwoven with golden thread besides being carefully curled and oiled as were those of the fiercer Assyrians.

Professional barbers are said to have been introduced into Rome by Menas from Sicily of which island he was praetor in the days of Cicero. Under the empire their shops, in some instances, became

fashionable resorts at which every luxury of the toilet was enjoyed, and the gossip and news of Rome and the empire were discussed. The means, luxury and weaknesses of personal adornment therein carried to excess is amply immortalized in the pages of Terence, Plautus, Horace, Juvenal and Martial. Other barber shops were more retired, as we learn from the annals of the Emperor Commodus, who, having wearied at times of the wholesale tragedies of the Coliseum, wherein armies and fleets engaged in murder at his savage behest, and being desirous of

to the rear of the shop, where between threats and bribes he was kept from making a riot until one or two more victims were added to the number and Commodus, tired of his demoniac pleasantries, was ready to return to the palace or the arena.

Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, is said to have been the first Roman who shaved his face daily, but the habit soon became general and the first shave, which in the great Roman families was considered a festal ceremony and an induction into the honors and



HENRY VIII OF ENGLAND AND THE GUILD OF BARBER-SURGEONS OF LONDON
(Chartered 1541)

a little humorous diversion used, like the Caliph of Bagdad in the Arabian Nights, to disguise himself and sally forth accompanied by two or more of his favorites, and having hired a barber's shop suitable for his purpose would place one of his men at the door to solicit custom. Having secured a customer, the emperor-barber would politely affix the towel and apply the lather, all the time keeping up a running fire of the latest jests and little pleasantries until the customer and himself were almost overcome with laughter. Then the keen-edged razor would slip and among regrets and proffers of assistance the noseless victim would be assisted

responsibilities of manhood, usually took place in public on the twenty-second birthday of the young patrician, and was the occasion of a great gathering of the members of the family, their friends and clientele and enlivened by feast, song and dance.

In the days of Hadrian, the beard again became fashionable and continued to be worn until the reign of Constantine. The Germans and Goths, who were the most formidable enemies of Rome, and in due time her conquerors, despised a shaven face as a badge of servitude and when worn by a free man as a sign of effeminacy. So did the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Danes

of England, when confronted by the armies of William the Norman, but who found that his closely shaven "monks" were stalwart and skilful men-at-arms and gallant knights.

The Lombards also wore long beards from which indeed the names of their land and people are derived (Longobard, "The Long Beards"). Most of the Celtic



HERR HANS STEININGER
Burgomaster of Brunau, whose beard caused
his death September, 1567

and Slavic peoples were also long bearded as are the Arabs of today; often staining their beards orange-yellow with a paste of henna leaves in honor of Mahomet, the Prophet, who abhorred a black beard because it was the color of those of the Persian Magi and Fire worshippers.

It is said that the really devout Mussulman of today always combs his hair and beard after prayers and carefully saves the combings in order that they may be buried with him and have a part in the resurrection. A single hair of the beard of Mahomet, kept at an Indian shrine erected at great expense by a pious Mahometan in 1135, is contained in a box of crystal and gold which once a year is filled with clear water to float and exhibit the sacred relic. At this festival, thousands

of pilgrims gather from all parts of India, and the porch of the Shrine at night is ablaze with the gleam of 3,138 lamps.

The longest beard on record was that of a carpenter of Eidam, Holland, which was nine feet in length. When at work, he was obliged to gather its two exuberant coils into a bag. Scarcely less remarkable was the beard of Herr Hans Steininger, Burgomaster of Brun or Brunau, who, while ascending the steps of the council chamber in September, 1567, uncautiously trod upon it, was thrown down and killed.

While the Roman Catholic clergy are generally required to shave closely, they are sometimes given a dispensation to wear a full beard, either because of throat troubles or exposure to very low temperatures in performing their duties, as missionaries or residents in very severe climates. The priests and dignitaries of the Greek Church, on the contrary, have, since A.D. 850, almost universally cultivated patriarchal beards.

In the British navy, the beard is not only tolerated but advised; while in the British army the rank and file must go cleanly shaven, although in the Crimean winters the men were directed to let their beards grow. Leading throat and lung specialists generally recommend allowing the beard to cover the region of the larynx and bronchial tubes, because close shaving removes a part of the scarf-skin and leaves the throat very susceptible to cold and fog.

But in England for many centuries, and in every other European country, the barber has been a recognized adjunct of civilization. Generally in the large cities and towns, a barber's shop was the centre of fashionable hair cutting and beard removing as well as of gossip. Yet in most lands, the peripatetic, or as the Scotch called him, "the flying barber," went his daily round with the necessary implements of his calling.

So today, amid the carved and gilded bazaars of a hundred Chinese cities, the Chinese barber perambulates shopless, bearing on one end of his carrying stick a portable seat with drawers in which are brushes, razors, strops and towels, and balanced by a portable charcoal furnace with a basin to heat and hold water.

He calls attention to his readiness to serve you by ringing a small bell or snapping sharply the metallic tweezers with which he extirpates superfluous hairs. If one desires his services, he finds a convenient corner and seats him under the open sky in the public street. His countrymen generally have the head and face shaved, the eyebrows put in order and the ears cleaned for about an English half-penny or American cent. In Madras and Japan, the native barber differs little except that in Japan a whistle is sounded to invite custom.

In Germany, in the Nineteenth Century, in many villages the barber still went from house to house with the hot water jug, soapball, the basin to fit the neck below the chin and the other implements of his calling. At their homes there was no special chair or foot rest, and the "good old way" is probably still followed in many provincial districts. In Spain, the glittering brass basin, "the helmet of Mambrino" of Cervantes' incomparable Don Quixote, still jauntily crowns the filleted pole at every barber's door, or is carried along the country roads by the journeyman or itinerant barber, who with his guitar slung at his back and his razors conveniently secured in his strong girdle, goes cheerily on his way, finding a customer here and there, or repaying a night's lodging and a simple meal of country bread and wine with old songs or such serenades and carols as one associates with "Figaro" and "The Barber of Seville."

In England, the last peripatetic barber is said to have been John Knubley of Masham, Yorkshire, who was still carrying basin, razors, and hot water carrier from customer to customer in 1802. In Scotland, the "flying barber" survived the changes of time and effete over-civilization until later in the century, as did the "flying tailor" immortalized in the "Noctes Ambrosianae" of Christopher North.

How far back they were a feature of English, Danish or Norman life, it is impossible to say, but in the middle ages they became a very important part of the community. Naturally, they early learned the best way of staunching minor hemorrhages due to dull razors, nervous customers or their own carelessness, and

as they attended on the sick and heard all the gossip of the "medicine," and the knights and priests who practiced the healing art, they soon became expert in the care of wounds, the art of bleeding, then universally deemed a most necessary and beneficent evacuation, in the extraction of teeth, removing corns and bunions and the like.

In 1163, the Council of Tours forbade the practice of surgery or any shedding of blood by the clergy, and the study of surgical science was banished from the clerical universities. In the lamentable lack of skilled chirurgeons, the barber came to the front as a healer of wounds and phlebotomist. To the razor, strop, towel, soapball and napkin, he added the lancet, fillet, blood bowl and chafing-dish with its cauterizing iron and a variety



ALLAN RAMSAY
The Scotch barber poet

of salves, embrocations, plasters, cere cloth, etc., for sword-stroke and arrow wound and the numerous hurts received in hunting.

"If thou be hurte with harte (deer)
It brings thee to thy bier,
But barbour's hande will boar's hurte heal,
Therefore, thou need'st not fear."

was a comforting quatrain of that ancient day of hard riding, eager hunting, and almost constant private and public war.

In France, the barbers had been incorporated as early as 1096, about which time William, Archbishop of Rouen, had prohibited the clergy from wearing beards. Both the clergy and the barbers then claimed medical practice, which was largely confined to the use of medical baths, the exhibition of laxatives of awful taste and power, and copious bleeding. The Barbers' Company of France existed nearly two centuries until wigs became fashionable and then the Barber-Perruquiers or hair-dressers and wigmakers withdrew from the Barber-Chirurgeons.

In 1461-62, King Edward IV of England incorporated the London barbers, giving them great privileges and especially the superintending of all persons practicing

were united by a charter from Henry VIII, the master being chosen one year by the barbers and the next year by the surgeons, all diplomas being issued in the name of the Barber Surgeons. The King gave them a silver-gilt-grace-cup, ornamented with the Tudor rose, fleur-de-lis and scroll-work with sundry pendent bells, which, when a man had finished the contents, he was expected to ring by reversing and shaking the cup.

Queen Elizabeth conformed to her royal father's charter and granted a coat-of-arms with crest and supporters, June 2, 1569, the Latin motto "*De Prescientia Dei*," and some most remarkable razors in the blazonry. It may be said *en passant*, that three fine-toothed combs figure in the coat-of-arms of the Bessboroughs, whose founder was the barber of William the Conqueror.

James I, Charles I and Charles II added their favors and the Merry Monarch gave the guild a great "loving-cup" styled "the Royal Oak Cup," richly engraved with acorn leaves and boughs in memory of the friendly refuge afforded him by Boscobel Oak, and surmounted by a crown. Queen Anne presented them in the early part of the Eighteenth Century with a great flowered punch-bowl. All of these royal gifts are still preserved in London.

Under George II the fraternities were divorced in 1745, and the barbers lost their special privileges and most of their medical practices. They long retained, however, the pole representing the staff grasped by the patient while being bled, the red bands emblematic of the bloody bandages and the brass basin or gilded "dummy" of one which surmounted it, all of which are perpetuated in the conventional barber's pole of our time.

Gradually ousted from medical and surgical practice, the barbers still let blood, pulled teeth, removed corns and bunions, manicured nails, opened bath rooms and sold perfumes, toilet articles, canes, etc. The last of the ancient barber surgeons of London died about the early part of the last century.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, the beard became the principal care of men of fashion, being cut in many different



BARON TEUTERDON
A barber's boy of Canterbury, England

surgery in London. The King and his brother, Richard, Duke of Gloster, were the founders. Their hall was built shortly after on Monkwell Street, near the present General Post Office. A Coat of Arms was granted them "The yere of Our Lord Mcccc Lxxxii at the goyng ovr the see of our Sovryn Lord, King Henry the VII into Fransse. These armes were geven on to the crafte of Surgeons of Londod the VII yere of his reyng, in the time of Hewe Clapton, Mayr."

In 1541, the lay-surgeons had increased in number and skill and the two companies

designs, and even colored of the gayest tints as well as of "sad colors." The general tendency seems to have been to trim the chin beard to a somewhat long and smooth point, making the English faces of that date much less bluff and robustious than in previous or later days.

It seemed to give a melancholy reflective cast to the portraits of the worthies of that memorable reign, few of whom indeed died in their beds at home, but fell in battle, were lost at seas or died in prison or on the scaffold. King Charles followed the fashion, but Cromwell's Puritans favored the "spade beard" and other fuller and more natural shapes. The long "love-locks" of the Cavaliers were abominations in the sight of the Round-head troopers, who put a bowl over their heads and trimmed their hair short off by its rim, and met the handsome long-ringleted cavaliers in action, with a stern, enduring, yet fiery courage.

At the Restoration wigs began to be more generally worn and in Queen Anne's reign they became the most costly item of gentlemen's wardrobe. Sir Richard Steele's "full-bottomed, black wig" cost fifty guineas (about \$255) and the fashion became so cumbrous that Colley Cibber, when playing "The Fool of Fashion," to satirize the styles introduced a wig of flax so large that it was brought on the stage in a Sedan chair. As a matter of fact, the stage-coach lines were compelled to restrict the length of wig-boxes to three feet.

John Taylor, one of the English minor poets, thus depicts the beards of his day:

"Some seem as they were starched and fine
Like to the bristles of an angry swine;
And some, to set their love's desire on edge,
Are cut and pruned like a quick-set hedge;
Some like a spade, some like a fork, some
square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble, some
quite bare;
Some sharp stiletto-fashioned, dagger-like
That may, in whispering, a man's eye out-
pyke;
Some like a hammer cut, or Roman T,
These beards extravagant reformed must be;
Some with the quadrate, some triangle
fashion,

Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude,
Some like a thicket for their crossitude;
Thus height, depth, breadth, triform, square,
oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards abound."

It reflects great credit on the barber's profession in general, that handling so dangerous a weapon as the razor in close proximity to the human throat and having innumerable opportunities for the homicide



RICHARD ARKWRIGHT
Chief promotor of England's cotton manufactures

of wealthy strangers, that very few such crimes have ever been traced to the barber's chair.

"Sweeny Todd, the Russian barber," of a singularly blood-curdling romance of the last century, was a Fleet Street barber who by a sudden nick of the great arteries murdered several victims, and hid the bodies by means of a subterranean passage he had discovered under his shop.

A French barber of Paris, who made a practice of dispatching well-dressed and well-fed victims, had a confederate whose bake-shop in the Rue de la Harpe turned out the most savory meat pies in the French capital. Determined not to be a party to the meat monopolies of that day, the confederates did a lucrative business, until after having disposed of his last victims, the murderer was annoyed by a faithful dog whom he could not induce to come indoors, and be killed, and would not leave the street without

its master. The arrest and execution of barber and bakeress and the demolition of their respective shops followed close on the suspicions thus awakened.

Another Parisian hair-dresser named Joseph Orcher, of the Faubourg St. Antoine, called one day as usual to attend the toilet of the Marquis de Courzi, who had just received a thousand louis d'ors which were lying on the table. Tempted by opportunity, he slew the unfortunate Marquis, and taking the gold, fled to Calais and under the name of Lestangr, sailed for Martinique. Here, as a merchant, in ten years he amassed a fortune, became the husband of a beautiful heiress, and at the close of twenty-nine years from the commission of the crime, was

with the person of the wealthy West Indian. Going out instantly to the police headquarters, he returned with some officers and arrested Lestangr just as he was about to enter his carriage. Six weeks later he died by the guillotine. Had he waited until the close of the year, human justice could not have claimed him.

During the last half century, many changes have taken place in the methods of the profession. The day of the penny and even half-penny shave must have passed away even in the most primitive villages of England; and American and Canadian tourists have demanded the luxury and comfort that is found in most barbers' shops in America. But, whereas the dyeing of hair and whiskers was once a lucrative part of city business, it is almost obsolete as a part of the average practice. Large quantities of white, black and brown pomade were made, sold and used in the seventies but these are rarely seen and seldom used today. The imposing array of bears' grease, rose hair oil, and barbers' washes, fixatives, etc., once everywhere sold, are about as rare in barbers' shops as Egyptian papyri.

Today, after the shave and the application of a hot water compress, a little witch hazel or bay rum is the usual application and a simple hair wash and a little vaseline, if desired, follow a haircut.

Here and there, some new device, or old one revived, is offered to the public, some of them of real value. The revolving brushes, the singeing of the hair, instead of cutting it when given to splitting at the ends, and some of the unguents and mixtures offered are old or modifications of old receipts. But the electric massage and like appliances have an absolute value when properly used. The cigar case, the manicure annex, and very rarely the bathroom, are a part of the recognized trade today. Wigs and false hair, perfumery, canes, ties, collars, etc., are very rarely carried or manufactured by barbers.

In America, the barber's shop or saloon has never taken the same place as that assigned to it in the Old World. In Athens it was the arena of debate and gossip; in Rome, the favorite resort of men about town; in France, the favorite retreat of such men as Moliere, and in Great Britain,



JACQUES JASMIN
The Gascon barber poet

a very wealthy and influential citizen. He sailed with his wife for Paris and while attending mass at St. Roche in the Rue St. Honore, attracted the notice of many by his evident wealth and luxury. Among others, a retired officer of the Paris police noticed him and felt certain that he had known Lestangr in the past. Looking over his old records, he found a description which seemed to him to fit the stranger as he had looked a generation previous. Taking it with him to church, the next sabbath, he compared it item by item

the local centre for the collection and dissemination of news and gossiping.

In America, there are papers to read and your barber will "discourse you" as Pat would say, while it is safe for you to answer him; but as a rule little enough is said between waiting customers or habitual loungers, which are not numerous. Prices, all things considered, are about as low as are secured by any other class of workmen and the service is of the best.

The great men who have risen from service with razor and comb are perhaps less numerous than in other lines. The calling is one which encourages a pleasant affability toward all classes of men, and it is the man who takes the world by the throat who obtains recognition.

But among the *illusterrissimi* we note Dominico Burchiello, who died at Rome in 1448. The son of a Florentine barber, he followed the higher branches of his profession, established a successful business as a perruquier and at the Old Market Place established a shop where he dealt in wigs and witticisms, perukes and poetry until his shop was the salon of the wisest and wittiest of the brilliant and jovial dwellers beside the Arno, and as such, was immortalized by being given a place in the frescoes of the great Medicean Gallery. There the tourist of today will see the portrait of the great barber whom Florence loved and princes honored, and below it his shop in two divisions, in one of which the workmen are weaving hair and in the other, music and poetry are entertaining a gallant company.

Another and later poet was Allan Ramsay, who was apprenticed to an Edinburg wigmaker in 1701 and followed the business until 1716, but became a poet and bookseller with a circulating library. Not as famous as Burns, the sweetness of his verse has long been recognized.

A third barber poet was William Falconer, whose best-known creation, "The

Shipwreck," has long held a high place in English literature. Born at Edinburg in 1730, he was twice wrecked escaping with life only to be drowned in the third disaster, the wreck of the frigate "Aurora" in 1770. The fourth, whose saddest, sweetest song, "The Blind Girl of Chastel Cuille," has been finely translated by our own Longfellow. Jacques Jasmin was born in 1798, and grew up in extreme poverty, but turned himself sturdily to his calling and in due time earned a little home and humble shop of his own. Gascon to the heart, he bore all his early struggles

cheerily and in his later years was loved, honored and above want. A laurel crown of gold was given him from the city of Toulouse, a gold cup from the citizens of Auch, and in 1846, when forty-eight years old, Louis Philippe, then King of France, gave him a private audience and clasped to his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor. He

refused all payments for his inimitable readings, and lived and died a working barber, holding his power of song as a sacred gift. He died in 1864, when sixty-six years old, and in 1870 his townsmen erected a marble statue to his memory.

Sir Richard Arkwright, born at Preston, December 3, 1732, although not the inventor of the Spinning Jenny and other cotton machinery which made him famous, rose from the barber's chair to wealth and fame and largely gave to England the cotton machinery which has added so greatly to her commerce and prestige.

Every Englishman and many Americans will recognize the English popularity of "Day & Martin's Blacking" which conferred wealth on Mr. Charles Day, whilom hairdresser, and Martin, his assistant.

Jeremy Taylor, born at Cambridge, 1613, died Bishop of Down and Connor in 1667, one of the most lovable and honored divines of the English Church, began life in his father's barber shop as did Dr. John Kitto, the biblical explorer,



THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE GUILD OF
BARBERS OF LONDON, GRANTED
BY KING HENRY VII, 1492

William Winstanley, author of "Lives of the English Poets," and Giovanrie Battista Belzoni, the son and assistant of an humble hairdresser in Padua, Italy. A giant in body, of perfect symmetry and titanic strength, Belzoni was known to carry a group of seven men on the stage at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere. Accumulating some money, he visited Egypt and his discoveries and researches in the Egyptian tombs made him famous and above want. Revisiting Padua, his fellow-townsman received him with public rejoicing, and struck a medal in his honor. But the spell of African discovery drew him into an attempt to reach Timbuctoo and he died in Benin, December, 1823, when only forty-five.

Baron Tenterden of Canterbury, and Lord St. Leonard, Chancellor of England and Ireland, both sons of barbers, were accounted among the wisest and most humane judges of their time, and among

English painters, few have attained the prominence of Joseph Mallord William Turner (born 1775—died 1851) whose "Slave Ship," "Fighting Temeraire," and other creations have made him immortal in the annals of English art.

Lovers of history will readily recall the influence possessed by the barber-valet and confidant of Louis XI of France, Olivier le Dain, and perhaps less easily the name of Nicholas Stagebeck who gained a like influence with Christian II of Denmark; while there is no doubt that many other men in the calling have been on the most friendly terms with their famous customers who enjoyed their discourse and did not disdain their advice, like the barber of Montbard in Burgundy who, to the end of his days, boasted that on one memorable morning he had shaved before breakfast "three men capable of ruling a world": Messrs. Buffon, Rousseau and Voltaire.

A LONGING

By HENRY DUMONT

I STAND as often, on a height
That overlooks the sea,—
The western sea,—before the night
Has fallen over me.

And to my mind the splash of gold
Enriching seaward skies
Is lovelier than all we hold
Of day within our eyes.

However oft from waning night
We lift appealing eyes,
The crimson wing of morning's light
Shall never thence arise.

The western sea, in rose and gold,
Is very dear to me,
But how my eyes long to behold
The dawn rise from the sea!

—From "A Golden Fancy."

Curtiss' Flight for the World Prize

By SANFORD E. STANTON

CHE interesting history of the first successful navigation of the air flies above the course of the Hudson River will endure as long as man.

Aviation in America and in the entire world, for that matter, was still in an experimental state at the beginning of 1910. Motor-driven aeroplanes were at that stage where each success was won at the sacrifice of innumerable failures. Concentrated thought and action by the great inventors of the world was lacking.

On Sunday morning, May 29, Glenn Hammond Curtiss flew from Albany, New York, to New York City, in an aeroplane, winning a prize of \$10,000 offered by the *New York World*, and writing his name in indelible letters beside those of Hendrik Hudson and Robert Fulton. The news of his stupendous feat has penetrated to the farthestmost corners of the globe, placing American invention, energy and daring before that of any other nation.

On the last day of the year 1909 the *New York World* offered a prize of \$10,000 to the first man who would navigate the air between New York City and Albany. This was the renewal of an offer made ten months previously. The purpose of the offer was to arouse those who were seeking a solution of the problem of the navigation of the air to renewed interest and to arouse new men and awaken new thought in this field for progress.

The result of the offer of the *New York World* was the successful flight of Mr. Curtiss.

In light of the magnificent achievement of American brain and American daring, a history of the prize to which that achievement is directly traceable is of interest, second only to the history of the feat itself.

The committee in charge of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration had met several times to discuss plans for fittingly celebrating the discovery of the Hudson River by Hendrik Hudson in 1609 and the navigation of the river by Robert Fulton's "Clermont," the first steam vessel, in 1807. Historical pageants, military parades on land and naval parades on water, all had in turn been suggested and accepted when the *New York World* proposed as the most poetic manner in which the great historical events could be fittingly celebrated, a third passage over the historic course, a flight through the air.

The Aero Club of America, at that time the governing body of aeronautics in this country, officially accepted the suggestion and accompanying offer of the *World* on January 26, 1909, and the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee formally approved of the suggestion and made it a part of the official celebration on February 24 of the same year.

Within a month after the first announcement of the offer of a prize of \$10,000, thirty aviators in the United States and abroad declared their intention of competing for the prize, provided they were able to complete the experiments they were then conducting with airships.

To the Aero Club of America was delegated the duty of naming the conditions

under which the flights for the prize should take place. The Hudson-Fulton Commission named two weeks of the official celebration between September 25 and October 9 as the time when the flight should be made.

On September 25 three entrants announced themselves as ready to make the attempt to win the *World's* prize. They were Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, inventor of the Government Army Dirigible No. 1, and the hero of hundreds of trips into the air; George L. Tomlinson, of Syracuse, New York, and John Roeder of White Plains. The first two, however, alone made an attempt to win the prize.

The *New York World* secured a large vacant plot at One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River and there Captain Baldwin and Mr. Tomlinson prepared their huge dirigible airships for the attempt to fly to Albany.

Wednesday morning, September 29, 1909, saw the first attempt ever made to duplicate the trip of the "Half Moon" and the "Clermont" through the air. Unfavorable weather conditions held back the daring sky flyers until Wednesday. On that morning a gentle breeze swept across the Hudson River to the airship park. Special reports secured by the Weather Bureau at New York showed the entire valley of the Hudson River to be one long quiet peaceful air-lane. The day of the start of the Hudson-Fulton airship race had arrived.

From the breaking of day until eleven o'clock in the morning Captain Baldwin and Mr. Tomlinson worked without cessation, preparing their huge fliers for the task. Ten minutes later a cheer that could be heard for miles rose from the throats of one hundred thousand people who had gathered to see the flight. Tomlinson was off on his journey.

The huge yellow gas bag from which was suspended the framework carrying the motor and the pilot rose like a bird above the fence surrounding the park and heading straight out over the Hudson River, began the flight toward Albany. Five minutes later and another roar split the air as the enormous crowd caught sight of Captain Baldwin's ship.

The first attempt to win the *World's* prize was a failure.

While still over the middle of the Hudson River and just opposite Spuyten Duyvil a part of the gearing of the engine in Captain Baldwin's dirigible broke. Unmanageable, the airship settled rapidly toward the water. Almost directly beneath the airship lay the English cruiser "Drake," sent to New York as one of a fleet of vessels to participate in the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Before Captain Baldwin with his airship struck the water a launch had darted from the side of the war vessel and a moment later Captain Baldwin had been lifted from the framework of his ship and was on his way to the British cruiser.

A little better success attended the efforts of Tomlinson, though he, too, failed. When opposite White Plains he discovered his gasoline was leaking. To continue would have been certain disaster, so he was forced to bring his craft to the ground.

While the great dirigibles were preparing for the flight and for a week after their failure both Curtiss and Wilbur Wright were giving almost daily flights from Governor's Island. Wright even sailed his aeroplane around the Statue of Liberty, up the Hudson to Grant's Tomb and back again to Governor's Island, but neither would make the attempt to fly to Albany.

Less than eight months afterwards Glenn H. Curtiss flew at express train speed from Albany to New York with but one short stop. Such has been the development of the aeroplane.

On October 10, 1909, positive refusal was made by every aeroplanist to make an attempt to capture the *World's* prize at that time. Give us a little longer for experiments, was the demand of all. And to meet the new condition, the *World* formally extended the time for competition for its prize for one year.

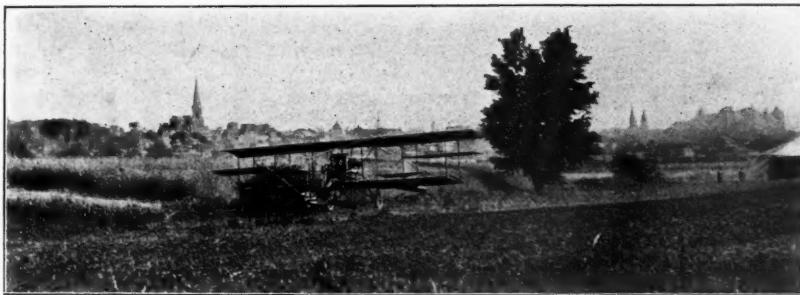
From time to time Curtiss, the Wrights, Paulhan, Farman and Bleriot, either personally or through representatives, investigated the course and conditions in contemplation of making an attempt to win the prize. Each time the verdict was that the task was still too difficult for the

aeroplane in its present state of development.

On the first day of May, this year, at the suggestion of representatives of the Aero Club and many of the prominent aviators, the *World* altered the conditions governing the flight. Under the original conditions as provided by the Aero Club it was necessary for the winner to make a continuous flight. Under the new conditions as announced by the *World* two stops were permitted those

cliffs and mountains in one spot, the lowlands in another, the Palisades in another and the excellent conditions at still other points.

On his trips up and down he found that at Storm King, the huge, grim old mountain just above West Point, provided the greatest obstacle to the aviator planning to fly along the river. Storm King and the mountain on the opposite shore seemed to break the air currents into bits. Kites flown high in the air there whirled



Courtesy of the New York World

CURTISS STARTING AT ALBANY FOR THE WORLD PRIZE

making an attempt for the prize and twenty-four hours' time was allowed.

The new conditions immediately attracted aviators in all parts of the world. The Wright brothers announced that either one of them or a representative would make the flight. A day later Charles K. Hamilton, who was in the South giving exhibitions in a Curtiss machine, forwarded his entry and two days later Glenn Hammond Curtiss signified his intention of competing for the prize himself. Mr. Curtiss immediately followed his entry by sending his aeroplane to Albany and began making active preparations for the flight.

While to all appearances the entry of Mr. Curtiss had been made hurriedly and on the impulse, as a matter of fact it was made only after months of consideration and thought. Not once but a number of times had this cool, farsighted man gone up and down the course of the Hudson, gathering information from river men as to air currents and observing the conditions for every mile of the course. He had noted the

and swirled after a manner to warn the man who was going to attempt the flight to be careful.

Other spots, too, looked bad and were bad, but greater than all other dangers to the aviator was the fact that for not a single mile along the river course from Albany to New York was there a single really good place for the man in his aeroplane to land. That was the greatest problem for those who were going to attempt the flight for the prize of the *World* to solve. It was this one obstacle that had prevented the sailors of aeroplanes for more than a year from even considering the flight. And it was the successful solution of that problem that led directly to the winning of the *World's* prize.

Six months before he made his now memorable flight Mr. Curtiss made one more trip up and down the Hudson, walking much of the distance. Not a spot to land met his eye. Then he went back to Hammondsport and began to experiment with devices to permit him to land on the water. Not a word did Mr. Curtiss

breathe to the outside world of what was in his mind. Not even when he had perfected a model that worked to perfection did he announce his discovery. Instead, he kept right on at his work, building a larger machine and eventually making a flight and actually landing on the surface of Lake Keuka.

Then was Mr. Curtiss ready to try the flight from Albany to New York.

As the result of his painstaking study of conditions, Mr. Curtiss learned that during the month of May the prevailing winds were from the north and northwest. While it would have been possible to make the flight in the face of a wind, it was better to have it at the back of his machine. Instead, then, of making his start from New York he elected to fly down the river from Albany.

Rensselaer Island, a little low marshy stretch of land on the Hudson River right opposite Albany, looked to be the most advantageous spot for a start. Albany, itself, built on hills, was far inferior for the purposes of the aviator. To Rensselaer Island then did Mr. Curtiss send his flier. A shed was built to house the plane and the motor and three mechanics were placed in charge of the work of assembling the machine. Mr. Curtiss, himself, watched every wire tied in place and saw every bolt fastened and bound. Not a quarter of an inch of space on the machine but felt the touch of the master's hand. Not a flaw, had there been one, could have escaped the eye of the man who intended a little later to trust his very life to this fragile-looking bit of wood and canvas. Precaution and eternal vigilance are part of the price an aviator must pay for success in his conquest of the air.

And then the machine was ready. But one thing remained before the flight could begin. One more trip up and down the river was necessary to find a spot at which a landing could be made if necessary.

Along either side of the river not a spot presented itself to the searching eye of the aviator, but four miles below Poughkeepsie and three miles back from the river he found a place that would do.

In the history of aviation as it will be read years hence when the student comes

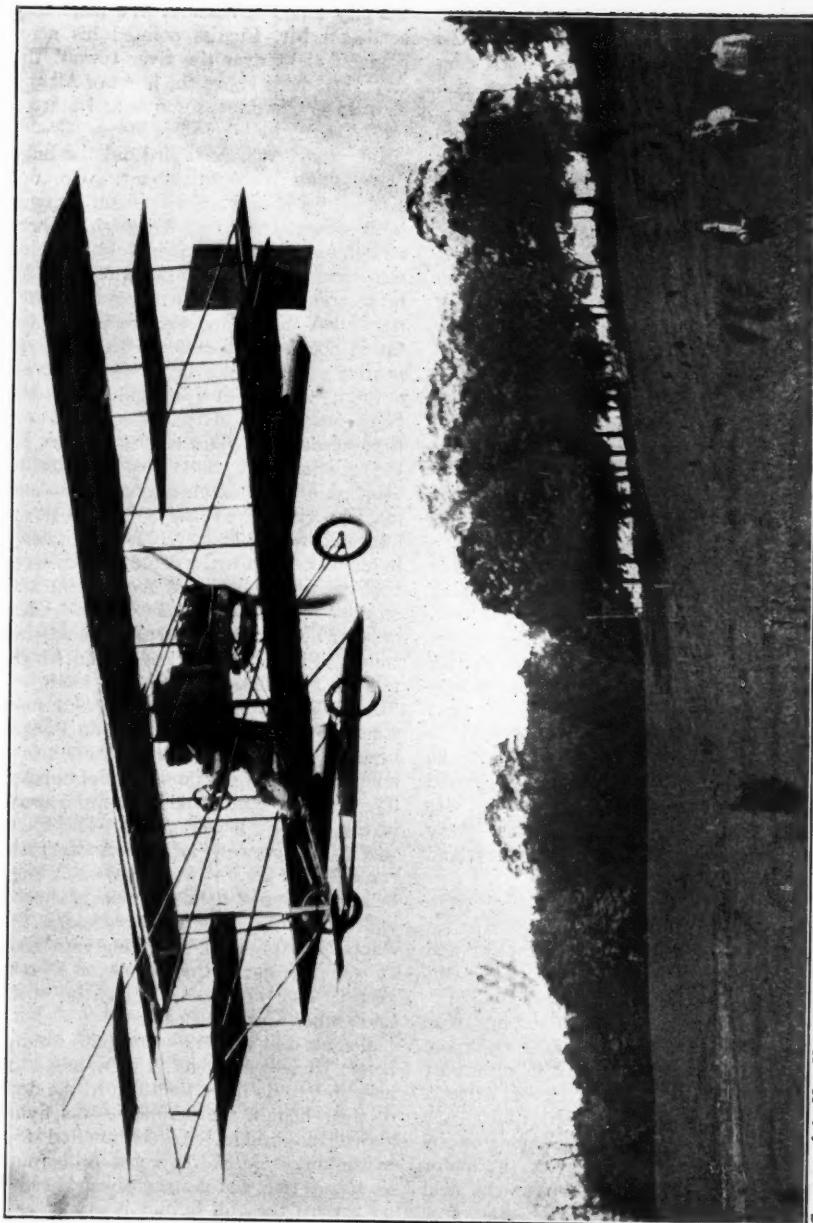
to the chapter that tells of the Curtiss flight from Albany to New York he will find one of the most interesting points on the whole flight was the landing made at the Gill farm. Trees had been cut down that there might be a level, clear space for the great machine to land and start. Hollows were filled and hummocks were lowered. Then a huge red flag was tied to the top of a tall tree, a signal for the flier as he came skimming through the air.

On Friday, May 27, everything that human thought and ingenuity could do had been done to make the flight a success. The machine was ready, supplies of gasoline and oil had been left at various spots along the river, a train had been engaged to follow the aviator down the river and naught remained but for the wind to die down low enough to permit a flight.

At three o'clock in the morning (Friday), Rensselaer Island was awake. Mechanics were rubbing their eyes with one hand and oiling the motor with the other. By ones and twos and threes people began to come over from Albany to witness a start, for the evening before Mr. Curtiss had announced his readiness. Curtiss, himself, clad in a rubber coat, beneath which he wore a sweater, his trouser legs tied with cord and rubber shoes on his feet, walked round and round his machine. A start seemed assured, and then word was received from points along the river that the weather was bad, a storm was likely and the wind was high. The conditions were too threatening to make it advisable to risk a flight and the huge plane which two hours before had been rolled out to the ground was sent back into the shed.

Saturday morning saw the same thing repeated. Conditions, however, seemed better. At half past five Mrs. Curtiss, who had never left her husband's side during all the days of preparation, started for the railroad track where the special train stood. Mr. Curtiss took her as far as the train and then returned and five minutes later was sitting in the seat of his machine waiting only to give the word for a start. But the word was not given.

In the early morning light the sky, which a short time before had shone clear



Courtesy of the New York World

CURTISS LEAVING POUGHKEEPSIE

and bright, betrayed a cloud or two off toward the south. With surprising rapidity the clouds gathered, the sky became dark and fifteen minutes after Curtiss had taken his seat in the machine the wind was blowing twenty miles an hour and steadily increasing.

Again was the machine rolled back to its shed. The crowd, which was larger than ever before, began to murmur. They were plainly disappointed and some even went so far as to say they did not believe Mr. Curtiss intended to fly at all. Some even were so outspoken in their doubt of the aviator's intentions that they took no pains to conceal from him their thoughts.

But it was going to require more than idle criticism to upset the plans of months, and Mr. Curtiss was unheeding. He had studied his problem. He knew the dangers that confronted him and he had no intention of risking failure or perhaps even the loss of his life when a little patience would reward him with success.

At four o'clock Sunday morning, May 29, Curtiss rose at his hotel and taking one look at the sky hurriedly dressed. Never before had it looked so favorable. Accompanied by Mrs. Curtiss he hurried to a small all-night lunch room and hastily ate a scanty breakfast of eggs and coffee. Then he hastened to Rensselaer Island.

Disappointed as they had been the morning before, still the word passed hurriedly about the city that Curtiss was to fly brought hundreds of people. Every moment saw the crowd on the little island grow larger.

Daylight brought ideal weather conditions. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sun rose out of the east clear and bright. From the smokestacks wreaths of smoke rose straight into the air.

A final inspection of the motor, one more tightening of the bolts and nuts, one more look at the wires and at two minutes past seven, Jacob L. Ten Eyck of Albany, official starter for the Aero Club, gave the word and to the accompanying cheers of the crowd and the whirr of the motor the huge plane scurried across the field and a hundred feet from the start rose in the air.

The flight was on.

One of the conditions of the flight called for an actual start from over some part of the city limits of Albany. To meet that condition Mr. Curtiss pointed his aeroplane straight over the river toward the city, then when above the heart of Albany he turned toward the south and started for New York.

Like some frightened bird did the huge plane shoot through the air. Up, up, straight up in the air it rose until it was seven or eight hundred feet high. Then, straightening out its planes like a bird smoothing down its feathers, it shot off in a straight line and five minutes after it had left the ground the group of spectators could see it only as a fast disappearing speck in the sky.

From Albany to Poughkeepsie the flight, magnificent in itself, was at the same time uneventful. To the eyes of those on the special train that tried in vain to keep pace with the fast flying man and machine, it looked as though it never quavered for an instant. Sitting quietly in his seat, Mr. Curtiss could be seen from time to time working a foot pump and sending more oil into the motor. Once or twice he even waved a hand at a passing train. Past Hudson, Catskill and Kingston the aeroplane flew like the wind.

At fifteen minutes past eight a man standing on the great bridge at Poughkeepsie suddenly became converted into a howling, dancing, animated bit of humanity. Far to the north he had spied a speck in the air. He looked closer. The speck was surely growing larger. Another instant and he knew it was Curtiss. A huge bell on the top of the courthouse was rung and rung until it seemed as though the clapper would break the gong into bits. It was the signal the people of Poughkeepsie had arranged to let the town know when Curtiss appeared.

Before the sleepers were half awake, before those who were at their breakfast had time to do more than run to the door of their homes, the aeroplane was flying above the bridge. Three hundred feet in the air, it dashed over the bridge and an instant later wheeled sharply and headed off toward the Gill farm.

At 8.26 A. M., the wheels of the aeroplane gently touched the turf on the Gill

farm and the first half of the flight was over. Mr. Curtiss had been flying eighty-four minutes and in that time had covered close to seventy miles.

The quiet farm that a moment before had presented a peaceful, rural appearance was converted in an instant to the busiest spot in all the state. In a twinkling Mr. Curtiss had jumped from his seat and without stopping for congratulations began a hurried inspection of his machine. His chief mechanic, Henry Kleckler, who had come from Albany on the special train, dashed up to the farm in an automobile, ten minutes after his chief arrived. With Mr. Curtiss he went over every inch of the plane. But the inspection revealed nothing discouraging.

All that required doing was the tightening of one wire that during the flight Mr. Curtiss had observed vibrating slightly. Otherwise the airship was in the same condition as it had been a moment before the start. At 9.26 A. M., one hour to the minute after he landed, Mr. Curtiss resumed his flight.

From twenty-six minutes past nine until thirty-five minutes past ten, when he landed on the upper end of Manhattan Island, Mr. Curtiss flew through the worst air lane that an aeroplane has ever before navigated. He encountered cross winds, rising and falling winds, blasts of hot air one second and cold air the next. He ran from one swirling eddy of wind to another.

For sixty-nine minutes he never let his gaze wander from the task before him. Like a hawk he watched every line of his plane. As it skidded over one spot and fell into another hole in the air, he met every new emergency with an answering move.

Never but once did he let his ship falter. And that once all but ended the flight.

Just opposite Storm King, while he was traveling more than fifty miles an hour and five hundred feet in the air, the airship suddenly fell from beneath him. Down straight for forty feet did the thing

drop. Then the aviator caught his balance.

He had run straight into a great hole in the air and a drop of another twenty feet would in all probability have so destroyed the equilibrium of the machine that it would have fallen to the water.

Instantly after gaining control of his ship, Mr. Curtiss brought it down toward the surface of the water where the air currents were steadier, and for the next twenty miles he flew little more than fifty feet above the surface of the river.

That was the only time the airship and its driver were in danger.

Thirty miles above New York the Metropolitan Life Tower poked its head above the horizon. From then on the plane made its final dash for New York without incident. All along the river towns had been warned of the coming of the aeroplane, and from Yonkers to New York the ship and its driver met a continuous ovation.

When he landed at 214th Street on Manhattan Island, Mr. Curtiss won the prize of \$10,000 offered by the *New York World*. He had discharged his obligation so far as all conditions were concerned. He had landed without mishap and to secure oil.

There still remained unaccomplished that which Mr. Curtiss had set for himself to do when he left Albany. He wished to reach Governor's Island. Most men would have been content to rest on the laurels they had earned by his flight, but he was not satisfied and without notifying anyone he again took to the air at 11.42 A. M. and eighteen minutes later, or exactly at noon, he brought his machine down like a bird on the level plain at Governor's Island.

The flight had broken all records for time, for weight carried and for difficulties surmounted. It had demonstrated that the age of the airship had arrived, and Mr. Curtiss in his aeroplane had accomplished the feat that eight months before the most daring aviators had pronounced impossible.

FIELD DAY OF THE ANCIENTS

By CHARLES GORDON

THE annual Field Day of the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery for 1909 was celebrated by a visit to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and although this ancient corps was organized in 1638, and has already enjoyed two hundred and seventy-two annual field days, this was the first in which the corps had penetrated so far West into the immense empire which their own charter members had helped to found and foster.

* * *

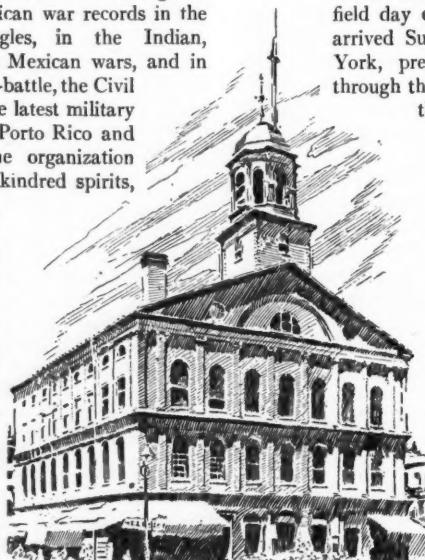
The drum-head election, held every year on Boston Common in the leafy month of June, and the field day excursion, taken when the leaves begin to turn from green to autumn gold and red, are two events which all through the two hundred and seventy years of its existence have been religiously observed by this oldest military organization of the United States. On the ancient muster rolls of the corps appear names which have figured prominently in American war records in the early colonial struggles, in the Indian, French, English and Mexican wars, and in the supreme wager-of-battle, the Civil War, as well as in the latest military operations in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The organization is notably a band of kindred spirits, patriotic, hospitable, generous and jovial in their chivalric good fellowship, and it has retained these characteristics ever since in ancient days in London Henry the Eighth established the parent guild. The Boston society is a branch of that Honorable Artillery Company of London, of which the Prince of Wales is always hereditary captain and commander.

Despite all the vicissitudes of war and international complications there has never been a break in the cordial relations of the Boston and London organization; possibly because there are no hard and fast rules to "bind too tight and snap." Even in the matter of uniform there is the widest latitude, each member wearing the uniform of any military company in which he has seen service.

The streets of Boston are always enlivened at sight of the varied and multi-colored uniforms of the veterans of many battles and their associates as they march by with their old flags, ancient halberds and other insignia, recalling the traditions and striking features of military life during three centuries of martial experience.

To the exquisite music of the Salem Cadet Band which accompanied the corps to Europe, the Ancients left Boston for the field day excursion of 1909, and arrived Sunday morning in New York, prepared for a march through the city, then *en fete* with the decorations for the

Hudson and Fulton Anniversary Celebration, just completed. New York was asleep after its festal week, and even the famous *Sun* reporters were caught napping for once; the Ancients crossed the river in a special ferry somewhat more elaborate than Washington used in crossing the Delaware river, and escaped the vigilant scouts of the New York papers. Great liners were coming up the river from the other side of the Atlantic,



FANEUIL HALL, THE HOME OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

as though to do honor to the memory of Hudson and Fulton, whose achievements had just been accorded ample if somewhat tardy recognition. Especially exhilarant was the ride over the Pennsylvania road, shooting around the Horseshoe Curve and enjoying the day "in camp" on the train, while old acquaintances were renewed! In full field uniform, with white gloves, and with helmets strapped under the firm-set chins, the Ancients awakened the enthusiasm of the people of Pittsburg on Sunday evening as they marched through the streets of the Smoky City to the gay music of the band.

* * *

Upon their arrival at Milwaukee, they were met by Mayor Rose and a stalwart delegation of Milwaukee citizens. Headed by their famous band playing a splendid potpourri of patriotic and stirring operatic selections from Trovatore, Carmen and Faust, the Ancients marched and counter-marched through the broad Milwaukee avenues, and with their escort, a detachment of state militia, were reviewed by Governor Davidson and Brigadier-General Charles A. King, United States Army. The first gala day was only the overture of one of the most hospitable receptions ever accorded the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Corps. They were at once luxuriously quartered under the genial and tireless attendance of Admiral Charles Pfister and Major Severance at the magnificent Pfister Hotel, everywhere conceded to be one of the most popular and handsome hostels in the country. Its beautiful onyx and marble lobby and foyer and the collection of rare paintings in its corridors remind one of the splendid chateaus of the ancient regime. It is, in fact, the home of its owner, Charles Pfister, as well as one of the magnets which draws travelers Milwaukeeward. Soon after the arrival of the company, the lobby was filled with gayly uniformed men who enjoyed themselves as genuinely as schoolboys out for a holiday. From the moment of arrival to the departure of the corps, there was always something to do. The citizens of Milwaukee, including the indomitable Mayor Rose and his civil associates, not only contributed freely to do honor to the guests of the city, but made up a vigilant reception committee, determined to make every moment one of interest and pleasure. On the first day, the company enjoyed

an excursion on the lake under the management of Commodore Crosby. At the theatre in the evening the Ancients took their turn as entertainers, bringing forth the Salem Cadet Band to win new laurels.

The famous German lunch given at the Schlitz Palm Garden, where the visitor seems suddenly transported into the German fatherland, was a notable experience. Every kind of German dainty was on the tables.



CHARLES S. DAMRELL
Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery
Company, Boston

A memorable visit to the Deutcher Club was enjoyed. At the reception given by Colonel Gustave Pabst at White Fish Bay, where the citizens of Milwaukee turned out in full force to meet their guests, there were songs and good cheer and good-fellowship in abundance, and a delightful day was spent by the beautiful lake shore. Everything was there to "make glad the heart of man," and after the jollity was over, the assembly gathered for inspiring patriotic exercises. Patriotic songs were sung, and patriotic



ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CHICAGO

When the ancient corps swung in a right wheel on Chicago's billowy pavements not one man stumbled. The old corps flag floated proudly in the Windy City

speeches rang out with soldierly enthusiasm. Representatives from the South, North, East and West were present, and made a patriotic demonstration that was impressive in these piping days of peace. The flags that decorated the hall were torn from their standards, and amid a splendid demonstration the Ancients left, marching back with flags unfurled, and taking with them memories of an occasion both inspiring and memorable. On this occasion one of the members, the son of a Confederate soldier, placed a wreath upon the graves of Union soldiers at the Soldiers' Home with impressive ceremonies, evidencing the unity and patriotism that knows neither North nor South, East nor West, but the American Union, "one and inseparable" revealed in the roster roll of the Ancients.

The banquet at the Hotel Pfister was a

brilliant affair. The eloquent tributes paid by General Arthur MacArthur to the President of the United States, to the residents of the old commonwealth of Massachusetts and the state of Wisconsin, together with General Charles A. King's tribute to the Army and Navy, were full of the beauty, enthusiasm and lofty feeling that characterized all the other speeches.

The following morning, many citizens marched with the corps to the station, where the corps formed in line and presented arms, and with hearty cheers and the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the Ancients set out on their return, feeling that many years of friendship would date from the field day of 1909, whose record of the noble hospitality of Milwaukee will fill some of the brightest pages in the annals of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts.



Boston's Latin Quarter

By MITCHELL MANNERING

[Illustrations by W. H. Upham]

LIKE stars within the clouded skies, poorly clad but with a beauty all its own, the Latin Quarter of Boston has a charm like that of King Cophetua's "beggar maid." An old college song, telling of Solomon Levi, who "lived down on Salem Street," suggests that this charm was discovered before the new generation of artists arose to make it famous. No American painter need go abroad for a glimpse of foreign life and "things as they are," while Boston retains her truly cosmopolitan, old thoroughfare. During the hot summer the people live all day and late into the night upon the pavement. Mothers are there with babes in their arms; older children play cheerfully in the gutter; men sit smoking, or lounge against the walls; cats and dogs thread their way in and out upon the crowded sidewalk, in search of something more enticing than banana peelings. The Latin and Jewish races have practically made their own of Salem Street, although here and there a group of Armenians or Greeks may be quite easily distinguished.

On the pavement, too, is the merchant, his wares outspread in amazing variety, from a collar button to a pair of suspenders. Like the houses of that quarter, the trio of gilt balls have fallen from their high estate; they no longer indicate the sign of the apothecary as when originated in the time of the de Medici. On Salem Street the pawn broker's gilt balls are easy to find. Many of the possessions of the inhabitants are in a peren-

nial state of migration to and from "mine uncle." Salem Street is never more interesting than when a national holiday is being celebrated down by the Old North Church. Street and sidewalk are blocked with children—all either foreign born or of foreign parentage—all daily speaking some other language than English. At a signal from the teacher they sing, "Lan' fare mine faders died." Despite the lisping foreign accent of their quickly acquired English, that volume of melodious childish voices tells of freedom and opportunity which these little ones are finding in the land of their adoption.

Speaking recently of the remarkable career of a foreign-born American citizen, a noted diplomat from the Old World summed up the story in a few words:

"It is indeed a great country that can take the son of a European peasant and make of him such a man."

He added that a trip through Salem Street was almost equivalent to a visit to Europe, so far as "atmosphere" was concerned, and that no one coming to Boston ought to miss taking it.

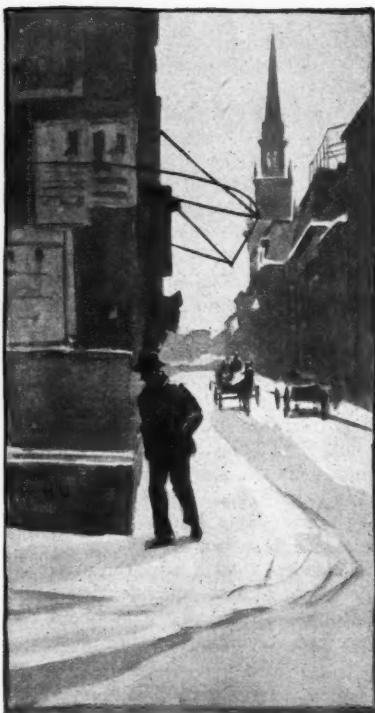
Near the Old North Church is a typical Old World applewoman, plying her wares under the same umbrella that has served her for years, on this same spot, as a shelter from both sun and rain. Attired in the lively colors beloved of the Latin races, with her suggestion of the Parisian Latin Quarter, she is a favorite subject for the pencil of the artist.

Equally artistic is the view of old St.



THE APPLE WOMAN OF SALEM STREET
A historic landmark where an umbrella has been
in use for a half century

Mary's, on Endicott Street. The teams pass, the quaintly clad people come and go; the gray old walls call up pictures of such haunts as American artists rush off



NORTH CHURCH

In bleak New England winter time, showing the historic belfry from which the lanterns were hung by Paul Revere

abroad to gaze upon, to secure "local color," which, if they but knew it, could be found in Boston.

Then comes the old, green gateway; around it drying clothes float aloft, like a veritable "army with banners," prepared to defend the old walls which wind in curves that appeal to the imagination far more than the sharp corners and angles of modern architecture. On the doorsteps about the church people are a-visiting, happy and carefree. The gay Latin temperament is everywhere evident—no nerve tension or brain fag on Salem Street.

And here is the Old North Church, on

a cold, bleak winter's day; you remember that these chilling breezes cut to the very marrow of the bones of our forefathers, who had neither furnaces nor steam heat to warm them when Boston's cutting east wind blew.

In strong contrast to this scene is the lazy noon hour on historic old Tea Wharf; the flap of an occasional furled sail, the scream of a steam whistle, the wheezy puff of a ferry boat, mingle with the sound of the wash of waves and the rattle of pulleys, as of yore. Even the moss on the stones appears to have remained unchanged in its everlasting mossy growing for centuries.

A vista between two old buildings again shows the graceful, curving walls of foreign architecture. The frequent recurrence of gabled roofs and tall, plump chimneys almost compels the visitor to believe him-



A PICTURESQUE ALLEY
Where the soft colors shoot about the angles

self in some part of old London's East End, where mansions that once echoed to the click of silver-buckled shoes, and the swish of brocaded silks, mourn their

fallen fortunes, as "London's submerged tenth" surges within their walls.

It seems paradoxical, that with all the struggle for culture, the subjects which appeal most to the heart of the artist are those that bring them close to the life of the people — not the wealthy, whose lives are artificial, whose emotions are cloaked by a "society smile," but the poor, who dwell in residences that were once the handsomest in Boston, and that, amid decay, tell of bygone greatness and are the silent witnesses of a promising era of new life.

In connection with the visit of school teachers to Boston, a New York and a Boston merchant became involved in an animated discussion of the charms and advantages of their home cities. As the discussion waxed warm, a third party suggested that whichever of the two men could write in ten minutes some good reasons for his championship should be pronounced victor. While the New

ST. MARY'S CHURCH

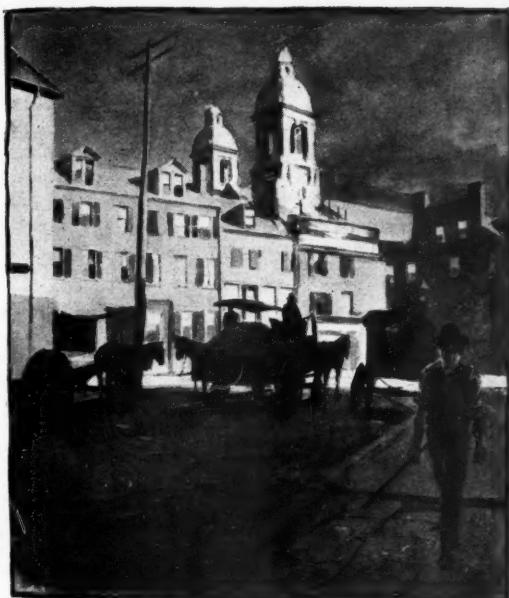
In Endicott street. Does not this suggest a bit of old London's East End?

York merchant chewed his pencil and made strokes on the paper, the Boston man wrote as follows:

Boston has more wealth per capita than any other city in the world, and its investment has built up civilization and prosperity in every state of the Union, and almost every land on the globe.

Boston and her suburbs present more localities rich in historical and biographical associations, more beautiful scenes, interesting museums and charming summer resorts than any other city in America.

Boston was the birthplace or scene of action of the majority of the artists, authors, educators, philanthropists and divines whose lives and works first gave the United States a place in art and literature among the nations.



THE OLD GATEWAY

With green posts, where the washing hangs aloft and the "visitin'" continues to late hours

Boston led all America in the art of ship-building and the development of commerce in the past, when the flag of the Republic was seen on every sea and in every haven.

Boston is the Queen of Convention cities.

Boston is the coolest and most charming of urban summer resorts.

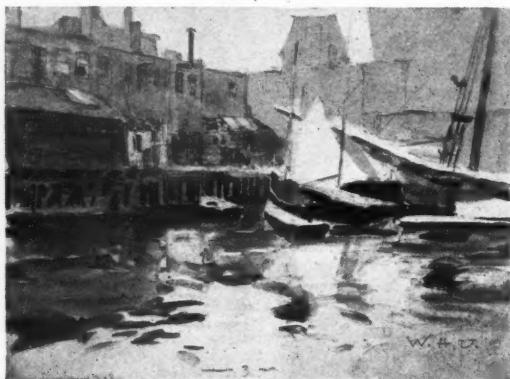
Boston always gives a hearty welcome

to a worthy guest and is willing to entertain and look into every new idea.

Boston is rich in colonial and provincial literature and antiquities.

Boston was the cradle and centre of the Revolutionary movements, and can show the localities and mementoes of the earlier struggles for American independence.

Boston's citizens know why they admire and love their home city.



Drawn by W. H. Upham

CORNER LONG WHARF
Where the furled sails flap over historic waters

THE LIGHT BEARERS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

I SAW within a shadowed realm of dream
Swift shapes unnumbered passing in the dark,
Each holding high aloft a lovely spark.
Some like a candle with dim fluttering gleam;
Still others like Sirius with a beam,
That all the boundless universe might mark.
And as they hurried onward wild and stark,
Like waves phantasmal of a ghostly stream
Some stumbled and fell headlong down to doom;
Some burned themselves with their own quenchless flame.
And I who watched them sinking, sage and youth,
Wept for the dreamers dead. Then in the gloom,
I heard the voice of mine own soul: "For shame—
Hail souls that live; hail bearers of the Truth!"

"SEEING BOSTON"

With the Rubbernecks

A RECORD MADE BY VISITORS FROM THE WEST THAT GIVES
PERTINENT AND TIMELY HINTS TO THE TOURISTS

WHEN we first arrived we felt everyone knew it. We expected even the hack driver to speak more correctly than bus drivers at the county seat. We were raised on Northwestern farms, half cattle-ranch and not without a mining annex or two, and Pensel and I were playmates in boyhood and real "partners" later on. We passed through about all the trials and joys, dangers and successes of "frontier life" at a time when an Indian outbreak was still a menace, and highwaymen and "cattle rustlers," "bad men" and "vigilantes" still extemporized grim tragedies, and died by bullet or cord "with their boots on."

"Townsit booms," and the coming of projected and often mythical railways; fierce blizzards that descended out of a clear sky and shrouded whole counties in smothering "pouderie" and paralyzing cold; cyclones and tornadoes equally capricious, tremendous and destructive; prairie fires that swept down from "the back of beyond" and devoured holocausts of beasts and men, as well as property; cloudbursts that almost in a moment choked, dried-up water courses and cultivated valleys; all these and more had made us "men of the Northwest," surprised at little, afraid of nothing, self-reliant, possibly a little boastful, and not over-burdened perhaps with reverence for the conventionalities of society.

And yet we had always "laid out" to visit Boston, "Bean Town," we called it at times; but at heart we revered the staid, old, stubborn city which father and mother and dear old grandfather had loved to tell of in the long, cold, stormy days and evenings when no one could be abroad.

What we heard then we learned more

about at school and later at the Agricultural College, where my partner got the nickname of "Lead Pensel," and the highest marks in drawing; I first honors in American history; and both of us fell in love with Kate and Lizzie, whom we finally induced to go "on a honeymoon pasear to Bosting," as grim old Antonio, our Mexican herdsman, expressed it.

* * *

"Shall we take that big choo choo wagon with the high seats and the feller with the megaphone?" asked Pensel at breakfast, the morning after our arrival.

"I should say not," said Kate—his Kate—decisively. "Let's walk and take in the places as we go along. I don't want a lot of other people listening to all that we say, do you?"

"I'd rather go by ourselves," said my Lizzie placidly, "but what do the boys want?"

"Just as you say, ladies," was the answer, and off we started, up from the Quincy House through the queerest narrow alleyways to Court Street, where the grim old Court House stands on what is said to be the site of the first "gaol" of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

"It makes one think," said Kate, "of some old Grecian temple, built not in Parian marble but Puritan granite. How many men have gone in here, hoping against hope for life and freedom, and left here for the prison and the scaffold!"

"My father," said I, "often told me how Anthony Burns was captured and held for his master; and how under the Fugitive Slave Law, he could not have a jury trial, but must trust for escape from slavery to a Federal Commissioner, who was ordered by the administration to execute the law at all costs. He told how indignant men met at the Tremont Temple

building—Dr. Howe, the gallant husband of Julia Ward Howe, who had given six years of his young manhood to the Grecian patriots, and who urged an immediate assault on the Court House; Wendell Phillips, who supported his fiery zeal; Henry Wilson, later senator, who counselled moderation, and others who only wanted a leader to follow to death or victory. Then, just as it seemed that the attacking party would go forth, a messenger rushed in crying: 'They are attacking the Court House now,' and all rushed out to find that the assault had been made and had failed, and that the bayonets of the Columbia Guards were interposed between the man-hunters and their furious but helpless assailants."

"What became of Anthony Burns after that?" asked Kate.

"They marched him down State Street between cordons of armed militia, guarded by scores of specials, and escorted by United States marines and artillery amid the bitter curses and helpless indignation

but the shameful cortege moved on, past the old State House, where Otis Adams, Warren and Hancock had spoken so often for freedom; over the ground once hallowed by the blood of the victims of the



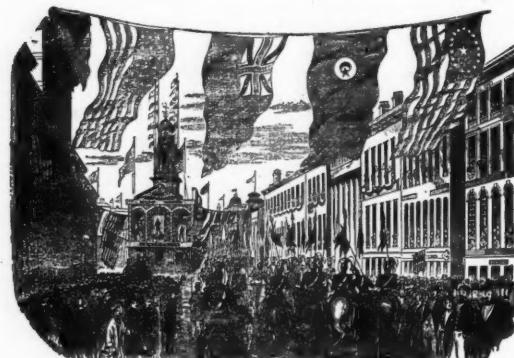
Washington taking command of the American Army under the old elm at Cambridge, July 2, 1775

Boston Massacre; where Lafayette and Kossuth had been hailed as the champions of human equality and liberty, down to the Long Wharf whence a federal cutter bore the slave back to his master. 'I never see it, but I think of that time,' said my father, 'when chains encircled the walls and cannon stood ready to sweep the streets with grape, to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law.'

"But yonder is the old State House," said Lizzie, "and they say that the museum is full of the dearest old china, and dresses, uniforms and pictures till you can't rest."

"Indeed?" said Lead Pensel. "then I want to see it before we go anywhere else, for I think we want to get an idea of life in those old days before we visit the scenes of famous events."

So we visited the old State House and its many curious maps and places of Boston Town; its pictures of royal governors and views of forts, mansions, harbor scenes, street panoramas, old worthies, and lovely women of long ago, with an immense



The Old State House and State street in gala dress during the railroad jubilee of 1851

of thousands of men, many of them armed, and anxious to avenge this last worst insult to liberty-loving Massachusetts. Dr. Howe decorated his walls with the emblems of death and mourning; flags were flown Union-down and at half mast;

variety of other relics, including a long ducking-gun that with its powder-horn, bullet-bag and even a little unused powder and ball had been carried at Bunker Hill; a surgeon's amputating instrument that had done grim but humane work back of the American redoubt; costly yet quaint uniforms and weapons; a carpenter's square inscribed "1636" and found in the walls of the Deane Winthrop homestead. Why, we could have spent a week there and found something new every day.

get into the great hall where so many eloquent and great men have spoken in days gone by, and Webster seems still from the canvas to close his classic "Reply to Hayne" with his splendid apostrophe: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Over the main hall we found access to the armory and museum of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, a great assembly room lined with historical pictures and hung with silken banners



The Boston Tea Party. Destruction of three cargoes of tea at Griffin's wharf, December 16, 1773.
From Griffin's wharf you look upon the site of this dramatic historic episode

But at last we went out, and almost right in front of the facade where still "the Lion and the Unicorn are fighting for the crown," we found the circle of paving stones that tell where the British redcoats fired the first fatal volley of the Revolution. Afterwards we saw in the old Granary Burying Ground the stone above where the victims are buried, and on the Tremont Street mall of the Common the bronze and marble monument erected to their memory.

Turning down Exchange Street, we saw the Adams statue and then in Dock Square "the old Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall. The market was bright and bustling, as usual, but we hastened to

representing every standard under which the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, the later Royal Province and present state, and the grand old company (itself founded in 1638) have mustered their soldiers and sailors in war and peace, since the earliest settlement. When we got through, "just tasting the feast," as Lizzie said plaintively, it was dinner time, and we went back to the hotel.

Then in the afternoon to Copp's Hill Burying Ground, where, on the only one of the famous "three hills" not levelled away, lie the dead of many generations; some of them famous in song and history, and others, alas, once wealthy and locally great, of whom now it must be said that

"no man hath them in remembrance." Just across the narrow mouth of the Charles River lies Charlestown, once utterly consumed by inextinguishable "carcasses" of pitch and sulphur discharged from a British battery on the graves of



The Granary Burial Ground, showing the old Tremont House and horse car service, 1856

the dead. Bunker Hill Monument, a moderate rifle shot away, called upon us to visit the famous battlefield, and the trim spars and delicate rigging-tracery of the brave old Constitution invited us from amid a ruck of skeleton military masts, big cranes and tower-like battleships to come over to the Charlestown Navy Yard.

But it took us a couple of hours to visit the graves of the sturdy pioneers, divines, merchants, and captains who sleep so peacefully amid the roar and rattle of the modern city. There was a stone that had been used as a target by the British infantry during the siege of Boston, and another that recorded the untimely decease of a Boston merchant slain by the Indians while on a business trip to Maine, the story of whose slaying was further accentuated by melting the fatal bullets and pouring the lead into a cavity made in his monument, and several others whose armorial bearings or quaint grim symbols of death and bereavement were especially curious to a Western eye.

We were shown a little cottage which General Gage is said to have made his

headquarters on the day of Bunker Hill, but he is also said to have left this place of vantage, and to have gone into the steeple of Christ Church not far away. After a while we followed his example and found a most intelligent guide in the sexton who showed us over what is now the oldest church edifice in Boston.

"Built in 1723," he said, "and finished in 1746." Its tall spire, 191 feet high, overtopped everything else at the then aristocratic North End. From its windows we enjoyed a splendid view of Charlestown, Chelsea, East Boston, and other suburbs; the same windows from which Paul Revere's friends hung out the signal lanterns on the night before the Lexington and Concord fight, and rejoicing patriots sent rockets heavenward when the news of

the surrender of Cornwallis roused Boston to a very Saturnalia of celebration.

Four statuettes representing cherubim ornament the parapet of the organ loft—relics of the old French War when Louisburg was taken by Colonial militiamen,



Wendell Phillips denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law on Boston Common, April, 1851

and the privateer, "Queen of Hungary," brought in a French prize with these as a part of the lading.

A silver communion service and a folio "Vinegar Bible" (edition of 1717), the gift of George II, through Governor Jonathan Belcher, in 1733; the altar

piece, ten Commandments, the marble bust of Washington, and the sweet chime of bells also interested us. We didn't care to visit the tombs, thirty-three in number, under the church, but learned that No. 20 for some months held the body of Major Pitcairn, whose detachment massacred the Minute Men at Lexington.

When we got through looking at Christ Church, we took the elevated for Charlestown, first to Bunker Hill Monument, where we inspected the curiosities and painfully climbed the spiral stairway leading to the top of the tower. Here a splendid view repaid us for a long climb, and we were well content to look down on the great panorama spread out below and around us.

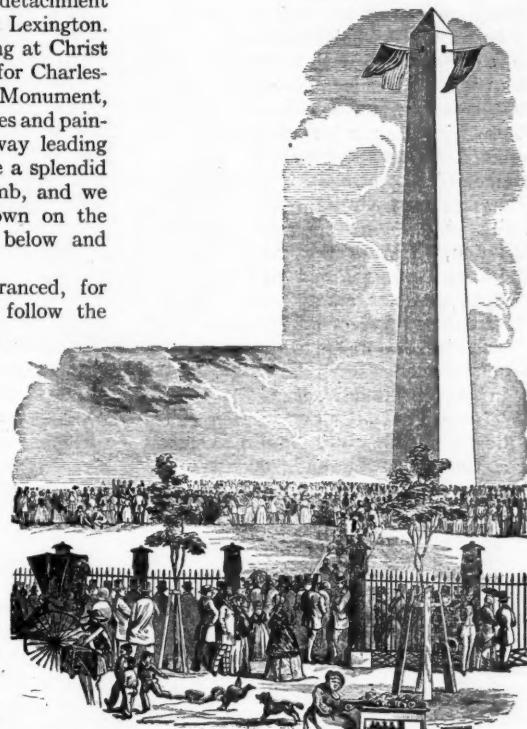
Kate and Lizzie were entranced, for looking eastward they could follow the quietly curving ship channel of Boston Harbor out from between the opposing wharves, and the dismantled fortresses of Governor's Island and Fort Independence; by rotund tree-hung Apple Island, Thompson's and Spectacle, to the wider roadstead, and again through narrowing, battery-defended channels to the boundless sea. A great liner, with sixty-foot sides and much longer than the monument came up with the tide, her and half a dozen toy-like tugs darted out to meet her, to fasten to her leviathan-like sides, and push and hustle her into her allotted berth.

"I don't care to go anywhere else today," said Katie, "look at the dear little sailing vessels, and, yes, there is one of our Duluth whalebacks, loaded down with coal, I suppose, like those Pennsylvania barges that are being towed up the harbor."

"Yes, it's too nice here, and we're too tired to go anywhere else today," laughed Lizzie. "I want to rest and to look over staid, old, beautiful Boston."

So we took another day for the Navy Yard, going first to the State House on Beacon Hill, admiring the splendid rotunda with its allegorical paintings and

innumerable battle-flags, and St. Gaudens' splendid bronze of Shaw and his negro regiment opposite at the head of the Beacon Street mall. Of course, we visited the Frog Pond on the Common, Milmore's stately soldiers' monument, and the Pub-



Bunker Hill Monument at time of its completion. Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775

lic Garden, green with rare foliage and gorgeous with myriads of flowers.

I think we all felt the stately charm of the Washington equestrian statue. No one ever thinks of making fun of Washington as a man, although the cherry tree incident has pointed many a joke at Washington as a boy. "He has a good, kindly face though," said Lizzie timidly. "I know I would just love him."

"I'm getting jealous," said I, "I'm going right away to make love to that water-nymph amid the yellow and blue lilies, or down to the Morton memorial, and take an anaesthetic."

"No, let's go down to Essex Street and see where the Liberty Tree used to blossom out with rebellious fulminations, and take a look at Chinatown," said Pensel. So we walked leisurely up Boylston Street, and read the Liberty Tree tablet, and also that on the corner of Harrison Avenue indicating the site of the house of Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued orator to whom in life the city had refused a hearing on the State House steps, when in his young manhood he appealed to the Freemen of Massachusetts. It rather detracts from the beauty of this post-mortem civic appreciation, to know that the lonely old hero, widowed and childless, was not allowed to live out the few years left him in his dear old home, which the city cruelly swept away in an era of "improvement."

We visited some Chinese variety stores in Boston's Chinatown, and had lunch in a Chinese restaurant which we all enjoyed "for a change," as Kate remarked, although "Lead Pensel" said "that he thought it was for all his spare change,"

resent the sentiments of his "tong" by a more or less general massacre. However, as they had recently electrocuted three Chinamen over in Charlestown for a racial demonstration of this kind, on this very street, I considered the conditions



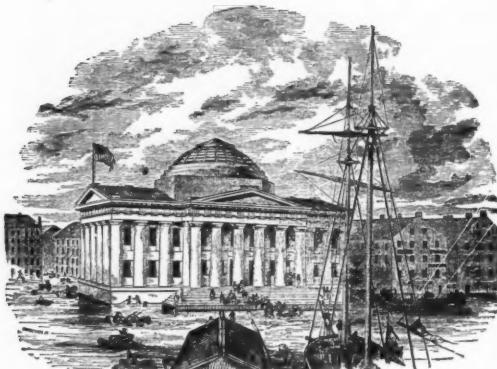
Faneuil Hall, Quincy Market and the old feather store in 1851

favorable for "settled weather" for a time.

Then we took in Atlantic Avenue whereon near Congress Street, we found a tablet marking the site of Griffin's Wharf and the docks in which several dozens of counterfeit Indians brewed several hundred chests of Oolong and Bohea tea for the "Boston Tea Party." I think that the young men of Boston in those days must have been more like our Western cowboys than they are today.

Then we went to the Navy Yard and, say, it was just like a dream to stand on the quarter deck of the old "Constitution" and under the American flag, and look at high, thick bulwarks and the double row of ports with their old-fashioned, heavy cannon curving in forward toward her top-gallant forecastle and rakish bows. Of course, she has been repaired and rebuilt until she is a good deal like Daddy Old's jackknife that had two new handles and three new blades but was "the same old knife yet."

For the model and the rig, the armament, and above all the fame and the soul of "Old Ironsides" is still here. Useless



The Boston Custom House in the great April storm of 1851

when he paid the bill. I always think that a jaunt in a Chinese quarter is something like living near a volcano—you may have no trouble in a lifetime, but you can't tell at what time the lava may make a display of devastating fireworks, or a hatchet man or two may come in to rep-

for cruising, helpless in war against the smallest cruiser of the poorest nation on earth, she is still a memory and an inspiration, worth more to the nation than our biggest ironclad.

When we left her the girls kept looking back at her, and although we had our fill of seeing battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, dry docks, and immense cranes, I noticed that when we came back to leave the yard we all wanted one more look at the brave old Constitution.

Of course, we went out to Lexington Green by way of Arlington (Menotomy) and saw where the devoted Minutemen under Captain Parker stood in line to vindicate their legal rights to bear arms and to drill under their legally chosen officers. The British leader didn't understand this, and a massacre, not a fight followed. Some of the houses stand to this day to whose porches dying men crawled for shelter. We followed the route of the British to Concord, and to the North Bridge where the militia, after being fired upon, forced their way across and drove the detachment sent to hold it back into the town. We had supper at

the little tavern which Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn made their headquarters on that memorable day; visited the graves of Emerson, Wolcott, and Thoreau in quaint old Sleepy Hollow, and came back to Boston quite ready for a day of rest from sight-seeing.

Thereafter we visited the Natural History Rooms on Boylston Street and the Public Library in Copley Square, went on to the splendid new Art Museum, and looked at the beautiful floral displays at Horticultural Hall.

A day at Harvard satisfied us that one needed a month to do justice to the great New England college, its splendid buildings and equipment, and especially its numerous and wonderful museums of every description. "There's no end to it," said Lead Pensel, as we gave up sight-seeing for a trip to Newport. "I've seen enough now to keep the boys guessing for the next five years as to whether I've been locoed by too much Boston, or have only joined the Ananias Club to save time and money, but we've had a good time seeing Boston, haven't we, Kate?"

"You bet," said Kate.



Governor Hancock's mansion in 1857. Site just west of the State House, Boston

Gustave's Gardenia by Isabel Anderson

GUSTAVE NIELSEN was a Norwegian, and some said an artist of considerable ability. His face was pale and his hair was blond and his manners were eccentric. He was commonly known by his nickname, Gardenia Gustave, because for some time past he had worn, pinned in his button-hole, a pearly gardenia blossom. His brother artists joked him about it, his models tried to steal it, but they never found out where it came from. Gustave guarded his little secret well, and answered all inquiries with that smile of his which brought forth another smile, and there the matter stopped.

His wife, however, no longer considered it a joke. It had gone on too long. The time had come to do something. She sat dejectedly in an armchair in their little topsy-turvy New York flat. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her black hair, done low on her neck, looked as though its one pin might at any moment drop and let the waves of hair slide down over her shoulders upon her Greek robe. The baby howled in the next room, but Sylvia paid no attention. She did not even move when her friend Sophia Trent, a trained nurse who lived across the hall, came in without knocking, as was her custom.

"My brain feels like a dried-up apple, all wrinkled with worrying," complained Sylvia.

"Baby Gustave ill?" inquired Sophia sympathetically.

"No, it's big Gustave."

"Surely he's well enough!"

"Oh, yes. It isn't that—it's his gardenia."

"Why, Gustave wouldn't be Gustave, without his gardenia! What is wrong with that?"

"I don't know, and that's the trouble. Every morning he has a fresh gardenia, and I can't imagine where he gets it." Sylvia was staring moodily at the floor. "I've got to find out, or I shall go mad. Will you help me?"

"I'll do the best I can," replied Sophia in her matter-of-fact way; "Are you sure it isn't a model?"

"I don't believe so. Most of them are poor as church mice. Gardenias come high at this season."

"Don't you suspect any one in particular? Any old flame, for instance?"

"There's a girl he used to go about with, before we met. I've been to see her. She has a turned-up nose, and an impudent air. I think she is quite capable of flirting with him, though she is married and says she has absolutely no use for Gustave. I don't know."

"Yes, you do, too! No girl with a turned-up nose would do a romantic thing like this. It wouldn't be appropriate."

"I can't think of anyone else. That's why I wanted you to help me, Sophia."

"Couldn't it be that rich Mrs. Bell whose portrait Gustave has just finished?"

"No, because he had the flowers before he ever knew her."

"Why haven't you ever minded before?"

"I have, in a way. Only now it gets worse and worse. I have worried so that

when I go to bed and try to sleep my thoughts seem to change to little red devils, torturing me."

Sophia looked her over with a professional air and made up her mind.

"Look here, Sylvia, you are going to turn this matter over to me," she said with authority, "and forget all about it

ever, which is dormant in most of us, was beginning to awake in her. This, added to a natural enough desire to help her friend, impelled her to find a way out, if one existed. She considered several plans, and discarded them all. Then just as she was going, a new notion came to her.

"I've got it, Sylvia," she cried in a voice that the other hardly recognized, and darted from the room. Sophia knew her man, and she also knew herself. The others knew her as the staid and kindly nurse, always ready for an emergency, and quite lacking in the lighter feminine graces. That Sophia had ever been younger or different would not have occurred to them. Sophia herself had tried to forget the time when she had been the village belle, and had had dreams like other girls. There had been an awakening, and Miss Trent had come to the city to study nursing. Now she deliberately set about recalling her old self, with results which we shall see.

Hardly had Sophia left her neighbor's flat when Gustave himself appeared jauntily in the doorway, with a fresh gardenia in his buttonhole, and ushered in a pretty and rather foreign-looking woman whom he introduced as Madame Carlson. Sylvia received her guest without a trace of embarrassment, in spite of the fact that her eyes were red and that there were only kitchen chairs to sit on.

Gustave had gone out ostensibly to buy a handsome dining-room set which he had seen, with the money just received from Mrs. Bell's portrait. The only furnishings which never felt the frequent changes of fortune in this haphazard household were Sylvia's books, Gustave's pictures, and the afore-mentioned kitchen chairs. It was thoroughly characteristic of him now that when his wife inquired



"I think you might tell me who gave you that gardenia you're wearing, Gustave," she said coquettishly.

yourself. Is it a bargain?" Sylvia assented. A load seemed to slip from her soul. She and Gustave had always considered dear Sophia so capable.

A trained nurse is called upon to fill many needs, and is of necessity versatile. But Sophia Trent felt herself for a moment at a loss. She had never before done detective work. The sleuth instinct, how-

about his purchase he should reply carelessly:

"Oh, I bought some curtains instead; they're so beautiful in color and texture that I couldn't resist them."

"But, dear, we have charming ones now—you know we managed to keep them," protested Sylvia. Her husband waved his hand.

"That's all right. Sell them next time. I spent the rest of the money on a rare print." He drew it carefully from its wrappings and held it up for admiration—an old Japanese print, depicting a horse with one leg, and only one, in evidence. Utterly oblivious of Sylvia's disappointment, he was explaining it to Madame Carlson when Sophia entered. When he turned and saw her he could only gasp.

The transformation was complete. Her hair, usually parted and drawn back tightly into a knot at the back of her head, was piled up loosely on top, and caught the light like burnished bronze, making a crown of glory above her rather pale face. In place of the usual severity of stock and tie which she affected, she wore a soft lacy affair which just revealed a delicious little unsuspected curve of throat. Even her expression was changed from its former thoughtful calm to one almost roguish.

Sylvia, in spite of her astonishment, recovered herself and introduced her friend to Madame Carlson. Gustave, still staring at her, got out beer, cheese and cigarettes. Mechanically he offered a cigarette to Sophia, then smiling, said:

"Oh, I forgot, you're a Puritan about smoking."

"Puritan nothing," laughed Sophia, perched on the table and swinging her feet. "Porto Ricans, aren't they? Thanks." One would not have guessed from her manner that this was her first smoke. Gustave could not keep his eyes from her. As usual he monopolized the conversation, and talked rather better than usual. Madame Carlson drank in his words, but she no longer held his undivided attention.

Holding forth on art, as it was, and is, Gustave told how in the old days pictures would be left in the sun for weeks and months after being finished, so that the oil would dry, and that was the reason why the colors, though softened, yet held

their tone through the ages. He spoke of his own work, how he preferred to do frescoes and big things, but was obliged to paint portraits in order to earn his living. When he mentioned Ethel Farley, the prettiest model in New York, who had bowed to him from the stage the night before, all three women pricked up their ears. But nothing came of it, and he was presently talking about his soul to Madame Carlson, whom the subject seemed to bore less than it did Sophia.

Sylvia and her friend were both occupied with the same question—was it Madame Carlson (just then they heard him call her Elin) who gave Gustave his gardenias? When Sylvia could stand the strain no longer she suggested that Madame Carlson, who she knew was on the stage, should sing to them. The little lady rose and sang a lullaby, soft and sad but very sweet and tender. Her voice was exquisite. When she had finished, Sylvia, quite touched, asked her impulsively if she wouldn't like to go into the next room with her and see little Gustave asleep in his crib.

"Tell me about her—who is she?" Sophia demanded, when she was alone with the artist.

"We were children together, in the little village on a fiord in Norway. I had not seen her for years till I ran across her a month or so ago, at the theatre. But tell me about yourself; what on earth has happened to you?"

"That puts Madame Elin out of the question," soliloquized Sophy, "for he's been wearing gardenias to my certain knowledge since last spring." "Happened to me?" she repeated aloud. "Nothing but a little matter of double personality. I carry this around with me all the time, you know, only submerged. We all do that sort of thing, more or less, I fancy." Gustave was looking at her intently. He could not make her out. She was positively stunning. Something alluring about her, too. What was she saying?

"I think you might tell me who gave you that gardenia you're wearing, Gustave," she said coquettishly. "What woman is there who cares for you more than I do? Take care, or you'll have me jealous of you." At that she looked sideways at

him through her darkened lashes. Oh, the vanity of men! Gustave succumbed to his.

"Do you really want to know, Sophia?"

"Of course I do—just pining to. Don't I look it?"

"You look adorable. You must let me put you in my new picture. I want a woman just your type. Your hair is superb. I never dreamed you had so much of it."

"But you haven't told me where you got your gardenia?"

"Just let your hair down once, will you? Oh, the gardenia? I'll tell you—no, I can't, though. That's impossible—impossible."

"Then I won't take my hair down, and I certainly won't pose for you," asserted Sophia, with her head in the air. Gustave heaved a long sigh.

"All right; but let your hair down first."

"Honor bright, you'll tell me?"

"Honor bright. . . Oh, you little villain!"—for after a flourish of hairpins Sophia had extracted from her coils a long and gleaming "switch" which she tauntingly waved before him.

"I'm not allowed to wear false hair

on duty," she explained demurely; "I got it to wear to a masquerade once. It's just as pretty, even if it *isn't* mine." Gustave groaned.

"Take it away. The illusion's vanished."

"But the gardenia—you haven't told me about that?"

"That's an illusion, too. I buy them myself, of an old man around the corner."

"But why—why not tell Sylvia, then?"

"Because Sylvia ought to remember. She was wearing them in her hair the first time I met her. I want to cure her of being jealous."

"This will cure her, if you tell her now. And if I were you—" this with a sudden return of the trained-nurse manner—"I'd buy some decent dining-room furniture!"

"That's the first characteristic thing you've said this evening," laughed Gustave. "Shall I sell the print, or give up the gardenias?"

"Leave it to Sylvia," suggested Sophia. Just then the two women returned from admiring Baby Gustave, so she said good-night and went back to her lonely room. Somehow she realized, in spite of her triumph, that it *was* a lonely room.

THE HAPPY LAND

By GEORGE GODOY

There is a land where love does reign supreme,
A land of beauty and a land of mirth,
A land so fair that people on this earth
Have ne'er beheld but in a joyous dream.
The brooklet, fountain and the murmur'ring stream
Do beautify that land; there is no dearth
Of water, food; and men of humble birth
There mingle with the great, and happy seem.
Eternally the wondrous sun does shine
On angels with alluring wings of gold,
And maidens playing on their harps divine
Are clad in diamonds, while not far, behold!
Sits the Messiah on his sacred shrine
And heaven itself before us does unfold!

Old N Narrow Lane

by Arthur Hawkes

T was on this wise. Bain and I went to Port Mouton Bay to look at some fine sand beaches, which will sometime create on the bay a new Atlantic City of the North. Port Mouton is so named because three hundred years ago a sheep jumped off a French ship in the bay. It is pronounced Matoon, why, nobody knows. It is like the other Nova Scotia ocean shore places now of secondary importance—a straggling village fringing the tide, with a couple of churches, a school house, an octagonal Odd Fellows' Hall, a wharf and a lobster factory, for noticeable features, and everything else suggesting a prosperous indifference to such worlds as Bain and I, and you and most of us, are familiar with.

We found the Scotia House hard by the station; the hostess, comely, capable, agreeable, endowed with the blessed spirit of hospitality and the accomplishments of a real cook; the host big, ruddy, honest, ready for a joke with every sojourner who wants to see the neighborhood. Could we get a horse to drive to the beaches? "Sure," said Mr. Wagner, we could have "this one," just come from the station, and we could have the new buggy. "This one" was an aged steed, with what the host called a shoe ball on each locomotive member, and a near foreleg that had lost the line of its mature strength. Obviously, he was a "has been." Bain, who never likes working his passage, suggested I should drive.

Host Wagner changed the bridle, as well as the buggy, and we ascended the

vehicle behind what was clearly a model of patience. A whip lay on the ground. Bain suggested that I acquire it. Wagner answered that he thought we would get along without a whip, as we were going only a short distance.

Bain named the horse "Shoeball" as soon as we left Wagner. Shoeball walked awhile. As we passed the first house I observed a freckled boy grinning as though he felt sorry for us, and amused for himself. Descending a gentle hill to the lobster factory I urged Shoeball to quicken speed. He was indifferent to my views, and sauntered down the hill with drooping head.

We crossed a bridge and began to climb a short rise to the first church. Shoeball increased his speed as we climbed, and lo, at the top I was holding him in.

Past the church was a store where Shoeball much desired to stop, and Bain lamented the absence of a whip. Ahead of the store was a longer hill, with a smooth piece of road for the approach, on which I induced Shoeball to trot, supposing he would want to walk slowly upward. But as soon as we struck the grade he accelerated his progress. To be kind to an old fellow I pulled on the lines. So did he, and put on more speed. I pulled harder. So did he. I pulled harder still. So did he.

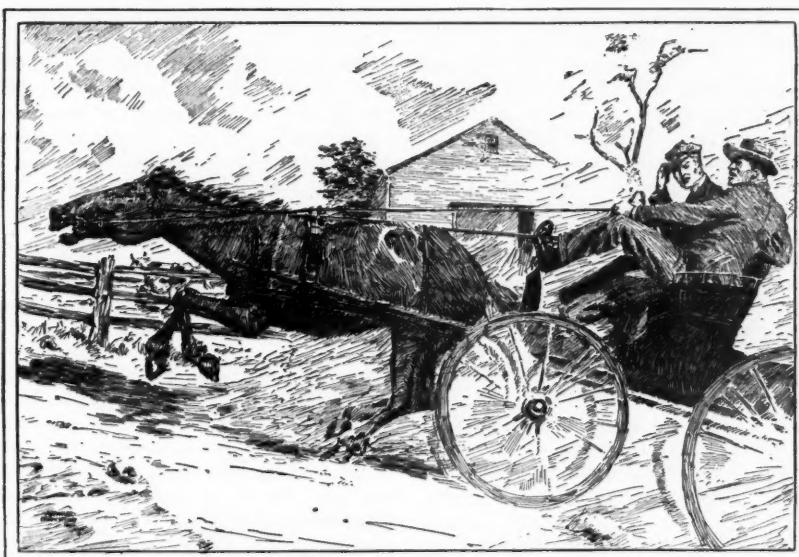
I stuck my feet against the dashboard and pressed him to halt. He responded by opening his mouth, laying back his ears, and breaking from a flying trot into a dissatisfied gallop. I pulled with all my might, and as I weigh 270 pounds and am

in pretty good condition, I thought that, with the hill helping me, I should stop Shoeball. I might as well have tried to check the wind. Bain laughed. I said it looked as if Shoeball would run away.

"Let him go," roared Bain, "and if we are pitched out, the Lord help me to fall on you."

"I wonder what's over this hill?" said I. "I don't know and I don't care, if only you are beneath me when I fall," answered

I expect with this mad Shoeball hitting the pike at thirty miles an hour? Shoeball did not leave me in doubt. He saw the declivity, shut off steam, composed himself to a walk, dropped his head and sauntered down this hill as if he had never done anything else. I gave him a loose rein—it made no difference to his gait. He would do as he pleased, so long as I didn't ask him to do anything at all. And when I asked him to hurry up, he put



"'Let him go,' roared Bain, 'and if we are pitched out, the Lord help me to fall on you'"

Bain, and Shoeball's speed made a gale around my ears.

"Take off my hat," I begged Bain. "If he goes down the hill like this we'll hit destruction for sure, and maybe I shall fall on you."

"Then for heaven's sake stop the crazy loot," called Bain.

And so I pulled once more. Shoeball moved his jaw sideways a little, so I could see his teeth better, and took about as much notice of me as a locomotive takes of a mosquito. The most I could do was to hope for a clear road over the summit, and I saw a descent ahead which, in normal times, would be welcomed equally by driver and driven. But what could

on every ounce of his power, with about as much discretion as if he were trying to convince you that two and two are five.

Nova Scotia is all ups and downs. Our next up was accomplished like the last, I hauling at the horse, Bain laughing at me, and Shoeball disdainful of both of us. At the top he did not let up, for a big, vicious black dog bounded out of a yard and made the worst of himself for Shoeball and us. Bristles up, barking with a murderous note in his tone, he tried to leap into the buggy. Shoeball raced along, careless of the dog, but terribly ambitious for speed. It was here I noticed that the traces were doing nothing. Bain had seen it from the first.

Shoeball's open mouth and my straining arms were connected by lines that had become traces. After three hundred yards of this quite uncalled-for labor, I defeated Shoeball, and Bain got out to pelt the dog with stones which drove him away.

We resumed locomotion with the same mad rushes and tranquil saunters till, seeing abundant sand and hearing the swish of the tide, we turned to the beach and reached a floor of sand that made ideal foundation for a fleet animal.

"Let him go now," laughed Bain, and I did. How he flew. He was old, but game. In a 150 yards I was helpless, except to guide him off the hard sand to where it was dry. I was never so thankful for friction. It impeded our lunatic, but did not assuage his lust for pace. We crossed a shallow creek, and struck another lovely floor, where two rigs had been since the last tide. We followed their tracks up a great sandhill; where even Shoeball was not too proud to slacken his speed. Bain walked in mercy, and made game of me as he walked.

Well, we got to a settlement among the rocks, and returned by another road to the village. The lobster factory was inviting. Outside a man was bucksawing wood, near a hitching post.

"Can you tell me anything about this horse?" I asked, seeing a friendly glance in his eye.

"Sure," said he. "That's Reece Wagner's horse, ain't it?"

I said it was.

"Well," observed the sawyer, "we call him the 'Wild Horse' about here. Everybody knows him. Did you enjoy yourselves?"

I answered that we did enjoy ourselves, and inquired if he could give us the Wild Horse's history.

"No," was the reply. "Reece hasn't had him very long. I believe he used to belong to old Pervey of Shelburne—the man that was going to build the little railway years ago. He's got lots of ambition, ain't he?"

I admitted that he had, and wanted to know if it would be safe to leave him, tied to the wagon.

"Safe? Why, yes. He's like a house, safe as long as it don't move. He'll stand all day without being tied."

So we tied the Wild Horse that was perfectly tame, and went into the lobster factory.

The factory was an abode of industrious cleanliness, with machinery that was almost as primitive as the Garden of Eden, in comparison with what I have seen in salmon canneries on the Pacific coast. Lobster—fresh lobster—is abundant here for the first half of the year. The farmers fertilize the meadows with the husks—that may not be the right word, but it will do—that are left after the creature is boiled.

The factory owner left with us. As the Wild Horse came into view I asked this man if he knew anything about him.

"Oh, yes," said he. "That's Old Narrow Gauge. Crazy son-of-a-gun, ain't he? But there's lots of horse left in him yet."

"Why is he called Narrow Gauge?" I asked.

"Don't know, unless it's because of Pervey. He's as crazy as Pervey was. Had a great time with Narrow Gauge, I guess?"

Bain told him what had happened. He was entertained, but not surprised.

Again we started, and this time Narrow Gauge—we had got his real given name at last—would only walk down hill. On the level he set his jaw and I perforce kept the traces slack. We flew into the courtyard of the Scotia House. The genial Wagner came out, and offered a solemn remark before being invited to say anything.

"I forgot to give you the whip."

"Whip?" said I. "Whip, indeed? I wish you could feel my arms."

Bain, between outbreaks of laughter, told the story of the drive, and in return received further light on Narrow Gauge's character. He was said to be twenty-two years old. He was bought at auction in Liverpool, his hair being so long that nobody but Wagner would look at him. Those who derided him at the sale had since offered Wagner fifty dollars on his bargain. They had heard how transient drivers of Narrow Gauge, getting scared of his enthusiasm on the homeward trip, had preferred leading to hanging on to that long-toothed, implacable jaw—not

having, as Bain compassionately said, 260 pounds behind the driving hands.

Narrow Gauge, then, we found, has a great reputation in the market—sane tribute to enthusiasm without vice. He fascinated us. Next morning we had him for a trip up the Broad River, where Bain, being to the manner born, lifted uncounted trout from sundry perfect pools. We skirted the rock-girt coast to White Point—a delight in scenery for Bain, and for me a study in equine navigation. Narrow Gauge was incomparable. There were stones in the road and ruts here and there. He was willing to avoid them both, but begrudged me time in

which to select the nicest methods of avoidance.

Before noon we were back at Wagner's, ready for the train that was to bear me toward Yarmouth and Boston. Of Narrow Gauge and the buggy he bounces around like a teddy bear, I have a satisfactory photograph. He is a part of Port Mouton for me, as much as its sands, its tides, its clams, its lobsters, its outlook, its trout, its incomparable charm. With this aid to endurance and even to ambition, may I if I reach old age, as he has done, be only half as strenuous as he is in surmounting difficult places.

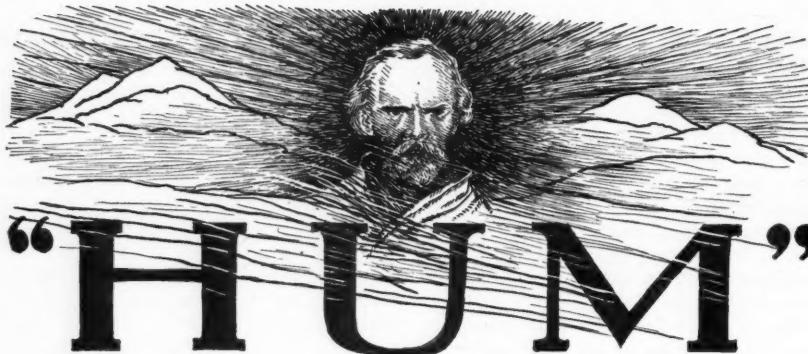
Here's to you, Narrow Gauge!

"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT"

By EFFIE McDOWELL DAVIES

THE yellow ox-eyed daisies blend
Their sunshine by the garden wall,
A message sweet I bid them send
As one by one the petals fall.
My idle hands tear wantonly
Their golden hearts of mystery.

He loves me not, he loves me true
This secret sweet the petals told.
I wonder if the daisies knew
The magic in their words of gold.
He loves me not, he loves me true
Love, pure as daisies washed with dew.



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER XXII

BEN ALI, will you recommend a suitable hotel?" I asked.

"With pleasure," he said, "I will conduct you thither."

He raised his hand. A tall Arab, in gorgeous livery, approached.

"The carriages, Nourmal," ordered Ben Ali.

Thereupon, two barouches, each drawn by four white mares, superbly caparisoned, swept round the warehouse where Soud ben Sayd had halted the small portion of the caravan that crossed the strait with his master—Soud ben Sayd, the stern, warlike Bedouin, who, through dangers and difficulties, had brought across the desert the fair women to whom he paid homage. "They are Genii, who bring blessings from Allah," he said.

My face expressed surprise.

"I understood you correctly, I think, Mr. Hatfield. A suitable hotel, was it not?"

"Quite right, Ben Ali, but—"

"Pardon my little pleasantries," he laughed. "You are to be my guests. Nay, do not protest. It is my father's wish and my own. We hold in high esteem the nation you and Mr. Selby represent, and I have even higher regard (he raised his fez), for the people who gave to you your fair wives. All is arranged in obedience to my order from Bagamoyo. Let us away."

Through the refreshing coolness of a

courtyard where fountains were playing, our host led us, beneath carved portals, to a spacious hall filled with Eastern luxuries, where white-robed servants greeted their master's son and bowed low to us.

"Rest here," he said, "while I acquaint my father. Nourmal, let fruit, ices and sherbet be served."

"Ben Ali is lovely," exclaimed Zenia.

"Zoesy, please remember that you are not in Zoëia," admonished Tom.

"What difference does that make, Tooma?"

"Lots, my dear. Ask Fulma."

Noureddin Ali, a handsome man of sixty years, tall, dark, imposing, with keen, restless eyes and captivating smile, greeted us warmly.

"Allah has cared for his chosen ones," he said, "and brought them within my gates. Your coming is like the breath of flowers. Abide with us and rest until your star guides you westward. Meanwhile, enjoy what we can give. All that I have is yours."

After conversation with the girls, he rose. "Nourmal, show our guests to their apartments," he directed; then turned to Termal: "I have much to ask concerning the strange country, and the wonderful people with whom you tarried so long," he said. "Salaam aleikum" (peace be with you).

Before I slept, this message went under the sea to my mother:

"Tom and I coming home. Will write from London.

FRANK."

When our remarkable history became known in Noureddin Ali's household, we were much sought after. Our hosts would listen, for hours, to our account of the wonder land. By their request, I showed their people our instruments. They regarded them as supernatural things. Fulma and Zenia made frequent visits to the women of the harem. The Oriental houris gathered about them with childlike eagerness to hear, over and over again, what, to them, seemed beautiful fairy tales. Our host acted as interpreter.

The *syunas* still glowed, but the *kanjoots* failed to respond with clearness. We did get one loving message from Oron. Our girls stood by when it came, but their joy was tinged with sadness when I said: "It is the last."

* * *

After a month's rest we prepared to leave, though strongly opposed by Noureddin Ali and his son, who had bestowed upon us a lavish hospitality. Among our last purchases were complete European outfits, for which we laid aside our comfortable Zoenian and Arab garments. Moto's debut in English clothes was but a shade less comical than Termal's. Both seemed to be undergoing a mild martyrdom. "They remind me of the wax figures in the Eden Musee," said Tom, "but the girls are just stunning! One thing is certain, Frank, they will never be straight laced."

"I cannot quite grasp that last remark, Mr. Selby."

"No? Well, it is one of those intangible, never was, never to be things that require deep metaphysical thought."

The last evening in Zanzibar, I asked Ben Ali to our apartments and showed him our gems.

"Why, man, do you know their value?" he exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

"I do not. Where they came from they have no commercial value."

"Is it possible? Why, in those two cases is an immense fortune. You must have a strong box. I will provide one."

He picked up a fine diamond and looked at it with the eye of a connoisseur. "Superb! A perfect stone!" he said, laying it down.

Fulma took it in her fingers. "Ben Ali," she said, "for all you have done for us, will you accept and wear this jewel?"

"Ah! fair lady, I cannot. It would ill become me to take such a gem for my poor services."

"Then, will you wear it in token of our esteem for you as a man? In recognition of those who will hold you in grateful and loving remembrance?"

"That request, dear lady, may not be denied," he said, with graceful gesture, "but it is too munificent."

"No, no!" we all exclaimed. "It is our common wish."

"Be it so," he said, taking the jewel. "May Allah hold you in his bosom. And now, with your husbands' permission, may I ask a favor? (He opened a morocco case.) It is my earnest wish that you and Mrs. Selby wear these diamond crescents in your beautiful hair. A trifling gift from me."

* * *

The next day we left on a German steamer for Port Said, via Suez.

Here commenced my people's first experience with ocean travel and cosmopolitan life. The "floating house," where one could sleep, eat, and go about, made to go through the great waves of an immense ocean, was to them more wonderful than the Zoenian marvels with which they were familiar. Yet it astonished Selby and me that they could so easily grasp the explanations we daily had to make, and so quickly adapt themselves to their strange surroundings. Fortunately, we were to be delayed but a day at Suez before encountering the dull monotony of the Isthmian canal.

"Frank," said Tom, the morning after our arrival. "I am going to find that ferry where Moses and his large family crossed over to Shur. It ought to be somewhere hereabouts. You know that Red Sea episode."

"I have read about it, Thomas."

"Hello! Better take a seidlitz, Fean. Your tongue isn't just right! Bad symptom for you. Good-bye."

Later in the day he returned somewhat crestfallen.

"Not a howling success, my Antiquary?" I asked.

"Not a show, Fean. I believe the whole"

thing was like Mather's dream islands."

"You lack the Egyptian eyes, my boy."

"I don't want them. Too many cataracts. There was an element of queerness about that transaction, and the little bulrush-ark story was rather fine spun. It would be interesting to know the true inwardness of both. Far more so than will be our trip through the isthmus."

He was right. The sole incident during the voyage that aroused any enthusiasm was the swirl of the lines as they went ashore at Port Said.

"Now for a turn round this old ant hill," advised Tom, the following morning; "and drop in the P. & O. office for particulars. Jove! there is a big steamer!" he exclaimed as we neared the wharf. "It must have followed us through the canal. The 'Ceylon,' just in, I guess, as the captain is doing some lively hustling. Come on, we must overhaul her."

Abreast of the ship Tom stopped short. "Great Caesar!" he cried. "Take a good look on that bridge! As sure as taxes—it's Sam Mathers! The one and only Mathers! Scott! Here, this way, keep dark."

We hurried forward until opposite the well-known face. "Now, both together," said Tom, "Ship ahoy! Hooray for the Mohegan!"

The captain stared at us a moment, then, seizing his glass, took one look. He disappeared instantly, but as quickly reappeared at the gangway. "Am I looking at live men or ghosts?" he cried, rushing to us.

"The original article, Cap'n, and no delusion," asserted Tom.

"Why—I can't for the life of me! Why, bless my soul! Here, 'long side this old ditch at Port Said! The last place under God's heavens! Why, men—where have you been all these years? Of course, you gave up that wild-cat hunt, but where—where—did you come from?"

"But we never gave up that hunt, Captain," declared Tom; "and what's more—we brought back trophies of the chase."

The captain appealed to me.

"Selby is right," I confirmed, "we have the evidence."

"Well, well, men—there are certain marines who swallow things readily—but it's devilish hard for an old sea-dog to get that down.

However, seeing's believing. Let's visit the steward."

As we gained the ship's deck, the skipper called excitedly to his first officer: "Mr. Remsen, have an eye to everything! I have a special consignment to look after."

When the steward's stimulating thoughts had materialized and the captain had charged his pet pipe, he leaned back in his chair and asked for the evidence.

"I have it up at the hotel," I said.

"In your trunk, eh?"

"No, in a room. It is living evidence."

"Oh, yes—I see. Lots of folks have those for pets. I wouldn't like one. Awful mischievous. Going to take it home?"

"I think I shall."

"Well, I wish you luck. Say, I wouldn't let it run round loose. They're up to all sorts of high jinks. That sort of evidence isn't conclusive, though—they are common in Africa."

"Captain," I said, "you labor under a slight mistake. My proof is of another sort. It was born at sea; the mother died; the sailors were kind to it—particularly the first mate, I think—but they lost it. Some man stole it, and—"

"How's that, Mr. Hatfield?" the captain broke in, removing his pipe and bending forward in an interrogative attitude.

My summary suddenly ceased. The captain jumped up—the ashes flying from his pipe. "Haul taut, shipmate," he gasped, "I've just got aboard. Good Lord—I'm worse than a landlubber! What! My little girl—here, on this old sand heap?"

"Yes, Captain—and my little wife, now."

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, pulling the bell cord vigorously. "Here, boy, tell Mr. Taylor I want him. Mr. Taylor, do the honors of the Ceylon for these dear old friends of mine. Egad! I thought they were dead. I must dress for the shore. One question—where are you bound for?"

"London," I replied, "upon arrival of the P. & O. steamer."

"P. & O. be d—d! You'll go with me. The Ceylon, just from Hong Kong, is bound for London. We aren't quite as smart as the P. & O., but I'll make it solid for you all, or my name isn't Sam Mathers. Now, a shave and a bit of a fix up—then I am with you. Egad, but this is a great day!"

The jolly tar soon returned—well groomed,

smiling and dapper in his suit of white duck, light manilla hat and patent pumps.

"Now, let's cast off. By the way, how many are there of you?"

"Six, in all—including the colored man."

"Servant?"

"No—companion, and important member of our party."

"Beg pardon—a word with Taylor. . . . Now we are off. Jove! I feel like a boy. Why, men, you've grown younger. Good people you were with, eh?"

"Yes, old friend," said Tom, "they set things up well for us."

"I can believe that, sir. You look hearty."

"Fulma, my dear, there is some one below who wishes to see you."

"To see me, Feanka? What do you mean?"

"Just what I said, darling—an old friend of yours. Come down with me."

"Here she is, Captain; somewhat changed, I fancy. Fulma, this is Captain Mathers. You have heard of him."

The navigator had risen as we entered. "Why—er—Mrs. Hatfield," he stammered. "Beg pardon—but I'm an old salt who has lost his bearings; sort of knocked off his pins suddenly, you know—"

"I have heard all about it, my dear Captain," said Fulma, in delicious broken English, putting both hands in his. "I am your little girl—Josephine Jerome."

"Ah! my dear child—to be sure—to be sure! But I can't for the life of me realize it. No, I can't re-al-ize it. I've sailed the seas for many a year, but I never picked up anything so strange—never ran 'long side of so fair a craft."

"And here comes Termal," I said; "a Zodian, and his daughter, Zenia—Mr. Selby's wife—and this is our good friend Moto, one of the Masgninas. They all know about you."

"Well, well—I have been on the bridge many a time when a man couldn't breathe—and I feel as though I was there now. But I'm jolly glad to see you. I —"

"Captain Mathers," said a sailor at the door, "the quartermaster wants to speak with you."

"Wilson or Snyder, Bob?"

"Mr. Wilson, Captain."

"Good," cried the skipper, rubbing his

hands. "Now, my lads are here, and they're to move all your traps down to the ship. This is no place for you. I can't for the life of me see how you stayed here over night."

"But, Captain," I interposed.

"No buts, Mr. Hatfield—nor butter either, that's fit to eat, I dare say. Now, just point out your luggage, and the lads—"

"But, Captain," I again interrupted, "I must arrange—"

"Arrange nothing! Wilson will 'tend to all that."

"It will be fine," said Zenia.

"Hey! That has the true ring—good coin that, Mr. Selby!"

"Ninety-nine fine, Captain."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"We shall be rather troublesome boarders," I said. "We don't eat meat."

"Don't eat meat? Why, man—what do you eat when you're hungry?"

"Oh, there are plenty of other things."

"To be sure—so there are—true enough! I have been thinking of giving up the stuff; it sort of goes against me."

"The meat, Captain?"

"Oh, no—I am an ostrich, in that way—but it's the manner of getting it, you know."

Fulma and Zenia each laid a hand on the captain's arm.

"Well, 'pon my word, my dear ladies." He beamed and nodded right and left—"so you approve? Gad—if we had you two along, the steward wouldn't earn his keep, so far as this old tar is concerned. Well—Taylor is equal to all that. We have lots of other good things, and—something in my private stock. You don't draw the line there?"

"No, Captain," I laughed, "we don't draw the line there."

"That's jolly! I've some fit for the queen's table. All aboard!"

He caught the girls by the hand and danced to the door.

"Gad! I'll lay a sovereign that's the first time you've danced with an old sailor, eh?"

And thus we entered upon the hospitality of one of the most hospitable of men. At dinner that night, everyone was in grand form, Tom brilliant—the captain exuberant. At the close he said:

"We'll up anchor to-morrow, and then I'll have you for two weeks. We'll need all that time to spin yarns." Raising his glass of fine Tokay, he looked lovingly at us:



"One morning the captain invited me to 'take a turn on the bridge'"

"Here's hoping you will find everything to your liking!" . . .

An hour later, as I went down from a turn on deck, I met him on the stairs. He stopped me. "Mr. Hatfield, I think you said that Tur—Turmoil was a Zoo-er. One of those high people."

"Yes, Captain—and he is something more. Are you ever troubled with insomnia, and need restful subjects to think about?"

"Occasionally I am that way, I'm sorry to say."

"Well, then I will give you one for to night. Termal is the man who took the child."

"What? Well, may I be—Good-night!"

CHAPTER XXIII

Cloudless skies, a staunch, well-ordered ship, a skilful navigator who loved his work—his fellowmen as well—contributed to make our voyage to London one of our brightest experiences. Delightful were

the days we passed on that dream sea, the Mediterranean.

I recall, with keenest pleasure, the days and nights we were on deck with our captain; the eagerness with which he listened to our tale; his look of affection as he sat and gazed upon my little wife; the gentle and paternal way he approached her. I hear again the thrilling music Termal played for us by moonlight on the dark blue sea, and see vividly our peerless girls in their rose-flecked, white gowns, as they sang songs with Tom and me under moonbeams, while Termal played his wondrous obligatos, and sweet perfumes, from somewhere, came entreatingly over the water.

The day we left the isthmus, the captain asked me to his cabin.

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "since I caught sight of you, I've been so dazed I have not asked about our old friend, Hum. What of him?"

"The Hungarian? Oh, he has become a prince in his own kingdom."

"Went back to Hungary, and was found to be a noble?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, I see," he murmured, closing his eyes and raising his hand. "Gone up higher."

"Yes, but not as you mean, Captain. He was found to be a Zonian, and was raised to the peerage."

"Heigh, ho! Well—he deserved it. I'll wager a sovereign he's happy. Had no wish to come back with you?"

"None whatever."

The captain bent forward, his right arm on his leg, his left akimbo. He pondered a moment. "Wise man!" he said.

"And I, too, have failed to inquire about our fair shipmate."

"Ah, yes—I know, Mrs. Durand. Well—she left for the mines before I sailed from the Cape. Singular woman, that—handsome and gifted—I say, Hatfield," (he glanced from the corners of his eyes), "didn't she lean a bit toward—one of the passengers?"

"Oh! I don't know. It might be."

"Gad! I could read it without glasses. What do you suppose she said to me, the last time I saw her? You can't imagine, eh? Well—it was enough for an old

sailor to lay a course by—but I won't give her away. I'll tell you one thing, it was something like this, 'If I ever see Mr. Hatfield again, I will tell him what will astonish him.' Strange person—had a remarkable history, I fancy. By the way, that queer, skate-faced doctor—Brindle or Brindley—waited round the Cape 'til I went down again. Been bug hunting, he said. Not much luck, I fancy from what I saw—"

"He should have gone with us," I remarked reminiscently.

"Just so—for, as I was going to say, he looked sort of knocked up. The wind was all out of his sails. Jove! that's about the way it's been with me for more than seven years. The fact is, my son, we had too fine weather and—and other things, when you and Selby and the widow went down. Too fine to last. However, my sails are going to fill now. I'll brace the main sheet. Lend a hand, shipmate."

The captain's violin—of no mean quality—became a bond of union between him and the tall Zonian. I remember the glow of enthusiasm on the skipper's ruddy face when Termal created enchanting settings for the sailor's favorite airs.

But the fairest scenes fade, the happiest hours end.

One morning the captain invited me to "take a turn on the bridge."

"Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I once told you something on the old Mohegan that made my heart ache. The same thing befalls me again. Oh, if we could only belay old Father Time—but we can't. Tomorrow, before sundown, we'll be docked in London. Where are you going to put up? Had so much to talk about, I haven't asked you. Better go to the Bedford, my hotel, and a good one. We must keep together as long as we can; besides, I must help you about your wife's affairs. I am the only witness, but I fancy they'll take me. So you are going home—then back and on the Continent. Jove! I've a mind to go with you."

"You don't know what pleasure it would give us all," I said.

"Yes, I do," he asserted bluntly. "One man can read another sometimes—

that is, if the other's true. I don't know—I might get a leave and go with you to Switzerland. I'll try for it."

"That will be good news for the girls," I said.

"Humph! What do they want of an old salt fish like me?"

"It is your quality, Captain."

"Thank'ee!"

His clear-sightedness had not waned. At five o'clock the next evening we were warping in at the East India docks.

Two important matters engaged my attention. To locate the relatives of my wife's father—if there were any—and the purchase of chronometers for the preservation of the Zoëian time. In both, the captain gave me signal assistance.

"We will take a cab," he said, "and go to No.—, Chesterfield Street. There's where I found your wife's two maiden aunts. . . . This is the house," he said, when the cab stopped after a devious course. "I know it well—things don't change much here."

In answer to our inquiry for the Misses Jerome, we learned that one of the two spinsters who lived there previous to the present occupant, had died, and the other, the younger, had, Mrs. Gaskin thought, moved to Norwood.

"Not much with those soundings," said the captain. "We shall have to heave again."

At Norwood, a gray-headed apothecary told us where a very old woman, by the name of Jerome, lived with one servant. "Feeble and queer," said the man of pills and plasters. The elderly and deaf servant was not disposed to admit us, but the captain's well-rounded argument—not heavy, but glittering—overcame her prejudice, and we were ushered into the presence of an old dame who soon confirmed the pharmacist's terse description.

"Lawk, yes," said the spinster, after I had given her an elaborate reason for disturbing her peace, "my sister and I—she's dead now—heard something like that, more than twenty years ago, from a seafaring man who came to see us when we lived in—in—"

"Chesterfield Street, madam?" asked the captain.

"True as gospel, but how did you know it?"

"I am the man, good lady."

The old lady stared at the smiling skipper.

"You?" She re-arranged her spectacles. "May be—may be—but I should say, if that's so, you ought to look a deal older than you do."

The skipper chuckled mildly. The charm of youth never fades.

"Well," she went on, "my brother's dead, and the girl—if there was one—is dead; and nobody knows anything about them any more. You might—find out something from the—solicitors. Let me see—Jane!" she called, her voice shrill and parrot-like, "bring me the book that lies on the shelf next the window, under Pilgrim's Progress."

The dame rubbed her glasses with the end of her neckerchief, coughed slightly, then leisurely perused the book. "Penfold and Pennington, Temple Bar," she at last said.

I nodded to the mariner. "Madam," he said, rising, "I seem not to have made that indelible impression on your mind and heart, so prized by my sex. We must apologize for entering your quiet haven, and put to sea once more." . . .

"Thank God," he exclaimed, as we entered the cab, "the old soul preserved that book. Now, for the Temple!"

"Yes—this is the office of Penfold and Pennington," said a middle-aged man, the typical head clerk to respectable solicitors. "Mr. Penfold is at Brighton. Mr. Pennington will see you."

An elderly, quiet, keen-eyed man—a fair representative of the London barrister—received us cordially, and listened attentively to my tale. "A romance of thrilling interest," he remarked urbanely. "Were we publishers, I should incline to make you a worthy offer for the copyright. But we have to deal with hard facts."

"These are hard facts, sir," I assented.

"Very like, ve-ry like," he said, inclining his head, "but the proofs—the proofs! We must have them, you know. There certainly is an inheritance of twenty-five thousand pounds for the lawful survivor

of Professor Jerome. We know of his and his wife's tragic death, and his sister—unfortunately not now as clear as she might be—told us about a little child—the only child, who survived them; about a locket—her mother's—and about the seaman who came to her many years ago."

"I am that man, sir," asserted the captain, rubbing his hands.

"And the girl—now my wife—has the locket on her neck at this moment," I added. "The man who took her from the boat and became her foster-father is with us."

The barrister rested his elbow on his hand, his chin on his thumb.

"Those are important links in the chain of evidence," he said. "Captain, you would be required to produce credentials and establish records."

"An easy enough bit of water for me to navigate, sir."

"Oh, unquestionably, Captain. I only mentioned—"

"I'm well enough known in maritime circles, sir."

The commander's tone faintly recalled the coming storm—just faintly.

"Undoubtedly, Captain," assured Mr. Pennington blandly. "The testimony of the—the foster-parent must needs be obtained, and we must see the locket. How long shall you remain here, Mr. Hatfield?"

I told him of our intentions.

"I see," he said thoughtfully. "Well—we might get the preliminaries in order within, well, say a fortnight, and be ready to make the transfer when you return. After the evidence is in, we could—should your wife so desire—advance a thousand pounds or so. We will move in the matter within a week. Meantime, I will call at the Bedford."

"Looked a trifle like reefing the main sheet, once," I said, when we were again under way.

"Yes, true enough; but 'twas only a puff from the starboard. I came near making a—an old fool of myself. Of course, Pennington is right. He'll bring you through straight. Now, about those clocks."

At the sign, Chively & Co., Strand, the captain called a halt. "No better chron-

ometers to be found," he said. The instruments were selected. When I showed them the Zoeian timepieces, they were dumbfounded, and asked for an explanation.

"Oh, bring the things down to the Bedford," the skipper said, laughing, "and I'll tell you all about this Zoo—Zoological specimen. Besides, I brought in some of the best you ever tasted. We'll make an evening of it. Now, Mr. Hatfield, 'bout ship, and get back to the fair haven."

* * *

A few days later, Fulma came into our parlor while I was reading. She was robed in white. She stopped just within the heavy purple curtain, and looked at me wistfully.

"Dear heart," I said, "the roses in your cheeks are paler than they are wont to be. Where is your heart today?"

"In the safe keeping of one I love better than my life, dearest, but I am distracted by the ceaseless noise and confusion which surrounds us. Is it so everywhere in the lower world?"

"Mostly so, my love, wherever men congregate."

"Not on the ocean. There is peace."

"Not always, little girl, as you know."

"Yes, the peace I mean, is there. The ocean's great convulsions are silent and grand in their mute strength."

"But dangerous, fair one."

"My beloved, that thought comes to you too often," she said. "We are in the Father's keeping. If He bids us come to Him through the whirlwind or the wave, it matters not. We are safe in our Master's arms. Our frail bodies not always apparently—but the real you and I, my darling."

"My precious treasure," I cried, springing up, "stand where you are, while I kneel at your blessed feet."

"Oh, no," she protested. "There is but one who is worthy of that homage. Now, I am going. It is the hour Zenia and I spend alone."

"Fulma!" . . . And the golden hair lay on my arm while the dark blue eyes were close to mine.

I told Tom. "It is the same way with Zoesy," he said. "The sooner we get off,

the better. We might take a trip up the Thames, or a run to Lake Windermere, or something of the sort—but it is useless to trot our girls through this bedlam, to see things of no interest to them. My words may sound strange to you, dear boy, but I have learned something the past five years, I never knew before. But for your parents and our mission, I wouldn't mind if we had only time to get back before the next recession."

"And what do you think about it, old friend?" I asked. Termal.

"Feanka," he said, "It is a feverish unrest, that undermines one's higher nature; but we can't escape it for a time. I have a mind, after we reach your native shores, to take Motoo, be he willing, and travel about somewhat. I should like to become personally acquainted with persons and things new to me."

I explained matters to Captain Mathers.

"Um—yes, I see," he said. "Well, I'll pilot you through some quiet excursions hereabouts. By the way, the captain of the Umbria is a personal friend. I'm going to say a word for you. Shall I tell him what kind of cargo he will have? Perhaps, though, 'twould be better I didn't, you might be pestered by curiomongers."

* * *

Mr. Pennington called often. There appeared to be something special that drew him to us; we became warm friends. True to his word, he had taken the preliminary steps, and he regretted he could not close the business before we left. On the occasion of his last visit, he handed Fulma a neatly superscribed envelope. "It may be convenient," he remarked, when leaving. I advised her to open the letter.

"Why, how curious!" she exclaimed. "They are pieces of paper with printing on them."

"Great Scott!" exploded Tom. "They are Bank of England notes for fifteen hundred pounds!"

* * *

It was a bright morning when our gallant captain took us to the Umbria.

"I'm going to stand by 'till you cast off," he said with forced cheeriness. A moment later, his face, which had been tortured

into an expression of joy, became grave. "My dear lady," he appealed to Fulma, "may a forgetful old sailor apologize for his shortcoming? I, too, have a little financial matter to arrange with you. It has just struck my foretop. I'll have it all ready when you return."

"My dear Captain," she said, "I wish you to keep that money in memory of our first acquaintance."

"Bless my soul! No—bless her soul, dear Lord!" cried the captain, nervously seeking his bandanna. "H-m, I fancy a cinder anchored in my eye. How can I thank you, my dear little girl? Oh, there goes the whistle! Good-bye! Good-bye! God be with you!"

He disappeared in the throng, but ran forward on the dock and shouted to me: "I'll try to lie off the next trip but one. Write or cable, if it will suit. Good-bye."

* * *

Termal was the central figure on the ship. His six feet eight of stature, athletic form, smooth, ruddy face, dark, restless, laughing eyes, thick auburn hair and genial smile, made him conspicuously attractive. Added to this, his peculiar cordiality of manner, expressed in unfamiliar English, made him sought for by all. Apparently, speculation was ripe concerning him. But he kept his secret.

Moto, too, received not a little interrogative attention. His fine figure and face, so unlike his supposed race, aroused much curiosity as to his origin, and his relations to us.

Our girls became great favorites with Captain Watkins. He often had them on the bridge when, as he said, "other women would be in their staterooms, making trouble for the stewardess." Much interest centered in our group. In Termal and Moto, for reasons stated; in Tom and me, because, aside from our English tongue, there was but little to denote our nationality—Zoeian influences had materially changed us; in Fulma and Zenia, an indefinable something that made them so different from other women.

A blithe little maid of four summers formed a lasting friendship for Zenia, who entertained the child with stories woven from fabrics wholly new. When the light blue eyes and curly head of the

rapt listener were lovingly close to the beautiful Zoeian, a picture formed worthy of Raphael. But in their gayest moments, I sometimes saw tears gather in the fond mother's eyes. I well knew why. The child resembled Buela.

* * *

Upon our arrival at New York, we took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When we registered, the clerk handed me a letter. My hand trembled as I took it.

"Thank God!" I said, showing it to Tom. "Do you know that handwriting?" "Don't I? God bless her!"

I broke the seal to release a mass of love and welcome from my mother, bright sunlight, across which a dark cloud passed when I read that my father had gone. . . . I gazed long at the signature while the moisture gathered in my eyes.

"Well, it reminds one of old times to see a *New York Herald*," said Tom, at breakfast the following morning. "It looks natural. Same old financial column and Stock Exchange report. The boys are still taking 'flyers' and—thunder! Hat, what did we pay for that Deepdown oil stock?"

"I don't remember. Somewhere round par. Why?"

"It sold yesterday at three hundred and fifty. Whew!"

"Well, at those figures it doesn't bear the impress of poverty. I think I know what you will do with yours. It is my opinion, Tom, that our best plan will be to select a safe deposit company for our gems; realize on a proper amount, and open bank accounts. This will be our financial headquarters. Regarding the oil stock, we can determine whether to hold or sell. We have another matter, of immediate importance, to discuss."

This was whether we should spend a week in New York, sightseeing, or go at once to Elgrane, where we knew a dear woman was impatiently waiting our coming. Of course, my opinion was fixed, but I wished to hear from the others. I stated the case.

"Oh, we have stacks of time to see everything worth looking at here and elsewhere," said Tom, "and not much else to do. Your turn, Zene."

"I am content anywhere," she said. "Fulma is the one to decide."

"Well, sweetheart, it rests with you," I said.

"My dearest, it is not a matter for discussion. Your duty to your mother is above everything else."

"Well spoken, my daughter," approved Termal.

"All right, Tom. Engage three sections in a Pullman on the Chicago Limited. We will be off tomorrow."

"What is a Pullman?" asked Zenia.

"A Pullman, Zoesy? Oh, it's a contrivance where you can sleep while you fly. It is an American time-saving device for my fast people who would, if they could, reach their destination before leaving home."

"Why, Tooma, how far shall we go?"

"Oh, a thousand miles or so."

"Why, what a long country!"

"Yes, long and broad, Zene. It must be broad for us broad people."

"You are not very broad, my husband."

"No? Thanks! I am sorry I seem narrow."

"I don't understand a word you are saying, Tooma."

"No, you blessed little Zoeian, I know you don't. It is some of my nonsense. I forget your nationality once in a while."

* * *

So it came about that in due time, two hearts beat quicker when the guard announced, "Elgrane," a cry we had not heard for years.

"I wish we could enter the old town as we did at Unyanyembe," said Tom, "with the one-time drummer on the back seat. All the merchants would recognize me."

A sweet-faced woman, with anxious expectant eyes, pressed through the crowd at the station, and folded me to a heart that had ached for many years. Then, she turned to those dear to me, and her welcome was no less warm. The throng gathered about us with glad shouts. To them it was like the return of the dead from the grave.

As we left the platform I heard a child say: "Golly, Joe! See the big man and the beautiful ladies. There's goin' to be a show."

I could not resist the impulse to enter my old store, while the rest went on. A middle-aged man, with thin gray hair and a decided limp came forward. "I regret, sir, that I was not able to welcome you earlier," he said. "My name is James Whalen. I have occupied your store for some years. I fear that things do not present as stirring an appearance as during your time. I am somewhat handicapped by my infirmity—the result of an accident, years ago—and for other reasons. I have lately added a small real estate business."

"Then you can aid me," I said. "I want a house as near as may be to my mother's."

He informed me that one had recently been built, and furnished for summer occupancy, on the lot adjoining my old home. "I will come tonight," he said, "and show you through the premises."

Almost the first question I asked at supper was, "What has become of Dick Watson?"

My mother laughed, as she glanced at my comrade.

"Oh, he went to Chicago," she said, "and is now manager for a large house. Dick married Laura Bascom. What's the matter, Thomas?"

My mother informed me that Whalen came from Chicago; that he once told her he feared he had been the indirect cause of my going to Africa, as he once sent a man to me for information concerning the continent.

"Frank," said Tom, "I will bet a new hat he is the man Hum told us about. Why, his is the name Mrs. Durand spoke that night on the 'Mohegan.'"

* * *

Termal became very popular at the homestead, and Moto was everybody's friend. When Mr. Whalen learned our history, and the circumstances of my wife's birth, he astonished me by declaring that his father and Professor Jerome were cousins. I then asked him if he knew Mrs. Durand.

"Well, indeed," he said brightening, "particularly, as a girl, and after her strange marriage in India. During her school days, she was an intimate friend

of Josie Wallace, your wife's mother. Mrs. Durand was a beautiful, strangely endowed, fascinating woman; of wonderful attainments and wide experience."

When I spoke of Major Durand, his evasive remarks warned me against prolonging the subject. When I reflected that I really owed all I possessed to this man's act, I resolved to reward him accordingly. I said to him one day: "Mr. Whalen, your business only needs more capital to make it a success. Through your instrumentality I am able to put you on a sound basis. Probably you know the value of Deepdown oil stock. I have fifty shares, which I will assign to you."

"Your generosity is beyond my ability to acknowledge," he said. "I can accept it only as a loan."

"Be it so," I said, appreciating his feelings. "You cannot repay me, but, if you are so disposed, let it go to one or more charitable institutions that need aid."

In a few weeks, Termal and Moto left for an extended tour. As I conjectured, Tom gave Moto his oil stock, with the advice that should he decide to return with us, he apply the principal for the benefit of his race. Our changed plans necessitated writing to Captain Mathers to postpone our visit to Switzerland.

In time we traveled extensively throughout the United States. Every spot was, to our girls, a revelation; every incident, to my mother, a pleasing change from her years of domestic life. But I knew whence came her supreme happiness; the source of her complacent smile; the fading of the anxious lines in her face. Her oft repeated words explained all:

"Oh, my dear boy, you don't know how good it seems to have you again."

When on the coast of Maine, we visited my old friend Dr. Stevens, a busy, bustling practitioner, with a heart as great as the hospitality he extended to us. Among numerous plans for our entertainment he suggested a trip to Nova Scotia. I favored the idea, but one evening in the seclusion of our room my little wife put her arm about my neck and whispered:

"Dearest, I think we would better return to our quiet home."

(To be continued)

Following the Way Bills

INSIDE FACTS OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS IN AMERICA

By W. C. JENKINS

IN the early days, thoughts were flashed from hill to hill by signal fires; burdens were carried by the camel and other dumb animals. But it was not until the nineteenth century—the era of convenience—that the business of carrying parcels and money as an industry was introduced. Transmission of thought and transportation of merchandise with celerity represent gigantic problems of civilization which have confronted man for ages. The modern express business seems so indispensable to our every-day business and social life that we seldom reflect that at one time no rapid delivery system, no ever-ready, ever-capable medium for rendering services of this nature existed.

The record of this distinctly American service dates back to 1838, when the first expressman, a small, delicately built, sanguine-looking young man named William F. Harnden, was first seen aboard the Providence and New York steamers with a carpet-bag in his hand. Harnden was the pioneer of the thousands of messengers and railway cars, the tens of thousands of horses and motor wagons and the thirty-five thousand express offices in the United States.

When the carpet-bag became too small, the young man added a valise, later a trunk and eventually a large crate to hold his parcels. A profit of twenty dollars a day made Harnden the happiest man in America; but consumption had entered

his system, and he died six years after launching the venture, never realizing the magnitude which the industry he had established would eventually reach.

From Harnden's simple carpet bag has risen a system of intercommunication between persons and places until the number of stations and the length of its routes are surpassed only by the post-office department. The all-embracing express reached across the ocean as early as 1855, and now this peculiarly American enterprise covers every part of the globe that civilization has reached.

When the iron horses of the railroads began to snort in the peaceful villages of the eastern states they destroyed the methods of conveying passengers and express which had hitherto been in vogue. Their advent caused the grass to grow on paths that led to many a wayside inn remote among the wooded hills where the creaking stage-coach had been wont to stop. They ousted from a seat of honor the big-hatted, tobacco-chewing driver, whose words were oracles and prophecies and whose exploits were epics. The train of cars was heralded with small welcome from the drivers and inn-keepers or their gossiping friends.

When we consider the vast extensions of the express service during the past seventy years we cannot but wonder that so gigantic a growth should have sprung from a beginning so devoid of precedent

or capital. The men who have brought success to the industry started with nothing but honest determination and a firm belief that such an utility was a necessary adjunct to America's development. Today the express wagon is seen everywhere.

With this wonderful growth has come a feeling on the part of the general public that the express companies constitute a gigantic monopoly which enables them to charge exorbitant rates and make excessive profits. This feeling is to some extent resultant from a general lack of reliable information as to the manner in which an express company conducts its business. The relations of an express corporation with the railroad companies over whose lines it operates, the expense of its terminal facilities and accessorial services, and its methods of fixing express rates are not as a rule matters on which the public has distinct and positive knowledge.

From the very beginning the function of an express company has remained the same. It had its inception when a solitary individual carried a carpet bag in which he conveyed packages and other requirements for those who employed him. While the service has been extended enormously and the facilities employed have correspondingly increased, the duties undertaken in the beginning are the same as those executed today, and the express company is as much a personal messenger as was the single carpet-bag expressman, when the business was first launched in 1838.

It should be understood that the function of an express company is not, as is generally supposed, the simple conveyance of merchandise on passenger trains; it includes the accessorial service necessary for a personal delivery to the consignee at his residence or place of business and a great many details absolutely foreign to mere transportation, such as the securing of signatures to papers, the filing and recording and service of legal documents, the redemption of articles in pawn, the collection of debts, the purchase and return of particular articles desired, and the delivery, exchange and placing for sale of articles for market. In performing these various functions, the express

company can in no sense be looked upon as a combination of individuals demoralizing commerce; on the other hand, it stimulates industry and acts as a convenient medium for the accommodation of all classes.

There are in all thirty-four express companies in the United States. Each company operates on its own respective lines—that is, railroads with which it has contracts. These contracts are on a percentage basis, usually from forty to fifty-five per cent. of the gross earnings according to the existing traffic conditions. That is to say, out of every dollar the express company receives, it must pay for railroad service from forty to fifty-five cents. The terminal service costs from twenty to thirty cents, messenger service and care in transit, eight and one-half cents, and supervision and auditing about fourteen cents. It will be seen from these general averages that the profit earned by an express company on any one transaction is nominal. It is when these transactions run up into millions that the net earnings of express companies amount in the aggregate to the figures shown as profit in their reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The average profit of express companies per package, taking the larger companies as an index, is from two to three cents per package, carried during the last twelve months, while the average weight of such packages is thirty-one pounds. The average rate per one hundred pounds for business carried by express is \$1.50 or one and one-half cents per pound. The alleged high profits made by the express company are on this basis, notwithstanding the claim of the Post Office Department that any business handled at less than eight cents per pound must be transacted at a loss.

Exorbitant express charges are prevented since at practically every point where the express service is found at the present day it is in competition with the United States mail in carrying small packages, and with the freight on large packages. The rates are automatic and self-regulating. If they are too high, small packages would be sent by United States mail; larger shipments would go



CHASED BY OUTLAWS. - In the Days of the PONY EXPRESS

by freight. On the other hand, if fixed on too low a basis, the limited space at the disposal of express companies on trains would be over-taxed and the rapid movement of passenger trains would be seriously interfered with. The final result would be an intermediate service, neither express nor freight, which would deprive shippers of traffic for which the fastest time in transportation is essential of what is now to them a valuable service.

The charge has been made that express rates are too high because the amounts paid the various railroad companies under the percentage contracts are extravagant. Light was thrown on this question by testimony, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company, which insisted by its evidence that the express business was the very poorest which it handled. This conclusion was the result of a careful computation. Express matter, as the company asserted, is carried upon passenger trains. The Santa Fe Company knows the total mileage of its passenger trains and the total receipt from those trains from all sources. The company has ascertained the amount of space upon its trains which is devoted to express matter, and, therefore, can compute the amount of operating expense which should be charged against this amount of passenger train mileage. The figures, the company claims, show that the express business produces the lowest percentage of profit of any branch of the service.

A precedent of vast importance to express companies was established in 1885 when Wells, Fargo & Company was ousted from the Northern Pacific Railway, the Southern Express from the Memphis & Little Rock Railway, and the Adams Express Company from the M. K. & T. These companies had been operating on the roads above-mentioned under federal injunctions which forbade the railroad companies a right to deny the service. In 1885 there were a number of similar cases on the way to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decisions in the above cases settled the question for all. The court stated that railroads were not common carriers of other common carriers, and that the only way an express

company could obtain privileges on railroads was by contract, upon such terms as the railroad company saw fit to impose. In this connection it is interesting to note that express companies are denied privileges which are extended to the general public, any member of which may command the services of a railroad company and compel it to carry his personal property at reasonable rates and without discrimination.

Under the Interstate Commerce Law every express company must file with the commission schedules showing all its routes and charges. In order to destroy the iniquities of "midnight schedules," no change may be made except on thirty days' notice to the commissioners. The information becomes at once public property. No change is allowed without the permission of the commissioners, and the published rates are the only ones that may be charged to anybody.

One of the principal charges against express companies, an accusation that has been and is being daily made, is that the total value of their property as related to business transacted and profits acquired is comparatively small; the real part of the transportation is performed by the railway. It is asserted that the total value of the property employed by express companies in carrying on their business is but a fraction of their capital stock, and apparently there is nothing involved in the transaction of the business of any of these companies which requires back of that business a capitalization such as exists in all the big companies.

On this point it is well to remember that three of the leading express companies have been in existence for more than a half century, and naturally during that period their accumulations are considerable. Their assets cannot be considered in fixing a reasonable express rate; and though the companies may in years past have collected a surplus by the imposition of charges which were too high, the public is only concerned with the rates that prevail at the present time. It is possible and very probable that all the principal express companies possess assets which are neither devoted nor necessary to the operation of the express business,

although a safeguard to those having contracts with the express companies.

It may be that the express companies' schedules of rates, their scales of graduate charges and various rules and regulations are not perfect; but the construction of a tariff that would respond to all the tests imposed by a critical public represents a difficult undertaking.

As a matter of fact, the express business, according to the testimony of leading officials, is not as profitable now as in former years; the high cost of living, the causes of which Congress is now investigating, is reflected in the cost of conducting the express business. Wages have been increased and all supplies and incidentals have to be purchased at a much higher price than was paid some years ago. Take for instance the expense of keeping the horses; the tremendous advance in the price of feed has materially increased the expense of wagon service. The express companies have not increased their charges, but on the contrary there has been a continuous reduction in the rates on all classes of commodities carried by express, so that while the value of the commodity carried has appreciated, and the cost of carrying it has greatly increased, the price paid for the transportation is less now than it has ever been.

Express companies are, in a sense, the "errand boys" of the people. They come in contact with the public generally as individuals more than any other carrier of goods. With the arteries of the great system running into practically every business and manufacturing establishment, as well as to the majority of homes, if the service were not of a high character and generally satisfactory to the public, this fact would speedily be brought to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission through thousands of complaints, while facts show that during the first eighteen months the express companies were under the jurisdiction of the commission, not a dozen formal complaints were filed, and the same condition has since prevailed; and the fact that accusations of excessive charges, monopolistic features, over-capitalization and discrimination that have been considered by any tribunal have been shown to be purely

hypothetical wrongs, is one of the highest endorsements of this exclusively American industry that could be imagined.

There have, it is true, been complaints made in certain sections of the country, and particularly by fruit jobbers' associations, against the methods of express companies in handling perishable food products; and it is charged that the conduct of local agents in respect to this class of shipments is a serious injury to those dealers.

It is asserted that when express companies engage in soliciting business from the buyer and seller of food products, thus affording facilities for the conduct of a large business between them, they have entered the field as competitors, and such competition is unfair because the companies do not have money invested in the business. It is claimed that shipment to express agents for disposition to the best advantage results in a glutted market one day and a barren one the next, to the net loss of consumption and business.

However, growers and producers express another side to the question. They are deeply concerned over the possibility that express companies be prohibited from receiving consignments of products or from rendering assistance to find market for them when jobbers are stocked and there is no other outlet for over-ripe and perishable fruit. They have shown on several occasions in recent years when crops of berries and fruits were heavy that jobbers and wholesale houses did not buy all that was offered for sale, and that express companies afforded a means by which distant markets were reached, and products that otherwise would have been a total loss were disposed of to advantage. It should be stated in favor of the express companies that their instructions to agents are imperative that all commodities for sale are to be first offered to wholesale dealers and that the retailers should only be solicited as a last resort.

Irrespective of the legality of such work on the part of express companies, it is difficult to perceive any moral obligation which restrains any citizen from engaging in a business profitable to himself and beneficial to the community as a whole,

even though he be in competition to some extent with other interests.

Not long ago the express companies were subjected to an attack from an unexpected source. The American Bankers' Association complained to the Interstate Commerce Commission that express companies, active as common carriers, were usurping the prerogatives of banking associations and at the same time were employing the capital of banks of the country in the conduct of their business. An interesting treatise might be written as to how the big express companies came to occupy the field that they now hold so securely as to cause concern among bankers. How was it possible for companies whose primary business was that of carrying goods to adopt the functions of banking and bring them through to success? How did it come about that some express companies have fiscal agents all over the world and issue money orders good anywhere?

The public will go where it is best served; that axiom is as good in finance as in merchandise. There was no accident in the steady growth of the express companies' money order and check business, and the result has been an interesting revelation to a class of financiers who looked upon the scheme in its early stage with considerable amusement.

While express companies are generally classed as public service corporations, the title of the state to regulate them cannot be said to be founded upon the same grounds as railroads, telephone and telegraph companies, or gas, electric light and water companies. All these corporations receive at the hands of the state or municipality extraordinary privileges. In the case of the railroads and telegraph companies the right of eminent domain permitting them to condemn private property for public use; in the case of water, electric light and gas companies, the municipality grants exclusive use of a part of the public highways for laying mains and conduits; but express companies receive at the hands of the state or municipality no privilege whatever. At the same time express companies, like other public service corporations, must recognize the public demand in these days for regulation by commissions appointed

for that purpose. They have a right, however, to expect that any attack upon their rates, rules or charges should be made the subject of impartial investigation and the case should not be pre-judged until the express companies have had their day in court. Great industries and corporate investments are continually the object of unwarranted attacks for political purposes, but the sober business man realizes that nothing would be more harmful to American enterprise and commerce than radical changes of an experimental nature for political effect.

As a vote-getting feature there is loud talk among certain politicians regarding the establishment of a parcel post, auxiliary to the United States mails. It is apparent, upon reflection, however, that a parcel post would not prove successful when conducted under governmental methods unless the government possessed an exclusive monopoly of the business, which cannot be obtained unless the Constitution is amended. Congress is authorized by the Constitution to grant to the Post Office Department an exclusive monopoly of the transmission of intelligence, which, of course, does not mean merchandise—but, rather, letters and literature, and possibly the service performed by telegraph and telephone companies. It does not mean anything else.

In competition with private enterprise the parcel post would cause a serious loss to the government each year, and the only strenuous advocates of such an innovation are certain politicians and the mail order houses. It is opposed by the smaller merchants in general and also by that large class of people who would check any further increase in the annual postal deficit. Merchants' associations in many places energetically protest against this scheme; they demonstrate that the system would permit mail order houses in large cities to ultimately control the retail business of the entire country, while the expense of carrying merchandise for these establishments would be at a cost considerable of which would be paid by public taxation on account of the large postal deficit which would result.

By a comparison of the present postal and express rates it is shown that with the

existing postal rates the express companies offer cheaper and safer service. On a package weighing one pound, for instance, the post office charge is sixteen cents without insurance; by express, when prepaid, the cost is sixteen cents with full insurance up to ten dollars. When sent with charges to be collected at destination and with insurance up to fifty dollars, the cost by express is twenty-five cents. With registration fee added to the postal rate the charge would be twenty-four cents with twenty-five dollars insurance, or just half that given by express companies. On packages weighing two pounds the mail rate is thirty-two cents with no insurance; if registered, forty cents and twenty-five dollars insurance. A package weighing three pounds costs forty-five cents by express; by rail forty-eight cents with no insurance. A four-pound package costs sixty-four cents by mail and sixty cents by express. On printed matter, such as books, magazines, newspapers and catalogs; also on samples of seeds and grain, the express rate is one-half cent per ounce, the minimum charge to be ten cents. Merchandise not exceeding a value of ten dollars may be sent for one cent per ounce with minimum charge of fifteen cents. All charges under these rates must be prepaid.

The express companies state that their rates on small packages were made to compete with the mail, and that since distance was disregarded in postage rates they were obliged to abandon former plans in establishing their own charges for the handling of business in competition with the post office. The mail rate is available only up to four pounds in weight, but the express companies, as a matter of policy, extend their competition rates to packages of seven pounds. For a fifty mile haul the express charges would not exceed thirty-five cents on a package weighing twenty pounds, and sixty cents on a package weighing one hundred pounds. On short hauls there is little if any profit in the small package, the profits to the companies being mainly derived from the long hauls on the larger packages.

The most important advantage in express service is expedition, and this often absolutely determines whether freight or

express shall be selected. If a merchant can effect a sale by having a particular article at his store at a certain time, he can better afford to pay a slight additional charge for the speedy transportation of that article than lose the sale. When a whole factory stands idle awaiting a pulley or a shaft, the expense of carrying the required article to and from the repair shop is inconsequential in comparison with the time saved. The very word "express" stands for expedition. This is largely the excuse for the existence of companies organized to furnish such service, and whatever obstructs the effectiveness and promptitude of delivery interferes with the business of the general public.

Express companies do not flourish in England, France and Germany, because of the fact that speed in delivery is not so essential as in the United States. All the larger packages are sent by freight, while the smaller ones go by parcel post. Compared with conditions in the United States every shipment in these countries involves only a short haul. The rate on packages sent by parcel post in England is higher than the express rates in the United States, especially when the length of the haul is considered.

To illustrate the popularity of the express service in the United States it may be mentioned that the freight rate between New York and Chicago is seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, while for the same weight the express companies charge is two dollars and a half. The Red Ball freights cover the distance in forty-eight hours; the express companies' trains make the trip in less than twenty-five hours. Evidence that shippers are willing to pay the difference between the express and freight rates is shown by the fact that the demand upon the express companies is such that eight solid trains, carrying nothing but express shipments, leave New York every day for Chicago.

It is not essential to the welfare of the government that a package of merchandise shall be carried with regularity and certainty to the individual; nor is it the government's function to carry a piece of merchandise for the benefit of the individual any more than it is to convey a carload of merchandise. The obligation

of the government in the matter of transporting commodities has been turned over to common carriers, which are acting as public servants and subject to government control—in case of abuse the American people have all necessary remedies.

The parcel post idea contemplates a reduction from sixteen cents to twelve cents per pound in rates upon merchandise destined to points in the United States, the limit of weight to be increased from four to eleven pounds. Parcel post advocates point to foreign countries for proof of the wonderful advantages of such an

innovation; but invariably they neglect to state that in the United States the average haul of a letter or parcel is 442 miles; in England forty miles. The population of the United States is approximately twenty-five to the square mile; in England about five hundred. In England there are less than five thousand miles of mail routes; in the United States there are over five hundred thousand miles. Hence the comparison of foreign countries to our own in parcel post matters is like comparing the utility of electric traction with that of horse railways.

THE GREATER WORK

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

FOR art's dear sake! In age and youth
One toiled beneath the sun and moon
And saw within the wells of truth
The midnight stars at noon.

And one for joy of labor bent
Above his tasks with soul of fire;
Ere long he saw a continent
Girdled with steel and wire.

For wealth and lure thereof each hour
One slaved nor thought of else beside.
He knew the circumstance of power—
The vanity of pride.

Yet still another toiled with heart
That to its childhood ideals clung.
For duty's sake he did his part
And lived his life unsung!

How Agnes Throw Herself Away

by E. Swanton-Carrie

I AM neither a philosopher nor a cynic; until five years ago I waged no feud with life. I am a successful author; money flows to me from the dash of my pen or the rattle of my typewriter—though I have ample means without effort on my part, and economy need never be the chief of my virtues. Struggling authors envy my downy lot—they see not the fly in the ointment, the sorrow that haunts the luxurious couch. Which is merely another way of saying that no story that I write, no garment that I wear (and I wear many), no action, no word of mine can win approval from the Titian-haired Agnes. She is a woman publisher, and sits enthroned upon an unreachable pinnacle of superiority and "business." I persistently seek her, although she invariably ruffles my every feather. I call and call again—no, I won't mention anything so outworn as the moth and the candle, but the simile would be apt.

Today I sought her presence with a more assured tread; a smile was upon my lips and secure in my pocket was a short story on which I had expended infinite pains. I had even declaimed it aloud at night before a full length mirror. The clearness of Agnes' complexion, the redness of her lips, the Titian-ness of her hair, were set off by a trailing black gown, for it was Saturday afternoon and she was "at home." I read my neatly typed "carbon copy"—type trickling smoothly between wide, white banks of paper—and, arriving at "the end," I folded my manuscript with what in my

stories I call "careless grace." With a bow and smile I queried, "Your opinion?"

"My dear boy"—I am always her "dear boy" when something unpleasant is afoot—"the female mind moves in circles; it is so circumscribed; is a woman's opinion worth having?"

Quotation marks were in her voice. I knew the "female mind" was some fool thing that I had said when she had aggravated me so that I longed to be disagreeable and hurt her. I insisted on having her opinion and, with an exaggerated air of reluctance, she criticised. The story had no plot worthy of the name—the language was so highly polished that it had become stilted—was not this the fifth tale I had written of late in which the principal situation turned upon a flower in the coat of a workingman?—had I ever seen a workingman in the city indulging in such a luxury?—if he had five cents to spare would not he expend it for a cigar?—the trifling matter of a young woman of birth and breeding permitting said workingman to address her, to walk beside her through several streets, to pay her train fare home—Agnes would pass over that part of my story, because it was so highly improbable that it did not merit criticism. Had I thought the tale unique, highly original—it could not be that I had fancied it "true to life"?

All these remarks were poured out evenly, in what Baron Macaulay has described as "a voice thrilling sweetness." The annoying thing is that, while I am with her, Agnes almost shakes my faith in my own ability as a short story writer.

But today I had convincing proof of the story's worth in my pocket; in the moment of time I whirled before her eyes a check from the S. S. magazine, which had accepted and paid in advance for the manuscript she scorned. I expected to see her crestfallen; she sat back in her chair, on her lips that little, superior smile which indicates "something up her sleeve." Yea, verily, and she had something.

"The unanswerable American proof of goodness—it *will sell*," she scoffed. (Agnes was not born in the States and keeps that fact forever flaunting before my eyes.)

"It's a pretty good proof," I said, with some heat. "What's the use of a thing that *won't sell*?"

"What, indeed?" she mocked. "Love, hope, joy, the air, the sky, the reds of autumn, the greens of spring—of what value are they? *They will not sell*."

"Comparisons," I spoke with great dignity, "are odious, and prove nothing to the reasoning mind."

"Since you object so much to comparison with things that don't sell"—her voice was suspiciously meek—"shall we compare your little story with the things that *do* sell—sell abundantly—bad whiskey, adulterated foods, morphine, all kinds of 'dope,' tickets to low theatres, to abominable dance halls? They sell freely—ah"—she clasped her hands and turned her eyes ecstatically upward—"how exquisite a thing is morphine! how ennobling is whiskey!"

We quarreled politely for ten minutes. The thickest of the fight raged about the flower in the coat of the workingman and the conduct of the gentlewoman in my story. Agnes stuck to it that a man of his class would not wear a flower and that even if he did it would not occur to him to present it to a woman, much less propose to a stranger on a train, or waste his hard earnings paying her fare. Even if such a thing could happen, Agnes said, "a well-brought-up woman would be indignant at such impertinence."

"I am an American," I cried. "In this country one man is as good as another. I am for the masses every time."

As I walked down the street away from her house, I fancied that I could still hear the echo of the savage bang I had inflicted

on her hall door, and her little, provoking laugh followed me all day.

* * *

In less than a week I called again. The days were long and it was near the sunset hour. I was ashamed to go back so soon, but Titian hair, blue eyes and red lips, when owned by a woman who is never a bore, cannot be forsaken. I had believed myself familiar with the moods and tenses of Agnes, but tonight I found her in a frame of mind quite new. Had I not known her utter scorn of what she calls "pensing," I would have said, as I do of my heroines, "she is in a pensive mood." Her voice had no trace of its usual ripple of gaiety; her manner was grave.

"Jimmy, I owe you an apology; your knowledge of character is superior to mine. O lord of the Truthful Pen, I bow before you." Clasping a handful of her long, black gown, she swept me a charming courtesy.

"Whence this change?" I queried, sinking bewildered into a chair—"pray, break it gently to me."

"'Twill make you abominably conceited, I fear," she sighed, "but common justice compels me to tell the tale. Jimmy, my son, attention—it was but yestermorn—see how your absurd language clings to one's memory—that I set forth to embrace my relatives ere they set sail for Europe. I had expected that Bob would escort me to the boat; he was delayed, and I set out alone. I have been two or three times to the wharves but never unattended. Uncertain of my way I questioned a workingman who had walked near me since I had left the street car. As he turned to reply I saw that he wore in his buttonhole a white carnation."

I laughed maliciously, but she did not remind me, as usual, that she "loathed a crowing man." She waved aside the interruption, and went on:

"At that moment an official called to me that the boat had just left the pier, but I could see my friends if I hurried. I dashed toward the nearest place where water was visible." (She disregarded my hint as to "sprinting in high-heeled pumps.") "It did not seem at all strange at the moment to find the carnation-decked man running beside me, nor was



"He suddenly removed from his buttonhole the white carnation and proffered it to me"

I surprised when, with a word of apology, he grabbed my arm and tugged me along at high speed. So 'linked,' as my little niece calls it, we fled down the wharves, pausing at three or four different spots where a view of the ship could be had. I did not see my people. I have wondered since what they would have thought had they seen me.

"Before we started on our wild career, my escort had relieved me of a parcel of gifts I carried, which I was to have left on board; I had not hesitated to make it heavy, expecting that Bob would carry it for me. Now, I was under the hideous necessity of lugging it back myself. I have an economical turn of mind and thought the things would come in useful at Christmas, since I had missed the opportunity to send them now. What with heat, disappointment, weariness and

my hatred to carrying parcels, I could have sat upon the wharf and cried; I had no more thought of the man beside me than I had of the planks on which I stood, until he suddenly removed from his buttonhole the white carnation and maidenhair and proffered them to me, as one gives a child some trifle to assuage its grief over a broken toy."

"You surely did not take the flower," I reproached.

"Certainly I did. I would not have hurt his feelings for worlds." ("Oh, rare consideration," I mocked.) "And then I thanked him for carrying my parcel and helping me to see the ship, but to dismiss him I said, 'I won't occupy any more of your time.'

"I've plenty of time, miss. I'm off duty until four. I'm so sorry you're disappointed. I think you're not very sure

of your way and I'd like well to see you to your car.' He spoke with a strong burr and rolled his r's in gallant style. I suspected that he was a Scot, which proved to be the case—'Have you the Gaelic?' I said. 'Better than I have the English,' he replied."

"A penniless Scotch laird out of work—you should have dismissed him at once—what did he look like?" I asked severely.

"This is real life," she said seriously. "This is not one of your stories, Jimmy. He was a genuine workingman; wore a rough tweed suit and one of those black outing shirts which engineers affect; he had a black silk scarf knotted under the collar."

I inquired minutely as to his looks, his eyes, his hair, and learned with relief that he was "without personal attraction," although Agnes said that his eyes were "a good honest blue." What a deceitful blue may be I know not. She showed no desire to finish her story, but a steady fire of questions elicited the facts that the stranger had boarded the car with her, had insisted on paying her fare despite her remonstrance (I nobly refrained from any exhibition of triumph), and all the time he was "opening his heart" to her. It seemed that the "opening" process revealed that he was a chauffeur, earning thirty-two dollars a week, had two men working under his instructions, and the touching fact that he was alone in a strange country and an orphan. He gave the name and address of his employer, and I knew him for a millionaire.

"We crossed through the tunnel and entered an elevated train," said Agnes. "When we were seated my Scotchman told me how he had a large sum of money saved—I'd like well to share it with you; I'd take ye home to yer own country; there's nothing I wouldn't do for ye,' he said."

I felt annoyed at such impertinence—"unwarrantably," Agnes said. She reminded me that I was a "man of the people," that there could be no difference in this free land between the chauffeur and myself—"I always suspected that your adoration of the masses was only skin deep, Jimmy," and she dexterously

turned me aside from the points of the flower in the coat and the paid train fare.

Said I scornfully, "I suppose you brought him home here to drink afternoon tea with you."

"Speaking of drinking," she replied, quite unruffled, "you remind me that I gathered from his conversation that he mingled with persons who imbibed strong waters. It seemed to me that I should help him in some way, so, after we left the elevated train, as we crossed that long gallery, I said there was something he could do for me—'Anything, anything, in all the world,' and he was very eager. I requested his promise to abstain from all alcoholic beverages—I didn't put it just that way, you know."

"Perhaps you put it in Gaelic," I said snappishly.

All this time she had never once caught my eye; she perseveringly watched the top of a waving elm outside her study window, which is on the second floor.

"I put it well," she addressed a bough of the elm, "for I was understood. He had my parcel in his right hand, but he laid his left on mine—I was holding that lovely, long-handled sunshade which you gave me, Jimmy—'there's my hand on it,' he said, 'and when I will be putting you on the surface car, it is my right hand I will be giving you, and it is keeping my promise that I will always be—and I believe him, Jimmy.'

"Seems to be a lot of wills and futurity about it," I said crossly.

"That was merely his Gaelic way of expressing himself. To prevent his coming home with me, I had to explain that I was shortly leaving the city and could not receive callers. After I had boarded the car and he had given me my parcel, he took both my hands and shook them. In fact, he kept on shaking until the conductor rattled that long bar which he puts down to protect passengers at the off side of the car, and shouted, 'You'll get this on your head, sir, if you don't stand back.' So that is the last that I saw of him, but—we may meet again."

"You surely don't expect to keep up such an acquaintance."

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, airily, "he might take me out in his master's

machine—he says that he has ‘a good master’.”

“Good heavens,” I exclaimed angrily, “I can take you motoring every day in the year if you will come.”

“But you don’t talk Gaelic,” mournfully, with an eye on the waving boughs of the elm.

I hinted that I had already learned Spanish to please her, and that I supposed a Gaelic teacher might be secured, if acquisition of the language were essential to happiness in automobiling.

“Ah, yes,” she sighed, “a rich man can have anything he desires, but I think it would be wonderful to me to feel that I had brought happiness into a life that was barren before my coming. Think how horribly lonely and homesick a man must be when common civility from a strange woman could lead him to offer her all he had—you know how the Scotch adore their savings—yet he offered me all.”

When I begged her not to see the man again, she answered that she “desired to continue an interesting character study,” adding that she had met no one like him and he had said that he had “never seen anyone who took his heart” as she had done.

“Agnes,” I said, desperately, “it’s not three weeks since you told me that you were wedded to your work and that you had not the slightest wish to marry. Now, a man of that stamp would not understand your yearning for platonics. He would expect you to be on hand to cook his dinner, to darn his socks (Agnes loathes sewing), to sew on his buttons and by way of relaxation he would, in the evening, take you to the corner drug store and give you an ice cream.” (Agnes steadily refuses to imbibe at a drug store counter.)

“He loves me so well,” she replied, cheerfully, “I think I could persuade him to buy the ice cream and let us eat it in the house. We could use that pretty ice cream set that I have. Truly, Jimmy, I

think I shall send him a line—I do feel so sorry for him.”

That was the last straw. I demanded if her heart had feeling only for illiterate chauffeurs—men who could not appreciate her. She submitted he had proved his appreciation abundantly.

“He said to me, ‘It is not only the way you speak to me, nor your voice, though I never heard the like—and it isn’t how you look, but it is every inch of ye that draws my heart from me.’”

Then Agnes explained with care that a woman is not “thrown away” if she makes a man happy—that women differ from men in that they are happy in self-sacrifice. Gazing out at the elm branches, her head thrown back, her hands clasped behind her, she looked like a bird poised for flight. Before my mental vision yawned a fearful void—a life without Agnes—no Agnes to quarrel with—to take out—to talk things over with—no Agnes to rip my stories to pieces, to make fun of my neckties, and my hair-cut—in short, a perfectly unbearable and Agnesless future. In a chokey, croaky voice, which I should, in my stories, describe as “hoarse with emotion,” I said:

“If you must throw yourself away, Agnes, let it be upon a man who has waited five years for you—who has sought to make himself worthy of you—who is waiting to receive you.” (The American eagle himself might have envied the spread of my outstretched arms at that moment.) “Don’t throw yourself away upon a fool chauffeur who has known you but a single hour. He cannot be more lonely or need you more than I do. Throw yourself away upon me, Agnes.”

As I approached, she turned her head away; I came very close.

“Consider me thrown,” she whispered, and high in the elm top a robin burst into rapturous song, while a red bar of light from the setting sun glanced on downcast eyelids and lost itself in waving Titian locks.



TO THE PESSIMIST

You are the most *utterly* useless of *all* humans. The space which *you* occupy upon the surface of the earth is a *wasted* spot. Without the ability to *create*, you aim to kill the *spirit of creation*; without the skill to *produce*, you seek to *check* the advance of *progress*.

¶ You are a *poison oak* in the forest—a *creeper* without the *strength* to climb on your *own stem*. You not only are *fruitless*, but one degree *worse* than *sterile*—you absorb *vitality* to no purpose and hurt everything with which you come in *contact*.

¶ Despite the *evidence* of all the *ages*, you *still* refuse to recognize that *nothing* can be *achieved* without *trial*—that *nothing* can be *accomplished* unless it is attempted with *courage* and *enthusiasm*—and *still* you make of yourself a *check-rein* wherever there is call for a *spur*—you *persist* in *kicking* with *discouragement* every *striver* who needs the *helping hand* of *confidence*.

¶ When all the machinery of civilization is doing its *best* to speed *faster*, you turn in *reverse*, and exert your *utmost* to force every wheel down to your *slower ratio*.

¶ You have no *imagination* and yet you try to *discount* all new *thought*. Without the *courage* of a *single conviction*, you wish to *reduce* the *zeal* of strong, sane and *far-seeing* intellects. Without *constructive* idea, you continually hurl the *battering ram* of *incredulity* at every *rising wall*.

¶ Had the world relied upon *your tribe* for its *progress*, this earth would *still* be a raw expanse of *rock* and *dirt*—a *chaos* in *chaos*.

¶ Your *grandsires* in the *darker* centuries *burned* a thousand *great-souled* men because they *dared* to do things *better*—enlightenment has uprooted the *Stake* so that the most *you* can do *to-day* is to consume the *ambitions* of your *contemporaries* in the *flame* of *discouragement*.

¶ Four hundred years ago *you* would have stood in the ranks of the hooting mobs that *stoned* and *reviled* the *chain-laden Columbus*. As a Puritan bigot, *yours* would have been the *hand* that fired the *fagots at Salem*.

¶ Had wills of *your calibre* prevailed in America, Bell, Morse, Edison, McCormick, Wright and Fulton would have died *unknown*.

¶ Were all men cast in *your narrow measure*, there would be no *trans-continental rails*; no *eighteen-hour trains* from Chicago to New York; no *tunnels* beneath the Hudson—the barber would *continue* to wield the *surgeon's knife* upon patients tortured for the *lack of anesthetic mercy*.

¶ You're just an *ignoramus*—you won't learn the *indisputable* truths. Education is *wasted* upon you—you don't *use* it when you *possess* it.

¶ Opportunity is *squandered* every time *you* are given a *chance*.

¶ You bestow *nothing* upon *humanity* except *harm*; you are a greater *enemy* to society than the *thief*—for *you* would steal the *very seed of inspiration* from which *betterment* takes *root*.

¶ To be pessimistic in this hour of illustrious deeds—to proselyte despair in a century which has disproven the *impossibility of impossibilities*, is to insult society and wear the *livid brand* of *confessed incompetence*.

—Herbert Kaufman

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The Turbulent Romance of Oil by W. C. Jenkins

THE romance of the oil industry in the United States has been so obscured by sensational tirades that the true story of its discovery and the intimate history of the development is practically unknown to the great mass of people, to whom crude oil and its by-products have become indispensable.

It is but half a century since the world saw the beginning of this industry—in 1859 Edwin Laurence Drake struck oil in a well he had drilled at Titusville, Pennsylvania. As a pathfinder, Drake knew not where the road would lead, nor could he possibly have realized the ultimate necessity of the discovery to modern civilization, whereby oil has not only replaced the tallow dip, but has widened its horizon to include the most intimate service to mankind in a hundred different ways.

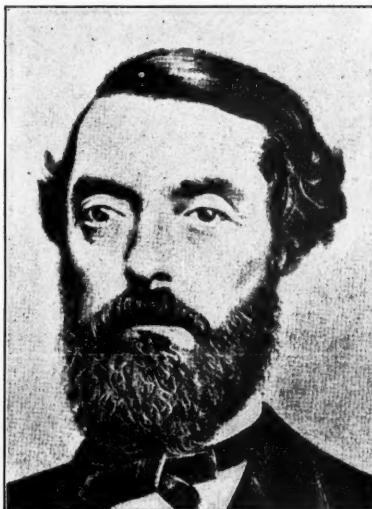
The exact date of the discovery of oil in the Drake well is disputed. The "Oil City Derrick," which has sought to settle the question, finds that the pipe was driven August 12, 1859, and drilling was resumed the following day. With the crude appliances employed, the "Derrick"

estimates that it would take two weeks to drill to the depth of sixty-nine and one-half feet, at which oil was found. This would place the date of oil discovery at August 27, 1859.

Following the success of the Drake well, operations very soon extended through adjacent territory, and before the end of the historic year, oil was found fifteen miles distant. The total production of oil for the first year was 2,000 barrels, and probably ten times this amount was wasted because of the inadequacy of facilities for storing the product.

Men soon began to realize the possibilities of the new industry. They rushed to the oil region fired with the same excitement that impelled their dash to the California gold fields a decade before.

The field of operation extended as new recruits to the army of oil enthusiasts pierced the surface in the hope of reaching the imprisoned rivers of oil. From an insignificant beginning in that quiet Pennsylvania town, operations have been extended to field after field until today oil is produced in sixteen states and



COL. E. L. DRAKE

Discovered petroleum in his well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, on Saturday afternoon, August 27th, 1859. Born at Greenville, New York, March 27th, 1829. Died November 9th, 1881, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1873 Pennsylvania granted him an annual pension of \$1,500 in recognition of his discovery

territories, and in most of the leading countries of the world. Over three billion dollars have been brought to this country from oil and its by-products exported to foreign lands, representing about one-half the value of the entire production.

During the early years of the industry hundreds of wells were driven by poor men who, in search of immense wealth, banded themselves together in small associations. Enormous prices were paid for land, and leases were made wherein

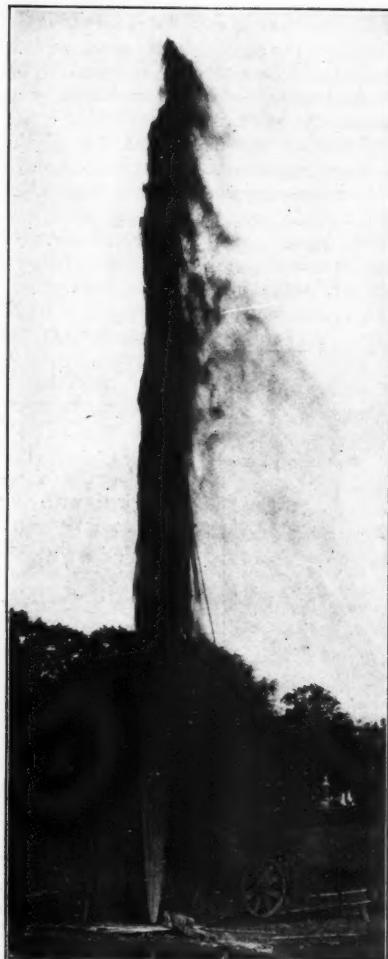
exorbitant royalties were agreed upon. The "get-rich-quick" mania became epidemic. It was the same story as that of the great mining booms in the West, with perhaps the merciful omission of frozen trails and sun-parched deserts.

The "kick down" was the universal method of drilling in the early stages. This crude method was slow and laborious, and in striking contrast to the machine drills of today. A strong limb not unlike a small telegraph pole furnished a primitive "walking beam." The pole was supported at about the middle by a post set in the ground, the large end made fast, leaving the small end to spring up and down. To this small end the drill was attached, also looped ropes into which drillers stepped, throwing their weight against the spring of the long pole to release the drill. The spring of the pole raised the drill for each successive "kick." This plan, however, could only be used in shallow workings, and many a poor prospector became impoverished vainly trying to reach the oil with his primitive outfit. The early drillers as a class were adventurers—men of a roving disposition, and few names are left to identify these hardy gamblers with fate.

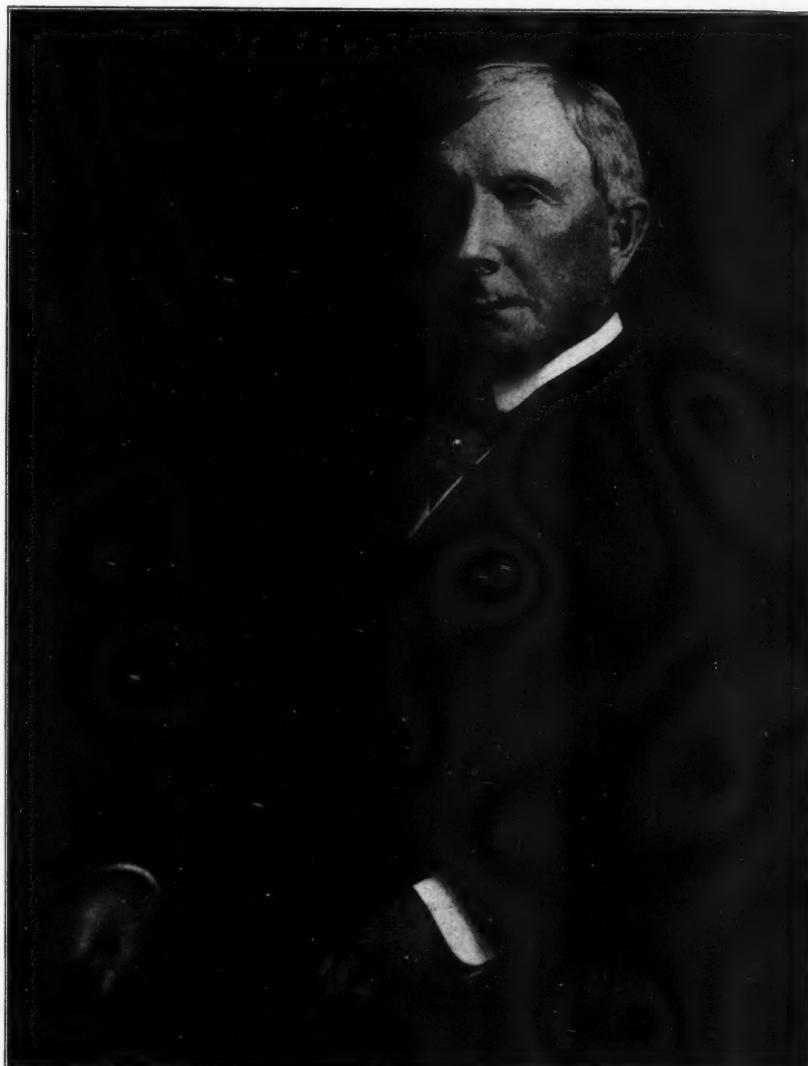
When the importance of the industry became known to men of capital, the whole scene was changed. Derricks and engine houses took the place of the old-fashioned "kick down" outfits. Within two years there was a continuous line of derricks for miles up and down Oil Creek and an insatiable greed for oil had fastened itself upon rich and poor alike.

The first producers believed that oil existed in reservoirs and that the accumulations of petroleum coincided with surface depressions or valleys. Hence, all the early operations were confined to the lower lands. Later a few venturesome operators began drilling on the hillsides. They were characterized as "wild-catters," but their operations speedily upset all existing theories regarding the location of petroleum in the earth.

Like in all periods of commercial excitement in consequence of new discoveries, the promoters were reaping a harvest by extensive organization of so-called stock companies. People in all parts of the



A "GUSHER"
IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY, ILLINOIS

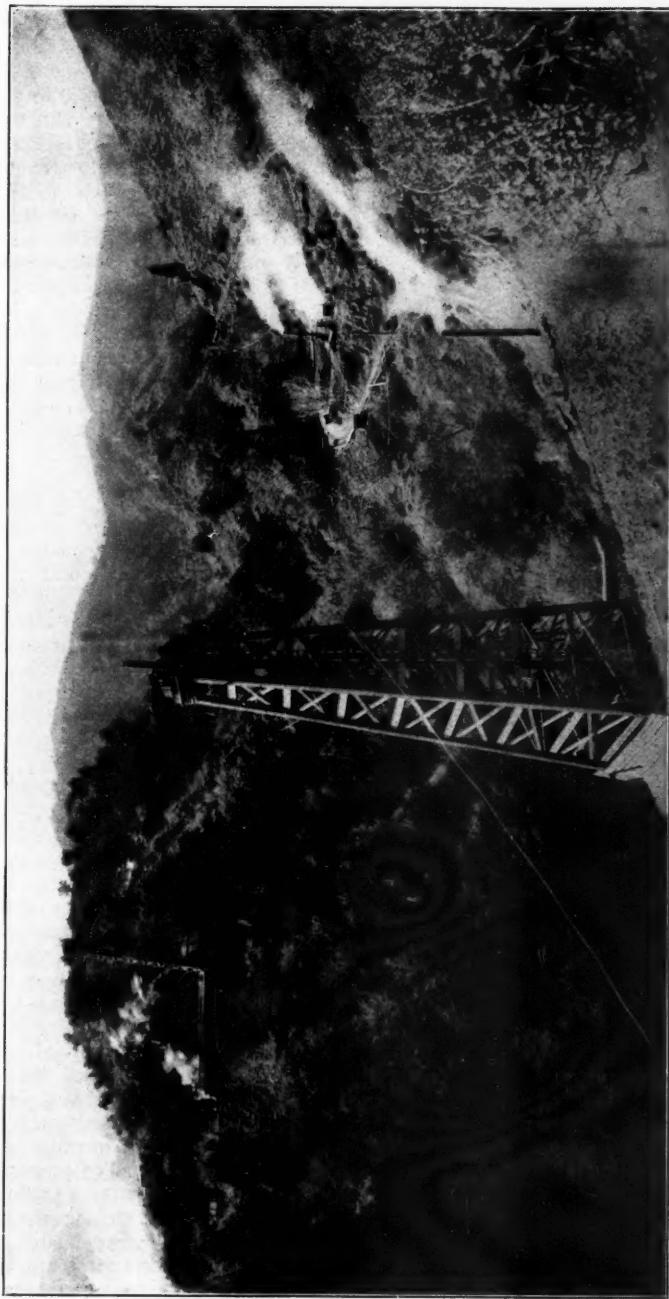


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
Founder of the Standard Oil Company

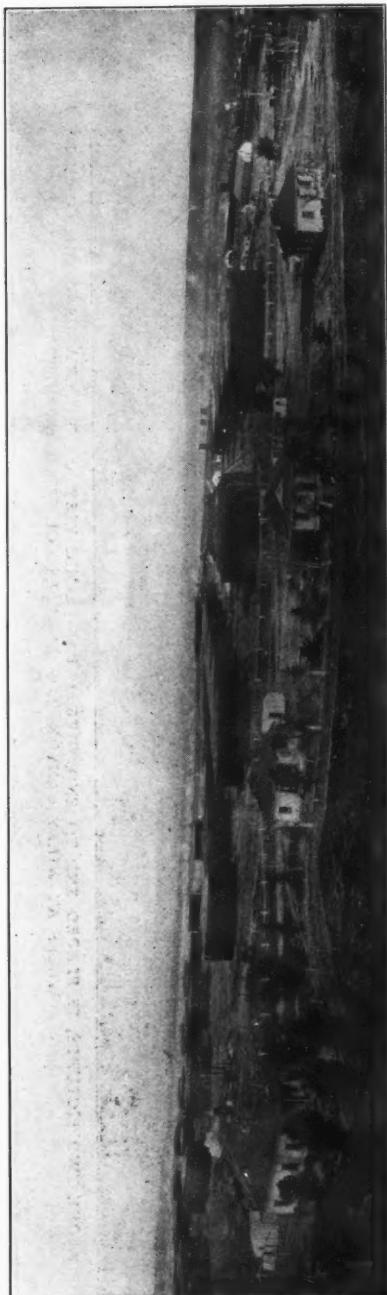
country and in every walk of life bought stock in corporations with varying degrees of success. There have been many subsequent oil booms in the different producing regions, and much money has been lost in speculation. Many sharp practices have been played by disreputable

oil promoters, the mystifying of oil wells being one of the most prominent. Many men of generally accepted probity have engaged in the nefarious work of making a "mystery" of an important test well. This was a common practice in 1884. The "mystery" oil-well man and the





THE ABOVE TWO PICTURES, IF PLACED END TO END, GIVE A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY PUMPING WELLS AT WILEY CANYON, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY TANKAGE, RESERVOIR AND CAMP, KERN RIVER FIELD, KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

gambler with loaded dice were twin brothers—the seller of stock in a wildcat oil well was animated by the same crafty desires as the bunco steerer and confidence man. It was a "skin game," in the end, yet it caught the unwary and enriched the pockets of oil scouts, brokers and "mystery" men by many thousand dollars.

Early oil speculation had reached its limit in 1865, when the bubble burst. While the period of excitement was practically over, its end was hastened by the great Pithole wells falling almost to nothing. The Pithole fire, which practically destroyed the town, contributed to the general financial alarm, and hundreds gave vent to their feelings by cursing the man who discovered oil. A few bolder operators, however, were daunted, but not defeated. They had lost a battle, but not the war, and they moved on to explore other fields. It was at this time that John D. Rockefeller entered the oil business with a single partner. With a union of the battling forces and a spirit of amity and harmony between the men who believed that they had found a field for immense development, the Standard Oil Company was given birth in 1870. To this company may the credit be given for the remarkable strides which the industry has witnessed during the past forty years, in which time it has been placed upon a pedestal of permanence—where it is destined to remain until the various fields are exhausted.

There is a vast difference in the character of petroleum produced in the different fields of the United States as well as those of foreign countries. In some fields the petroleum has a paraffine base, while others furnish an oil with an asphalt base. Crude petroleum with a paraffine base is generally lighter and is more valuable owing to the greater quantity and superior quality of the naphthas and illuminating derivatives. On the other hand, petroleum with an asphalt base yields only a comparatively insignificant quantity of naphtha and a much smaller proportion of illuminating and lubricating products.

Crude petroleum is an indefinite number of compounds of hydrogen and carbon, varying in character from the lightest of the naphthas at the top to the heavy coke

at the bottom. The process of refining the oils is of no significance to the layman—one refinery is like another, differing only in detail of arrangement. Crude oil from separate fields possesses a marked difference and each requires its own method of refining. The Ohio crude is heavily charged with sulphur. Previous to a discovery by chemists of a method of removing the sulphur, Ohio crude was practically worthless; the discovery, however, gave it a value equal to the crude oil from other fields. The same diffi-

regions. He received for his services twenty and sometimes thirty dollars a day, and at the week's end spent his earnings in reckless revelry. He took life as it came, careless of today and heedless of tomorrow. While fears of consequences never entered his mind, the pioneer oil producers were ever at his mercy. The difficulty in providing barrels of sufficient strength to carry the oil was another source of annoyance and uncertainty to the producer. Bad roads and stormy weather restricted the shipments



OIL PUMPING WELLS IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AT SUMMERLAND, SANTA BARBARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

culties were experienced in part of the Mid-Continent and the California fields, but problems of refining were solved by the competent force of Standard Oil Company's chemists.

In the early days of petroleum production, it was clearly seen that other means than wagon-conveyed barrels must be provided for transporting the crude oil to the railroads and navigable streams. In those days the oil teamster was a conspicuous character in the field. He was skilled in profanity, and his savage and habitual use of the whip gave him a pedestal of peculiar prominence in the oil

and a new and better means of transporting the oil from the wells became imperative. The introduction of pipe lines solved the problem.

The first pipe line built in the United States—in fact, in the world—was constructed in 1865 from Pithole, Pennsylvania, to the railroad, a distance of four miles. Later a second was built, and the two were consolidated under the name Allegheny Transportation Company. Both lines were successful from the start, and the producers saw in the new system not only an effectual means of conveying their product, but the overthrow of the team-



PANORAMIC VIEW OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY PUMPING OIL

sters' arrogant rule. The dethroned drivers retaliated by tearing up the pipes, and several arrests were made before these attacks upon the pipe lines could be suppressed.

The innovation was an unqualified success, and a new era in oil production was inaugurated. The early pipe lines, however, covered comparatively short distances; it was not believed that oil could be conveyed to distant seaports by this means, and it was several years before it was practically demonstrated that long lines could be operated. The tanks at the wells are connected by a system of small lines or veins, which feed the main lines or arteries. The main pumping plants are placed from thirty to fifty miles apart, according to the elevation of summits that must be overcome.

The main trunk line consists of nearly 8,000 miles of pipe from four to eight inches in diameter in the Appalachian and Lima-Indiana fields, reaching from Northern Tennessee to Parkersburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Franklin, Orlean and the seaport cities of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. From the Lima-Indiana field the main lines reach westward to Chicago, Montpelier, Toledo and Lima, and eastward connect with the Appalachian system.

The Mid-Continent and California fields have extensive systems of main and local

lines reaching in several directions. The Standard Oil Company pumps oil from the Mid-Continent field to Kansas City and Whiting, Indiana, refineries, and may even pump it to the Eastern seaboard, a distance of 2,000 miles. At the present time, the company operates 80,000 miles of pipe lines in the United States, and oil is being transported from different fields to New York City, at a cost of seventy cents a barrel, while in the early sixties it cost double this amount to convey it a mile.

The life of the average oil well varies in the different fields. Some of the wells in the Appalachian field have been producing for nearly half a century, while many in the Illinois field have been exhausted in five years. There are many wells in the Mid-Continent field that have been constant producers since operations first began in that section. In California the life of a well has been estimated to be from twenty to twenty-five years.

In 1908 the National Conservation Commission made an exhaustive study of the stock of petroleum in the known fields of the United States, and from the figures secured the probable duration of the oil fields was calculated. From this investigation it was ascertained that in each nine years as much petroleum had been produced as in all the preceding years. The remarkable output of 1907-8



WELLS, AT PICO CANYON, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

would make the ratio of increase still higher. In fifty years about 2,000,000,000 barrels had been produced, worth \$1,785,000,000. The production in the various fields for the past two years was as follows:

Field	1908	1909
California	45,000,000 bbls.	58,250,300 bbls.
Colorado	411,836 bbls.	500,000 bbls.
Gulf, Texas	11,206,464 bbls.	9,593,000 bbls.
Louisiana	6,835,130 bbls.	3,192,000 bbls.
Illinois	38,844,890 bbls.	29,500,000 bbls.
Lima, Indiana	7,287,000 bbls.	6,192,000 bbls.
Ohio		
Mid-Continent	50,741,678 bbls.	46,826,196 bbls.
Kentucky-Tennessee	1,250,000 bbls.	1,250,000 bbls.
Appalachian	24,240,000 bbls.	25,394,200 bbls.
Wyoming	13,000 bbls.	15,000 bbls.
Others	3,000 bbls.	5,000 bbls.
Total	184,711,413 bbls.	180,717,896 bbls.

California has shown the greatest gain in production. The Mid-Continent field shows a loss of nearly four million barrels in 1909, as compared with 1908. This shortage in the Mid-Continent field was largely because of a reduction in price, which, however, has been recently advanced. The remarkable increase in the rate of production in 1908 was checked in 1909, but the decrease was less than was expected in view of the great accumulation of stocks during the preceding year. The gains made in California place that state first in oil production, producing fully 10,000,000 barrels more than Oklahoma. In California the strenuous efforts of the Producers' Association to suspend drilling operations were successful to the

point of reducing productions and even stocks. The oil fields of Texas and Louisiana showed a greatly decreased production in 1909. Every large pool, except Caddo, recorded a smaller output than in 1908. The Caddo pool has proved a veritable bonanza and the production shows no signs of diminution.

Geographic location and different qualities of oil divide the petroleum area of the United States into five great fields, in addition to which are a few scattering districts. These fields have been designated as the Appalachian, the Lima-Indiana-Illinois, the Mid-Continent, the Gulf and the California.

The Appalachian field follows the northwestern flank of the Appalachian mountains in a generally southwestern direction from New York to Alabama, a distance of 650 miles. It embraces all the producing regions of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee and a southern portion of Ohio, and is the oldest producing field in the United States.

Up to 1902 the Appalachian field produced seventy-two per cent of the entire output of the United States; in that year it produced 36.1 per cent of the entire production. From 1900 to 1910 there has been a gradual decrease in the output, with the exception of 1909, when the production was increased by over a million barrels.



(1)



(3)

PANORAMIC VIEW OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY, SECTION TWENTY-EIGHT, AND
FORNIA. THESE REMARKABLE VIEWS, NUMBERED (1) TO (4), IF
WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT



(3)



(4)

OTHER PROPERTIES, EAST SIDE COALINGA FIELD, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,
PLACED END TO END, SHOW A CONSECUTIVE PICTURE OF THE
OF THIS PROPERTY



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MASCOT, CARBO AND WILBERT OIL COMPANIES

The Indiana field shows a constant decrease. In 1904 there were 3,366 productive wells in the state. In five years the number had fallen to 320. The total production in 1909 in the Lima-Indiana field was 6,192,000 barrels against 7,287,000 in 1908.

The production of petroleum constituted the most remarkable development of mineral production in the state of Illinois during the last few years. The product of 1908 showed an increase over that of 1907 by nearly ten million barrels, but a considerable decrease was shown in the production of 1909. Few new pools of importance were opened during the past year, the production being chiefly in the pools that had been previously fairly well defined in Clark, Crawford and Laurence counties. Illinois ranks third in the oil-producing states.

The building of sufficient pipe lines to handle the Mid-Continent product has been greatly retarded in the past in consequence of difficulties that arose between the pipe line companies and the states of Oklahoma and Texas. Also drastic rulings by the Interior Department completely suspended further attempt on the part of the companies to extend their lines. These rulings, in effect, meant confiscation of the property of the pipe line companies in case of violation. At the same time the legislature of Okla-

homa was apparently hostile to the pipe line corporations, and particularly to the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, a Standard Oil Company subsidiary.

The production in the Mid-Continent field far exceeded the pipe line capacity. At one time the production amounted to 170,000 barrels a day, while the pipe lines could not handle more than 80,000 or 90,000 barrels. Notwithstanding this situation, the production of oil in the fields kept increasing, and efforts were made to stop drilling operations in vain. In view of the contention of the state of Oklahoma that no pipe lines could be built in that state without exercising the right of eminent domain, which could be granted only to a domestic corporation, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company refused to relieve the producers by building additional lines. As a consequence oil fell to thirty-five cents a barrel in 1909, which to some extent decreased the production for the year.

The oil men of the Mid-Continent fields kept their committees before Congress, before the Department of the Interior and at the State Capital of Oklahoma, praying, pleading and entreating for relief, asking only that their field be placed on the same footing as other fields that produce crude petroleum. It was apparent to these committees, however, that the politicians always had the specter of the Standard Oil Company looming



OIL PUMPING WELLS, MIDWAY DISTRICT, KERN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

large before them, and it prevented just action. The impartial student of oil history cannot fail to observe that the production of oil in the Mid-Continent field has ever been attended with political bickerings and prejudice. Large capital, which is always essential to the purchase, transportation and marketing of oil, has been almost constantly antagonized by rules, laws, regulations, interferences, supervisions, control and public inquisitions of state and national officers.

During the past year, however, this mistaken policy has been modified, and additional pipe lines from the Mid-Continent field to the Gulf have been built, and an era of unprecedented activity has set in. The price of oil has been advanced, and this year's production will be far in excess of that of 1909.

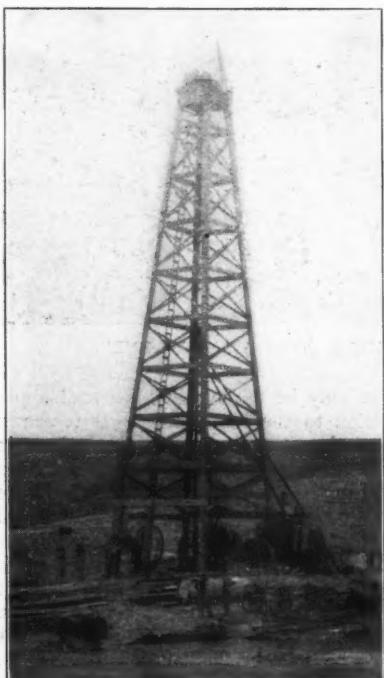
Probably the most conspicuous achievement on the part of the oil men of the Mid-Continent field during the past two years was by securing the passage of a bill by Congress removing the restrictions on the lands of all Indians of less than half blood. By this act, more than 9,000,000 acres of land were returned to the public domain and rendered subject to taxation. The Interior Department still has jurisdiction over the lands of the half bloods, the three-quarter bloods and the full bloods, and these amount to some 10,000,000 acres. Restrictions on these lands

can only be removed by personal application to the Department. It is shown that the oil-producers pay the Indians in the Mid-Continent field over two million dollars annually as royalties collected from leases. It is believed that the amount paid for bonus exceeds another million dollars each year—this in the territory of the five civilized tribes alone, being almost entirely in the Creek and Cherokee nations. Royalties in the Osage Reservation amount to a quarter of a million dollars annually, so that the Indian wards of the government receive from the oil men nearly four million dollars a year. This sum is sufficient to support every Indian in the oil-producing regions of Oklahoma in considerable comfort and comparative luxury.

There are about 15,000 producing oil and gas wells in the Mid-Continent field, most of them in Oklahoma. Upwards of 20,000 men are engaged in the production of oil in that territory, and the total investment in the Mid-Continent field up to this time is estimated at \$135,000,000. The annual production of oil in the field is valued at \$18,000,000. According to the figures furnished by the State Geologist of Oklahoma, not more than ten per cent of known oil-producing land in the state has been drilled.

During the past two years the California Oil Fields have received a great deal of substantial development. New

territory has been opened, with a consequent advance in the price of lands and stocks. The center of attraction at the present time is the Midway field, forty



INSTALLING DRILLING EQUIPMENT

miles southwest of Bakersfield, where several gushers have recently been brought in. Some of these gushers flow as high as 5,000 barrels a day. The record breaker, however, is the Lakeview gusher, which started March 15, 1910, and for three months averaged 35,000 barrels a day. Another well, known as the Mays gusher, flowed 100,000 barrels a day for a few days, when the well was clogged up by the owners. Small wonder that such remarkable results should create interest and excitement! Stock in one of these gusher companies suddenly leaped from 25 cents to \$20 a share, and fortunes were made in a night.

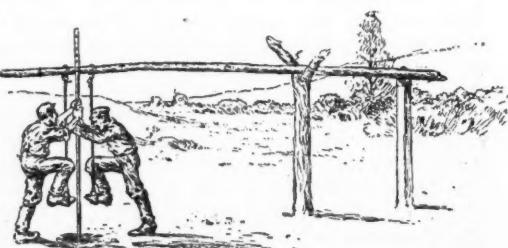
The gusher territory in the Midway district runs parallel with the

coast range. Gushers that have become famous for the amount of daily flows are the Lakeview, the Standard Oil, the St. Laurence, the Santa Fe, the United, the Mays and the Pioneer Midway.

To the east of the Midway field there is evidence of another gusher district. The Coalinga field is one of the most substantial in California, and is the most extensive. It has been absolutely proven for a length of twelve miles and a width of two to three miles, and the field is regarded as one of the best in the United States. Adjacent to it are thousands of acres of prospective oil-bearing lands, and it is stated that not a single dry hole has been drilled in the proven Coalinga territory.

The Kern River field near Bakersfield is one of the oldest and most substantial in the state. This field has an advantage, in that oil is found at from 900 to 1,000 feet. Much new development is going on in the Kern River field, and the district is one of considerable promise. Several large oil fields on the Pacific Ocean side of the coast range have hundreds of producing wells. Recently a \$25,000,000 company has been incorporated to build a pipe line from the California oil fields to Arizona, where the oil will be used by railroads, mines and smelting companies.

The oil industry of California has passed through many vicissitudes, but today there is no greater wealth-producing factor in the state. Last year the state produced 52,000,000 barrels of oil valued at \$33,000,000. This was the largest production of any year in the history of the state, and California is now the leading oil-producing state in the Union. A comparison of the value of the leading



KICKING DOWN A WELL



TRAIN OF TANK CARS FROM THE POINT BREEZE (PENNSYLVANIA) WORKS

products of California for the year 1909 shows approximately as follows:

Gold	\$20,000,000
Lumber	25,000,000
Citrus Fruits	31,000,000
Oil	33,000,000

During the past ten years the production has increased tenfold, and only a small fraction of the oil lands has been developed. The report of the United States Geological Survey estimates the available oil reserve under the present proven fields of California at 8,500,000,000 barrels. This gives an assurance that the oil industry of the state is to be permanent at least for more than half a century. In California oil is king.

Utah has never been regarded as an oil-producing state, but the past year's indications point to a remarkable boom in the San Juan fields. Many California

and Pennsylvania oil men have begun drilling operations in the district, and it is stated that of the first thirty wells drilled not a dry hole has been struck.

The San Juan fields cover an area of territory approximately fifty miles wide by ninety miles in length, about 45,000 square miles, or nearly as large as the Appalachian field. Innumerable and exhaustive tests made by Standard Oil experts for a year establish the quality as being of very high grade.

In the fields known as the Carlsbad, New Mexico and Toyah, Texas, belt recent oil discoveries are furnishing excitement. The oil is of excellent quality, and prospecting is being carried on over a territory 150 miles in length from northeast to southwest.

This remarkable development of the



OKLAHOMA OIL COMPANY, MUSKOGEE FIELD, OKLAHOMA

oil industry during the past fifty years constitutes one of the greatest achievements in the annals of American industrial effort. It has continually been attended by problems which have been solved without the aid of precedent or experience. From the very beginning, ferment and chaos reigned supreme, but fortunately for the producers and the human race in general, a strong hand not only brought order from confusion, but eventually carried the tidings of oil and its many blessings to mankind into every corner of the civilized globe.

The many difficulties conquered at home and abroad were not heralded from house-tops. No plaudits were sought, and none were given, but without noise the invasion of oil was being carried to success in

country after country, while the people of the United States were unaware of the great industrial campaign.

When time in its gentle manner placed the facts regarding this remarkable development of the oil industry before the public, the agitator seized the opportunity to hoist the red flag of danger. Those who were too indolent to seek the truth accepted the opinions of prejudiced minds, and "predatory wealth," "swollen fortunes," "tainted money" and "the Octopus" were terms applied without rhyme or reason.

There has been more misunderstanding of the oil problem than any other great industrial undertaking, but its magnitude is a light that no longer can be hid under a bushel.

(*To be continued*)

HIS OLD FATHER SATISFIED

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*Chicago Advance*.

WHERE IS THE PENSION FOUNDATION HEADED?

By A. E. WINSHIP

Editor Journal of Education, Boston

WHEN the provisions of the Pension Foundation were announced there was universal rejoicing. It was accepted as a noble, patriotic humanitarian use of a portion of one of the world's largest fortunes. It was recognized that college professors are underpaid, and that none of the gifts, bequests or state appropriations are intended to increase salaries materially, but rather to provide new buildings or new chairs for more underpaid professors.

Not since the days of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes has there been anything to compare with the professional appreciation when the Pension Foundation was announced. Now a scholarly professor, however small his salary, could devote his energies to scholastic duties, and when he could teach no longer, could live in quiet and die in peace. This was the spirit of Andrew Carnegie, who reverently said to college professors, "Come unto me all ye who have labored, and become heavy laden, and I will provide you rest." Not for centuries has there been such a beautiful spirit displayed by any friend of man.

But others have ministered the Pension Foundation and they have said to the retiring professors: "Let us understand one another; Mr. Carnegie means well, but he is sentimental, we are practical. This provision is not because of the glorious service that you have rendered, but because you are worn out." The heavenly vision was no moré. The "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these," were displaced by these other words: "Because there are younger men who can do better work than you."

Sagacity and strategy, supplanted sentiment and sympathy, and the anticipated

comfort, peace and joy disappeared, since the gift without the giver is bare.

The wise men said: "Isn't it true that experience, learning and wisdom become obstacles to scholastic progress by the time a man is sixty years old? Isn't frankness a virtue? Should not a college molt its faculty for the good of the young?" There were those to whom these statements seemed heartless, but as the same end was, materially, attained, it was decided that, as a rose by any other name is just assweet, a pension tossed in scorn is the same as though given with loving care.

By the time the professors had adjusted their conscience to this conscienceless attitude, word was given out that the pensions are to be not even a means of removing aged obstacles, but are to be used for purposes of scholastic discipline in commercialism and aristocracy by the payment of premiums to those institutions most liberally patronized by wealthy benefactors. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath, and faithfulness in the use of talent will have nothing to do with the verdict."

The worst charge ever made of crushing out small business houses, in the interest of large concerns, is not a circumstance to this new and not altogether saintly way of killing off educational institutions that lack wealth and aristocratic conditions. This presumed noble benefaction is to be used for crushing scholastic aspirations in all lads who have not inherited the regulation twelve years' culture scheme, and whose code of etiquette is so crude that they do not know that it is an unpardonable offence to ring the college door bell on any but the conventional day of the year.

The one redeeming feature of this is that it was not put in force earlier. Today

a large number of the best students in Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Princeton, Cornell and Stanford, are those who did not enter college in the lock-step fashion, who are not primarily students of these institutions, but are merely completing there the work nobly begun at



J. Y. JOYNER

State Superintendent of Public Instruction of North
Carolina, President National Education Association

Antioch, Athens or Crete. The college in which they were born, in which they were fathered and mothered, can have no recognition in the new order of things. Poverty and neglect are to be the reward for discovering scholarly taste by the wayside, while luxurious pensions await those who are too aristocratic to go into the highways and hedges after hitherto undiscovered scholastic taste and talents.

How fortunate that this glorious reform did not come earlier! New England has recently elected eight college and university presidents, seven of whom are out of the West; men who were not born in standardized colleges! Where would Smith, Williams, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, Boston University, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have gotten presidents if there had been no colleges to find such lads and help them to find themselves scholastically?

What evidence is there that these are famous wise men who are administering this pension foundation on commercial and aristocratic lines? Why has their dictum been so promptly accepted by various college presidents? Why have so many college professors begged the trustees to do everything suggested by the Pension Foundation? Does not their attitude suggest the frame of mind of the man who turns his pockets inside out while looking into the muzzle of a highwayman's rifle? We do not say that they were bribed to vote suddenly for conditions for which they had never voted until they saw a pension in the hand of the men who suggested that they could have it if they voted right, not otherwise. There is no proof that Democrats in the Illinois Legislature would not have changed their vote to a Republican for United States Senator if they had not received a thousand-dollar call, but it is a trifle suspicious that they did not change their votes until they saw a thousand dollars in sight and that they did change it as soon as they saw it.

Of course there is no proof that fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars life pension dangling before college presidents and professors has anything to do with the marvelous similarity between the present judgment of the college men and the edict of the Pension Foundation. It may be that Quakers, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists and others would all at the same time have renounced their college denominational allegiance had there been no pension tickling their fancy, just as Democrats might have changed their votes for Senator without the thousand-dollar suggestion.

Anyone has as good a right as the Pension Foundation to go among medical schools and express opinions regarding them, but no publisher in the world would have printed such a thing, but for the fact that every professor's possible pension depends upon each of these medical schools doing everything that the Pension Foundation suggests.

Is it possible that the Pension Foundation resorts to publicity because private advice has failed to accomplish its purpose? To some people it is amusing to see how anxious some men are to have the Pension Foundation understand that the faintest hint is as good as a command. Great is the magic of a bunch of pensions on the opinion of a body of instructors. They remind one of the devotion of street boys to the Sunday school just before the Christmas tree, or the June picnic.

As a layman, I have no opinion as to the wisdom of the suggestion to medical schools. But of late the Pension Foundation has entered a field with which I am familiar. It says that "as a whole Pennsylvania has never come into a conception of education from the standpoint of the whole people. As a consequence its Public School system is still in a rudimentary state."

Evidently the Pension Foundation does not know that Pennsylvania led the world, led Massachusetts even, in the great public school awakening of the thirties; that before Horace Mann gave Massachusetts its great public school leadership, Governor Wolfe of Pennsylvania wrote the greatest of educational messages and Thaddeus Stevens at Harrisburg made a greater educational speech for the public schools than ever was made, even by Horace Mann. This Pension Foundation seems not to know that Pennsylvania's poorest paid country school teachers get much better salaries than thousands of teachers in New England; that the scholarship standards and professional training in several of the State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania are fully equal to the best in Massachusetts, and that in the poorest they are higher than in any one of eight normal schools in New England; that normal school

principals in Pennsylvania get sixty per cent higher salaries than in Massachusetts; that the state of Pennsylvania gives more money to her common schools than all of the New England states combined; that politics has played no part in state school administration for sixteen years. But why emphasize further this stupendous ignorance of the Pension Foundation regarding the public schools of Pennsylvania, when the ignorance is not confined to that state.

We quote from the Pension Foundation again. "It is not to be wondered at that the public school system of Ohio is inferior to that of nearby states." Again the Pension Foundation seems not to know that Ohio leads forty-five states in the Union in the consolidation of rural schools, which is one of the notable marks of efficiency in a public school system; that Ohio has done more than any state in the Union, with one exception, in providing free high school privileges for all children in school; that Ohio has, with one exception, the best minimum salary law; that Ohio leads all the states in the Union in protecting the teachers' contract; that the scholarship of the teachers as a whole is broader and higher than in nine-tenths of the states; that one of her cities has been for twenty years pointed to with pride by all other cities of the country; that another Ohio city has led every New England City in educational progress in the last five years.

"Inferior to nearby states!" To which states? Kentucky? West Virginia? Pennsylvania?—not if its own opinion of Pennsylvania schools is accepted—Michigan? It would be well for the Pension Foundation to specify in what respects inferior. To Indiana? Again the Pension Foundation should specify.

What possible excuse is there for the Pension Foundation to thus falsify regarding the public schools of two noble states? The same excuse that "Ole Black Mammy" had when she scared the Little picaninnies by saying "The Bogey Man will get you if you don't watch out."

It is devoutly to be hoped that the Pension Foundation knows more of colleges and medical schools than it knows of public schools. In view of its



DR. A. E. WINSHIP

stupendous ignorance of public schools thus demonstrated, it can hardly claim to be an expert in anything educational.

The sweet dream of the weary professor of the struggling college has turned to a nightmare. Psychologists tell us that a nightmare is the precursor of an awakening. Would we could believe that the name of Carnegie is to be restored to a desirable place in public opinion by his taking charge of affairs long enough to say that his sentiment and sympathy

are once more to prevail and that the attitude of those who minister in his name shall be expressed in these words: "Well done, good and faithful professors, who have been faithful in ministering to those who are needy, come to my Foundation and ye shall have rest. For inasmuch as ye have labored for the least of the aspiring youth, ye shall be crowned with honor and abide in peace. With long life may you be blessed. Freely I have received, freely do I give."

Roosevelt's Return from the Jungle

By JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN

THE following graphic account of the meeting of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt in the Sudan by an American journalist is taken from the book, "Through Europe with Roosevelt," just issued by the publishers of the "National." This remarkable book, of which this extract comprises Chapter II, was written by John Callan O'Laughlin, who in eighteen days completed a journey of eight thousand miles over sea and land from the modern capital of a modern nation to the farthest outpost of British civilization in the Dark Continent. In the pages of "Through Europe with Roosevelt," he presents a notable human document, and at the same time a story as entertainingly told as the theme of the latest "best seller."

I LOOKED deep into the eyes of this man, whose disappearance in the jungle had intensified the interest of the American people in his personality. He was in the high spirits of perfect health. He had lost the careworn look which the closing days in the White House had produced. His face was brown, and his moustache, lightened by the sun, showed a few more gray hairs. His jaws were clean of fat, and his well-worn khaki hung loosely on his muscular frame. His head was covered by an olive green helmet, from which dangled a neck cloth whose colored stripes represented the hues of the flag under which his Rough Riders swept to the top of San Juan Hill. He told us that he was glad to see us, that he welcomed us as the vanguard of the civilization he had left a year before. He listened to the news from home as interpreted by each correspondent, and then took us one by one into his stateroom where views were exchanged which necessarily were regarded as confidential. For publication, Colonel Roosevelt authorized the statement that he had nothing to say on American politics or any phase or incident thereof, that he would give no interviews, and anything purporting to be in the nature of an interview with him could be accepted as false as soon as it appeared.

Here was a tremendous reward for the long and expensive journey we had undertaken. The American people were palpitating with eagerness to be informed of

the Colonel's views on the rise of Insurgency in the Republican party, the dismissal of Gifford Pinchot from the office of Chief Forester of the United States, the conservation scandal and whether or not the distinguished hunter-naturalist believed that William Howard Taft was carrying out the Roosevelt policies in the way they were interpreted by their author. Mr. Roosevelt was perfectly willing to talk about his hunting experiences, to take us aboard the barge and show us the skulls and bones of the rare animals he and his son Kermit and other members of the party had killed, to line up the blacks who were his attendants, and to tell of the peculiarities and faithful devotion of these barbarians. But politics, no, not a word. That was forbidden ground, and when the Colonel snapped his teeth over a question which trended in the direction of such matters, the interrogator deemed it wise to hasten back to the safe haven of African hunting experiences. During the entire time I was with the Colonel, he was extremely careful to avoid discussing politics for publication; and the reports which from time to time were printed about his attitude, had no more foundation than the mental activity of the men who created them.

But, realizing that the American people were interested in knowing every detail of the experiences of their former President, the four correspondents (for our rival, too, had come aboard the "Dal") were



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MR. ROOSEVELT AND GENERAL SLATIN ON CAMELS AT KERRERI

anxious to reach the telegraph station at Renk at the earliest possible moment. My problem—and this, of course, was the key to the whole struggle—was to get to the wire first so that my matter could not be detained until too late for publication the next morning. Unluckily the "Abbas Pasha" broke down completely the moment we reached the "Dal." The "Cairo" apparently was in excellent steaming condition and it was perfectly evident if she were used as a dispatch boat, we would be lost. It proved fortunate that there were many things Mr. Roosevelt wanted to talk about. It was not until some hours had elapsed that he was willing for any of us to leave, and then we were so close to Renk that it was deemed inadvisable for the "Dal" to stop to make the transfer of our friend, the enemy, to his own boat. When we reached Renk, the entire population, wearing smiles to cover their nakedness, were assembled on the bank. I thought the gathering had occurred to greet the Colonel, but it subsequently appeared the natives were holding a market

and knew nothing of the coming of the foremost American. When Mr. Roosevelt first arrived at Mombasa, an enterprising correspondent, in order to put a touch of color in his dispatch, cabled that the visitor had been named *Bwana Tumbo*, which translated means "The Master with the Stomach." As a matter of fact, the Colonel always was addressed by his men as *Bwana Makuba*, which signifies "The Big Master."

The correspondents jumped ashore and raced to the telegraph office. Our rival was hopelessly beaten on land. We laid down dispatches on the telegraph desk and demanded that they be sent immediately. If the records of the cable office in New York and Chicago be examined, it will be found that the dispatches of the correspondents aboard the "Abbas Pasha" arrived prior to that sent by the charterer of the "Cairo."

Colonel Roosevelt landed at Renk and walked among the natives, who soon learned he was a mighty hunter and gave him the respect which such a reputation

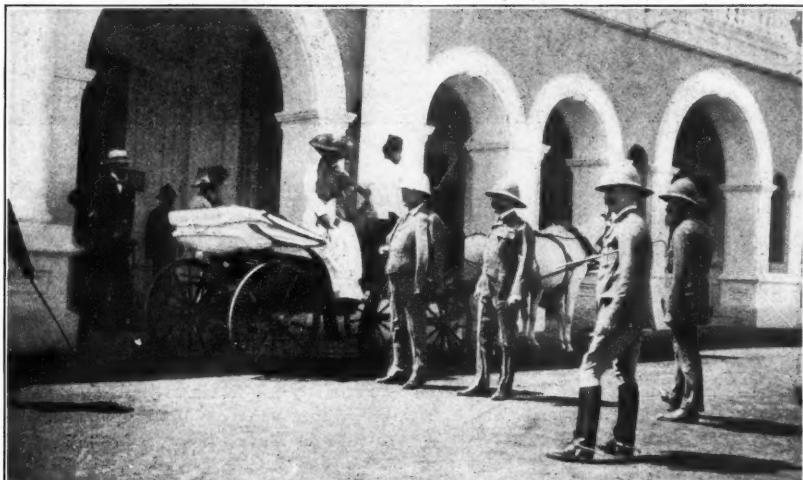
commands in Africa. In an hour, he was ready to resume his journey down the stream. Before leaving, he invited the correspondents to dinner aboard his boat and told us where we should meet him at the hour fixed.

That dinner is one which will live in the memory of every man who partook of it. Night had fallen, when we boarded the "Dal." The blacks in attendance upon the Roosevelt party were crooning a native song. The current of the Nile lapped the side of the "Dal," singing mournfully the story of Africa's savagery. The table was set upon the deck of the barge. Colonel Roosevelt sat at the head of the table, his face silhouetted against the lurid light of the flaming papyrus swamps. Kermite, a young man of twenty-one, lean and vigorous, occupied a seat next to my place, and at different points along the board were Cunningham, who knows Africa better than any other man, Doctor Mearns, who was the surgeon and naturalist of the expedition, and the four correspondents. We talked of the past and present—of Africa and America, of savagery and civilization. We learned of hairbreadth escapes during the hunt, listened to the Colonel correcting himself for using the word "bully," an exclamation, he said which should be used only by

children and ex-presidents. He described a station which he visited near Gondokoro, as a transplanted Emporia, Kansas, done in ebony. He told of a letter he had received condemning him for killing the harmless, inoffensive rhinoceros. "I wish the author of that letter could be in the thick grass in front of a charging rhinoceros," he remarked, "and like then to have his judgment as to whether the beast were harmless and inoffensive." He spoke of the various missions he had visited, of the white souls and dauntless courage of these agents of Christianity who are martyrs to the call of duty. He declared with pride the expedition had been a huge scientific success; that thirteen thousand faunal specimens and more than thirty thousand floral specimens had been secured, the collection constituting the finest that ever had gone out of Africa.

It will gratify the critics of the Colonel to know that not a shot was fired wantonly; that game was killed only for the table and for specimen purposes.

With cordial good-nights, the correspondents returned to their boats, and at the request of Colonel Roosevelt proceeded directly to Khartoum. He did not desire to reach that point too long in advance of Mrs. Roosevelt, who was due on March 14. Mr. Roosevelt proposed to



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BEFORE THE PALACE AT KHARTOUM

use the intervening time in finishing his book on his hunting experiences so that he might devote himself whole-heartedly to the thousand and one things which would require his attention when he arrived at Khartoum.

The "Abbas Pasha" and the "Cairo," their mission done, left the "Dal," which had been their quarry, and, aided by the swift current of the Nile, speeded back toward the British city. The lights on the Roosevelt steamer went out one by

The return trip was a romance. There were hippopotami and birds at which to shoot, the thanksgiving service of prayer, (the last day was Sunday), when I read the Bible which Flett had treasured for itself as well as because it was his mother's gift; the beautiful sunset, which burnished Khartoum in gold, and finally the arrival, with whistles blowing and our flag (do you remember the 1-46 stars?) flying triumphantly at the masthead. As soon as we landed, I mounted a donkey, the



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EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT NAPLES

The first European town he visited after his return from hunting in Africa. Mr. Roosevelt and his suite visiting the Aquarium at Naples

one, until only its side lamps were showing. The huge bulk seemed to be set in the midst of flame, for the papyrus grass continued to burn fiercely. A bend of the river shut the conflagration from our view and only the reflection in the sky appeared. That, too, began to dim, and stronger and stronger became the light of the moon and the brilliant stars. It was a night

Where poetry rode the heavens
And all the world was bright.

vehicle of northern Africa, and with voracious "arrhs" galloped along the dark road to the house of Slatin Pasha, Inspector General of the Sudan, who had been designated by the British government to receive Colonel Roosevelt. I had been requested by the latter to explain to Slatin Pasha that while he appreciated the hospitality of the Gordon Palace, he knew the Sirdar and Lady Wingate were absent and therefore did not care to put the authorities to the trouble of opening the

house for him and his family. Slatin Pasha, the man who for thirteen long years had been the prisoner of the Khalifa, who suffered untold agony in the filthy and crowded enclosure in which for years he had been confined, who for a year and a half was compelled to undergo the indignity and physical torture of running barefoot at the heels of the Khalifa's arab, and whose escape is still a marvel to those who are familiar with his description—this man whom I expected to find

fellow-man, and it was only after detailed explanation that I was able to make him believe I really brought a message from Colonel Roosevelt. I informed him I was to meet the Colonel the next morning at Gordon's tree and that I would be glad to assure him of the acquiescence of the acting Sirdar in the change of plans. Slatin Pasha, however, insisted that the Palace was fully prepared to receive the Roosevelt party, and requested me to say to the former President that he would



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MR. ROOSEVELT SALUTING THE FRENCH COLORS AT MILITARY REVIEW

a physical wreck proved to be a splendid specimen of the Caucasian race. Short and stocky, muscular, without doubt a mine of action, he excused himself from his dinner guests and escorted me to his library. His speech showed a trace of foreign accent, revealing that he was not British born, and as he talked I recalled that he was an Austrian subject, a member of the nobility of the aristocratic Hapsburg Empire, whom troubles at home had forced to seek a congenial life of adventure in the Sudan. Slatin Pasha's experience had not taught him to place trust in his

be deeply disappointed if for any reason it was not used.

Gordon's tree is seven miles from Khartoum. Early the next morning, mounted upon a spirited arab and accompanied by the proprietor of the hotel jogging on a camel, and a donkey carrying a huge sack of mail, I rode through the sunlit streets out into the boundless desert. The air was exhilarating, and my steed literally pranced over the sand. Mirages inverted the huts of a distant village and made the landscape a sea of glassy, running water. Far away, we could discern



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ARRIVAL AT IMPERIAL PALACE, VIENNA

the green bank of the Nile, and occasionally the flash of the sun upon the surface, of the stream recalled to mind the African father of life. An hour's hard riding brought us to a ridge from the height of which we looked down upon the river. Swinging in toward Gordon's tree was the "Dal." We galloped to the meeting place, arriving just as a small boat was putting off, carrying Kermit, armed with a shot gun, and Dr. Mearns, provided with a small hamper, both bent upon a last expedition in Africa. Colonel Roosevelt shouted "good-morning," and grimaced at the mail bag. In a few minutes we were aboard. I recited the conversation with Slatin Pasha and introduced the hotel man. Then the mail was dumped upon the table, and the Colonel and I began to dispose of the several hundred odd letters which it contained.

These letters were odd not only in number but in character. They related to everything under the sun. They included disquisitions on the political situation in the United States, requests for the

Colonel to write short articles on his hunting experiences, demands for tiger skins and tiger claws, "when there are no tigers in Africa," as the Colonel remarked, and for other mementoes of his stay in the dark continent; invitations to palaces of Emperors and Kings and the houses of the great in Europe; and inquiries as to his plans upon his return home, particularly whether he would not speak in certain cities on the issues concerning the people. There was one correspondent, living in the Azore Islands, who enclosed post cards with his letter, showing the American fleet making its tour of the world. "A most persistent person," observed the Colonel. "Every post has brought me the same kind of letter and the same picture cards."

The mail was disposed of in the course of an hour. Kermit and Dr. Mearns returned with a number of small birds, snails, branches from Gordon's tree and other samples of the vegetation of the neighborhood. Then the "Dal" got underway for Khartoum.

As we approached Omdurman, which

lies a few miles up the river from Gordon's capital, we sighted a small launch, flying the British and Egyptian flags at the stern. The commander of the "Dal" reported to Colonel Roosevelt that Slatin Pasha, Wilson Bey, Governor of Khartoum and Captain Clayton, aide-de-camp to the Sirdar, were aboard and had signalled to be received. The "Dal" slowed down and finally stopped. The launch came alongside. The three British officials jumped on the lower deck and then mounted the companion way where the former President was waiting to receive them.

"I am really delighted to meet you, General," he said to Slatin. He had cordially greeted his other hosts, and then returned to the Inspector General. He spoke with familiarity of the latter's experience among the dervishes, astonishing him with his reference to scenes which Slatin thought he alone remembered. "Do not forget that I have read your book," the Colonel explained to the British officer. The three men mounted to the upper deck of the "Dal." There were found the Roosevelt blacks, dressed in the

cast-off clothes of the party, uncomfortable but happy in anticipation of the novel experiences awaiting them. Never before had they seen a city like Omdurman; never before had they seen anything approaching Khartoum. It was indeed great magic, the magic of the white man.

Flags dipped on boats and over the various houses along the river bank as the "Dal" moved toward the stucco building, painted yellow, which is known as Gordon's Palace. Colonel Roosevelt was less interested in the river scenes and the appearance of his temporary abiding place than in a matter nearer to his heart. "Where is the railroad station?" he asked Slatin Pasha. The latter pointed it out, adding tactfully that the train would arrive on time and that the Sirdar's yacht would convey him across the river to meet his wife and daughter.

I will not lift the veil of that meeting or attempt to describe the happiness that radiated from the Roosevelt family when they were once more united. Their separation had lasted for one long year. Husband and wife had not changed in each



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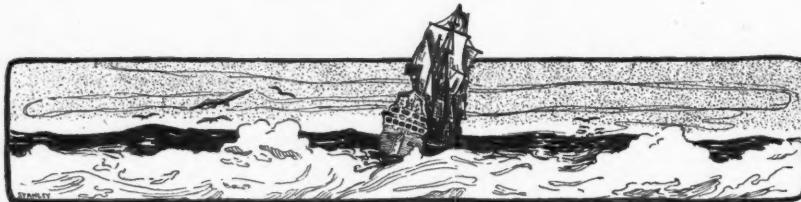
SEEING VENICE IN A GONDOLA

other's eyes, but the father saw a fresh, charming flower of womanhood in his daughter, and the mother a modest, manly young fellow, with a budding moustache, in her son. Picture to yourself reunion with your loved ones after a year's absence, and you will realize the deep joy the Roosevelts experienced when they met by the side of the puffing train in tropical Africa.

Those halcyon days in Khartoum. The precious hours of family companionship sandwiched in between the barbaric and civilized functions given in honor of the former President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the sight-seeing expeditions with their vivid contrasts of savagery and modernity, with their revelation of the hardship and strife the British underwent in order to give peace and prosperity to the several million blacks who survived the devastating rule of the Khalifa, and with their details of the diplomacy which was necessary to bring the maintenance of a government which the childlike temperament of the natives could understand and appreciate. Escorted by a squadron of black cavalry, officered by Egyptians, the Roosevelts, on camels, inspected the battlefield of Kerrerri, where the power of the Khalifa was broken by the military genius of Kitchener. Through the eyes of Slatin Pasha they turned back the pages of Omdurman and saw that city of sixty thousand Sudanese under the merciless domination of the Khalifa, and with their own

gained impressions of the barbaric splendor and in the civilized view the mean though sanitary mode of living. They witnessed a gymkhana, held in the midst of the desert, where the smart society of Khartoum engaged in horse races, and blindfolded drew strange and weird pictures supposed to resemble animals. They enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Aser, a delightful American woman, who as the wife of the Adjutant-General of the Sudan, was the ranking lady of the barbaric land. And the last night was made eventful by a dinner in honor of the former President, given at the Sudan Club. The tables were set under the stars, and the boys, in white robes and red sashes, served the guests with food which would have been approved by Epicurus. The hundred men present, civilians and officers of the army and navy, every one of whom is spending his life unselfishly in this distant region, listened with rapt attention to Colonel Roosevelt's enthusiastic portrayal of the work they had accomplished; his declaration of belief in British civilization and the character of the government the Sudan is enjoying, and finally his promise to tell the people of England of the debt they owe to their sons in this savage region.

Is it any wonder that Colonel Roosevelt left the Sudan carrying with him the regard and best wishes not only of the white men laboring therein but of the intelligent natives who have profited by the coming of British rule?



Just Back from Mars

by R·K·Carter

(ORR KENYON)

Author of "My Boy Charlie," "A Celestial Detective," etc

THIS remarkable up-to-date satire is pronounced one of the cleverest pieces of imaginative work that has appeared in print for some time past. In view of the advancement of aerial navigation and psychological research it is peculiarly appropriate at this time. No one who has studied the marvels of modern invention and advancement will say that such a journey as Dr. Carter describes may not sometime become fact, rather than fiction, as we now regard it.

The second part of the story, telling what Dr. Carter saw when he reached Mars, and how he returned to earth, will appear in our September issue.

DR. STEAD wrote me that Miss "Julia" has no time to spare from her "bureau of communications" for scientific "tests"; and Miss Katharine Bates, author of "Seen and Unseen," said she would have to touch "earth-bound" spirits altogether too closely if she attempted to read a certain sealed envelope locked up in my desk. From this I learned that "spirits" may find themselves overworked like poor, struggling mortals, and also that society has its "classes" and "masses" on the "other side" as well as with us. But that did not help me. I had enjoyed special seances with the most famous "psychics" that ever lived, and traced their somewhat devious ways as far as possible, arriving at the conclusion that the "manifestations" might be all fraud, or all spirits, or all telepathy, and I wanted desperately to know which. I will write of that another time, for it is a story by itself.

But there lay my sealed envelope, containing a strictly original poem of some dozen lines, never read or communicated to any living mortal, and consequently in no one's mind but my own. I respectfully suggested to Mr. Stead, and later

to Miss Bates, after reading some of their spooky narratives with great interest, that it would be a good test if some one, or some spirit, clear across the Atlantic, would kindly read my poem for me and demonstrate telepathy to a finality. But when both declined, as above recorded, I was at sea.

I did not know what to think or what to do, and lay back in my arm chair in the dim lamplight wondering why I could not have "communications" with the unseen just as well as Mr. Stead or Miss Bates. This special favor business on the part of the spooks always seemed objectionable to me; it certainly is bad taste and not at all polite.

While thus speculating my eyes began to notice a thin, vaporous something the other side of the lamp. By degrees my mind got around to it, too, and I began to question if it was beyond the table, or on top of it, if it was smoke, or dust, or what it was, anyhow. Gradually it waved and curled and enlarged and stretched and rounded out, until I recognized the semblance of a human form partly reclining in the big morris chair on the far side of my table.

Suddenly it occurred to me that Miss "Julia" says we may think and think and think of some friend, either alive, or "what you call dead," and mentally build said friend up before the mind's eye, while resting easily and lightly alone in the shadow, and, after a while, we may visualise the friend, touch his hand, and hear him speak, and all that. Instantly I saw that the conditions were pretty closely fulfilled. I was at ease, was resting quietly in the shadow, and was wishing with all my heart for some intelligent communication. It only remained for me to think definitely of a particular friend. But, lo, there in my big chair sat somebody, before I had concentrated my thinkery on any special one. Perhaps this was a freak of mental science. Who could it be?

The shadowy form leaned forward and I saw a shrewd, keen face, sharp glittering eyes, clear-cut features, and a great big diamond pin in a rather soiled shirt front. I remember that shirt; it was soiled. One has to be careful of the exact truth in such matters. Just then a name flashed into my mind. Perhaps it was telepathed from my shadowy visitor, but it came clear and distinct—Keely, the famous "motor" man of Philadelphia, lately deceased. As the words formed themselves in my mind the shape leaned toward me and put out a strongly made hand.

"John W. Keely," he said in a low voice.

Instantly I was at ease. There was not the slightest shade of fear. I had met Mr. Keely once in Queen's scientific instrument store on Chestnut Street, and had heard him talk with the clerk. There was no doubt of his identity. Then I remembered that Miss Bates believed in Keely, and other psychics had faith in him and his uncontrollable "force." I always wanted to know the truth about it ever since my old friend, Dr. Wilford Hall, the somewhat iconoclastic scientist, declared himself firmly convinced that Keely really had discovered a force new to man. So I blurted out, rather impolitely:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Keely; please tell me if Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and the rest of your financial backers, still believe that you had the real goods, now that they have 'passed over'?"

"Sure," replied Keely. "But the best of it is I have the whole thing now. I was too previous, you know, for the wiseacres. My vibrodyne was crude; the force of the atomic disintegration was so awfully tremendous that it would have played the dickens with all Philadelphia if I had let it get loose. You hear me?"

I did not want to be left out when it came to polysyllables, so I ventured:

"I suppose the irruptibility of the congenital terriagenous masses evolve the rotational transmissions of interatomic energy of which you spoke and wrote so much."

Keely started and looked at me piercingly for a moment. Then he laughed heartily and held out his hand.

"Shake, my friend," he exclaimed. "You're a yellow kid,* all right, all right. Put it there. Now I'll let you into a tremendous scientific secret. What would you like most to do just now? Come, speak up."

"Oh, I don't know," I replied slowly. "I'd like to make a ten strike; discover something, don't you know; get into the limelight for a spell. It's kind of lonesome in the crowd. I'd like, well, I'd like to go to Mars, for instance, and find out all about those canals, and see if they want a canal zone, and a commission, and a congressional investigation, and all that."

Keely's eyes twinkled. "You're on it," he said, "and I'm your man. I'll send you; that is," he hesitated, "if you really want to go."

"Try me," I said confidently.

Then we got down to business. Keely informed me that the "control," which had bothered him so terribly in his Philadelphia workshop was all right now. What he had needed was something to create etheric repulsions. He had started plenty of etheric attractions, but the repulsions had always eluded him. When he made his spherical engine rotate in the old shop all the spectators thought of was how to get out of the room alive before the thing burst into a million frag-

*There is a slight discrepancy here. This phrase did not come into use till after Keely passed over. But I don't have to account for all the "discrepancies" of the psychics.

ments, and Keely admitted that he himself was often badly scared, especially after his fingers were blown off. He couldn't control the gigantic force, liberated by his vibrodyne from the disintegrated atoms. Now that is "dead easy," as he expressed it.

"You see," remarked Keely, "when I published my announcement in the *New York Times*, March 6, 1898, that I had succeeded in harnessing the ether, and that my work was complete, it turned out just as Madame Blavatsky and other high-power psychics predicted, I was not allowed to let the thing loose on the people. The 'controls' declared that it would play the old Harry with folks and things in general if all sorts of men got hold of this force. I was pig-headed about it, and kept on trying to show it up, so they pestered me till I had to give it up. I passed over to this side six months later. But I have always been looking for the man who could get a cinch on my discoveries and not be afraid to handle the force. You seem to be that man, so, if you are not afraid, I'll show you how to build an ethero-plane that will fly to Mars and back again."

Here was a "communication" with a vengeance. My ambition was fired. What was the north pole, the south pole, and all the other poles, great and small, to this? What is a game of mumbly peg to a ton of radium? I rose to the bait as gracefully and reluctantly as possible, and agreed to set out just as soon as the expedition could be equipped.

"It must be financed," said Keely, sententiously.

"Financed!" The word was a wet blanket; but Mr. Keely encouraged me with a rehearsal of his former difficulties in that line, and I set out to search for my "angel." I found him in the person of an obscure New York merchant, not a "captain of finance," only just an ordinary millionaire, who had amassed his snug little fortune in the manufacture and sale of soft soap. Mr. Fellowrox listened to my glowing portrayals of the name and fame to be attached to the floater of so wondrous an enterprise, until the "suggestion" took hold of his pocket nerve, and the great work began.

Under the instructions of my "control," Mr. Keely, the ethero-plane soon took on form and substance. It was entirely different from anything anybody on this earth ever dreamed of. To fly, and to fly in space, has always been associated in our mundane minds with extreme lightness of structure. Any heavy weight was forbidden, of course; but here all my ideas were scattered to the winds. Keely told me I was so "immersed in matter" that I simply couldn't think worth a cent. I must give up all such notions and step out in the realm of pure mind. Here I suggested calling in the co-operation of Mrs. Eddy.

"Wouldn't she be a valuable assistant?" I ventured to inquire of my "control." "She has always insisted that nothing matters but mind, and that is no matter."

Keely smiled grimly in the dim light allowed in the workshop. But he shook his head.

"When Mrs. Eddy comes over to our side," he said, "she will learn well a thing or two."

"How can she?" I persisted. "You know she talks about the 'third degree,' in which 'mortal mind disappears.' And of course she has taken all the degrees long ago. So, I don't exactly see how she can be taught anything. I suppose she actually knows it all now; learned it before mortal mind disappeared."

Whatever my "control" thought of this argument, he only smiled and worked away on the ethero-plane, instructing me meanwhile as to its principles. He told me that we had to strike out on an entirely new plane; that is, new to mankind. Flying, as Orville and Wilbur Wright understood it, had no bearing upon the problem.

"How are you going to fly, in the sense you understand, when there is no atmosphere to fly in?"

This query knocked my mental pins from under me. I gasped for breath.

"How are you going to breathe while passing through space?" This was another smasher. "How long will it take you to get to Mars, anyhow? How fast will you fly? How can you get up speed enough to take you there before you and your great-great-grandchildren are all dead?

What will you live on during the voyage? How can you manage to get loose from the earth's attraction? How will you withstand the attraction of Mars? In other words, how can you start, and how can you alight?"

I was dumb as one of Alice's oysters after the carpenter had eaten it. Finally I plucked up courage and gasped out:

"What's the use of a 'control,' anyway?"

Mr. Keely smiled approvingly, and nodded his head. He told me I was on the right track; new things had to be treated in new ways, he would direct me if I relied upon him and divested myself of the chains of matter, so far as possible. Then he proceeded to expound his methods.

Such primitive devices as those recorded in Mr. Poe's "Moon Hoax" were shown up in their true absurdity. No possible force, that would not kill the voyageur, could be imagined sufficient to expel an airship from the earth's atmosphere. But I will not weary with unnecessary details. Here is the gist of the matter:

"We must neutralize gravity," announced my "control," as calmly as if he were discussing a small electric circuit. "Neutralize gravity, and retain velocity. What do I mean? Just what I say. See here. This earth is travelling through space at a rate, roughly, of over sixty thousand miles an hour, or about a million and a half miles a day. That is going some, isn't it? Now Mars is approaching perigee, or nearest point to the earth. In September it will be some five million miles nearer than ever before in the memory of man. It will be something less than forty million miles from the earth. Now, if we can keep up a speed of a million and a half a day it will only take about four weeks to make the trip."

"That looks fine," I said, "but how can you neutralize gravity? That's beyond me."

"There's where my great discovery comes in," replied Keely enthusiastically. "I had it right in my hand in 1898, when I had to leave and come over. You see, my force was liberated from the atoms themselves. This whole universe is one vast storehouse of force, kept locked up, so to speak, in the ultimate atoms. Just think, you can't rupture an atom.

You can't split it in such a way as to destroy what holds it together. Now it is plain that it takes some kind of force to hold an atom together, to keep the substance intact. And when you try to think how many atoms there are (I know it makes your head swim) the sum total makes up a force so great as to be practically infinite. Well, my discovery disintegrates the atomic substance and liberates this enormous force; and when I learned how to preserve it by rotation I had it under enough control to do something with it."

"But how does it neutralize gravity?" I inquired.

"It don't, but my supplementary discovery does. This force I'm talking about is really gravity itself. Gravity is everywhere, you know, and makes each atom in the universe attract every other atom directly as its mass, and inversely as the square of the distance—"

"Yes, I know all that," I broke in, not wishing to waste time on well-known points.

"Well," continued Keely, "gravity is attractive only. It deals with the etheric attractions. But I have discovered the opposite half of the scheme, etheric repulsions. I can use my Sympathetic Transmitter to start the force rotating, or I can employ another device which I call my Repulsion Transmitter to directly overcome the other; that is to neutralize gravity itself, if need be."

This seemed wonderful, but my "control" made it appear simple. He explained that the ethero-plane would be equipped with a repulsion transmitter which would enable us to overcome gravity at once and so rise in the air, and far beyond the atmosphere. Here another question occurred to me—how would we move at the enormous velocity he had calculated?

"We will start with that," answered Keely. "We are already moving that fast, aren't we? Well, as we rise above the atmosphere, pushed up by the repulsions of the ether, we will still have that velocity of progress through space. This velocity we can increase by turning on more repulsion waves or vibrations; and we can slow down as desired when we reach the Martian atmosphere, by directing the repulsions properly."

Working steadily under Keely's direction, the great work drew near completion. Of course skilled mechanics were employed at times, but none knew what they were constructing. They saw only part of the whole. In the same way the different portions of our equipment were prepared, and the day came when the final work of assembling the machine and its strange freight was carried to a conclusion by myself and my weird guide. September 1, 1909, found us ready to start from my secluded workshop in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania.

There was no resemblance to a flying machine in the great ethero-plane as it rested quietly upon substantial supports beneath the open sky. The roof of my shop had been removed in preparation for our flight. The strange craft was something like a fish with two narrow ribs or wings extending along the sides. It was constructed throughout of the toughest gun metal, internally arched with strong curved ribs, and bound together by powerful bands. It weighed something over one hundred tons as calculated. Keely had explained very early in the work that weight had nothing to do with this kind of flying.

"Look at the sky," he said. "Don't you see all those stars? Aren't they the biggest, heaviest, solidest things in the universe? And don't they all sail round at velocities beyond imagination? The biggest, heaviest things in the universe move the fastest and make the least noise. Isn't that so? You've got to reconstruct all your ideas when you try to step out of matter and navigate in the sphere of mind."

He also explained that the ethero-plane needed great strength to withstand the force of the ether vibrations, as well as the repulsion waves on which so much depended. Then the ship, if I may so call it, had to offer full protection to me while moving through the practical vacuum of space, to confine the air needed for my support, and to protect the food and instruments, and all that. When I asked about living through so long a time, Keely replied:

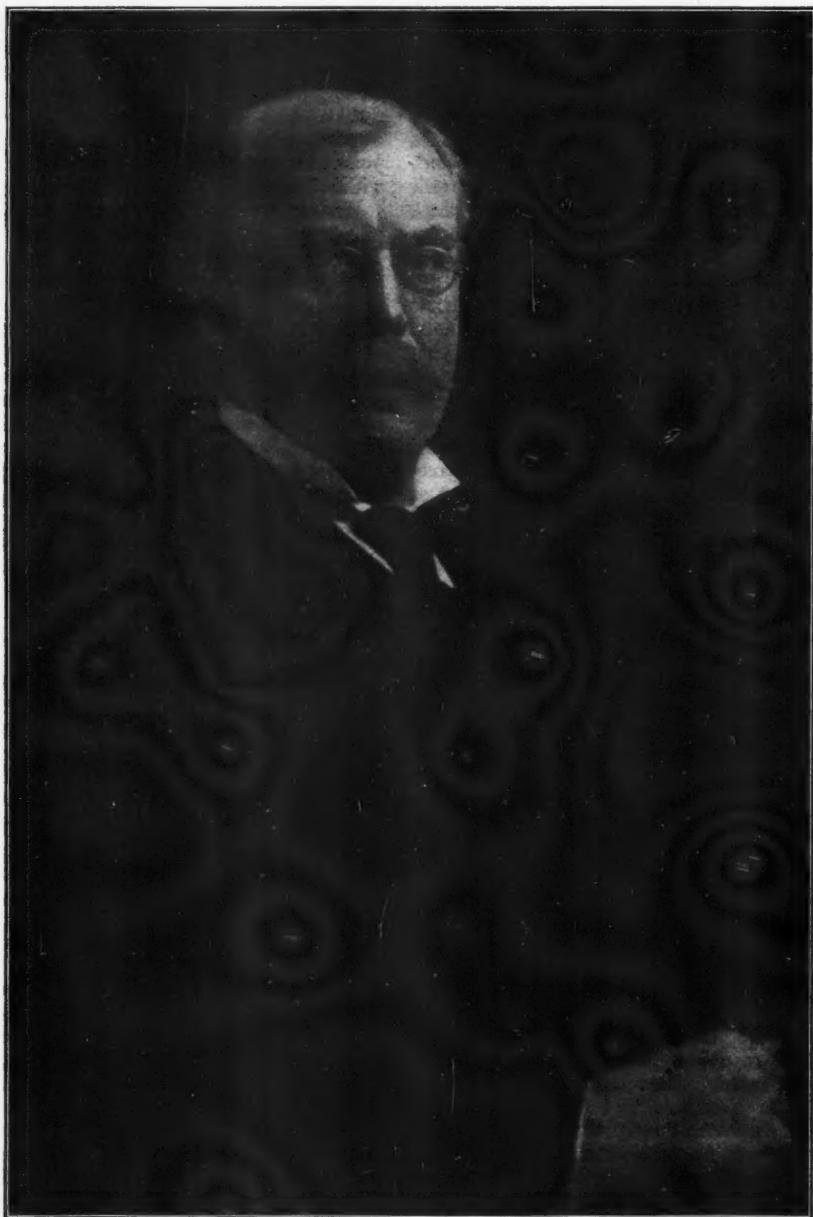
"That's got to be provided for. You want food enough for two months or more, and air enough to keep you going, except while you are on the planet Mars; there you can breathe as the Martians do; the atmosphere is not so dense as this, but you can manage to breathe it for a time without injury."

How to provide the necessary amount of air for the voyage seemed difficult. Here I was thrown on my own resources, for my "control" would not tell me everything. Many details were left to my own invention. In this matter I decided to carry out a number of cylinders of liquefied air. Jules Verne, Edgar Allan Poe, and all other premature explorers, resorted to chemicals for the production of oxygen, but they never saw liquefied air, nor thought of such a thing. Keely approved my idea at once, encouraging me when I spoke of the great weight of the confining cylinders, by declaring that such confinement, under tremendous pressure, had always been one of his best tricks, and reminding me that this expedition was not hampered in the least by weight.

"This thing of navigating the air is only limping a few baby steps," he declared. "Gee whillikins! Just wait till the time comes to publish what I left behind me, and the right man gets his hand on the vibrodyne. Then you'll see what atomic disintegration can do. Sailing round like a buzzard on those canvas wings is kindergarten work. If you want to really do something you've got to get round gravity altogether, and nothing will ever do that but my etheric repulsions."

As to provisions for the trip, I was determined to have no trouble, as so many explorers have experienced. I stored away in the hold two thousand pounds of pemmican, put up in Norway, and a hundred gross of canned vegetables of various kinds. I even threw in a variety of California fruits and some of Huyler's best candies, since it is a fact that sweetmeats are fine heat producers, and I might encounter pretty cold weather if I landed near the famous ice caps.

(Continued in September number)



CONGRESSMAN HALVOR STEENERSON
of Minnesota

Flashlights of Public Men

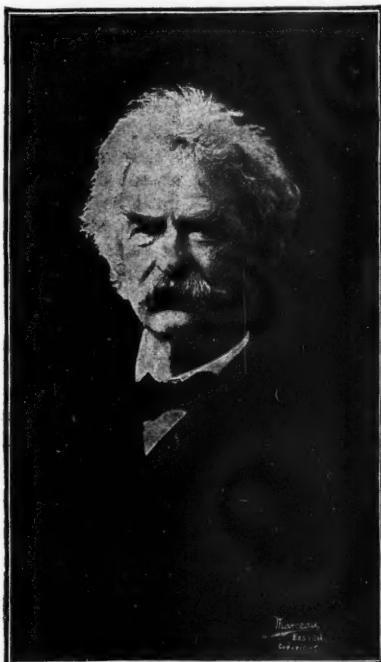
By CLARENCE EDWARD CURTIS

ONCE upon a time William Howard Taft at Barnesville, Minnesota, told his audience that he "was glad to stand up by your tall Congressman and congratulate you on having such a representative. He does you honor in Washington, and looks after your interests, as I can assure you." He referred to Halvor Steenerson, and expressed a truth to the Congressman's constituency that is common knowledge throughout Washington.

Mr. Steenerson has qualities that cannot fail to command success—he is first of all a tireless worker; but even more than this he is resourceful. When the War Department decided against establishing a reservoir at Red Lake in his district, after Mr. Steenerson had succeeded in incorporating a provision (subject to the approval of the Department), in the Rivers and Harbors Bill, the Congressman simply took another hitch on the

proposition, lined up the Senators and Representatives from Minnesota and North Dakota, and marched his colleagues forward in solid array in support of a measure to embrace all the head-waters of the Red River of the North in a comprehensive general plan to establish a system of reservoirs that will regulate the stream-flow in the interest of navigation and commerce, and prevent the disastrous floods that in recent years have destroyed millions of dollars in property. And the indications are that this latest move of Mr. Steenerson's in this direction is going to meet with success.

Mr. Steenerson was the pioneer in the advocacy of federal aid for the drainage of swamp lands. In January, 1906, he introduced bills; first, appropriating the proceeds of public land sales in the state of Minnesota, to form a permanent fund for the reclamation of swamp lands, and second, to provide for a drainage



THE LATE MARK TWAIN

Who sought the thanks of Congress after the age of seventy, that he might have the privilege of the floor of that body. He insisted that the House of Representatives was the greatest legislative body of the world

survey of all the ceded Indian lands in Minnesota. The last named bill became a part of the Indian appropriation law of 1906, and carried \$10,000, and was continued in the two subsequent years, so that in 1909 the drainage survey was completed. This work was very thorough, costing about \$30,000, and is the foundation upon which the present extensive drainage works are based. Although Congress might reasonably decline to appropriate money to reclaim lands already given away to the state it was urged by Mr. Steenerson that the swamp land grant did not apply to the ceded Indian lands in Minnesota, which were held in trust subject to entry at a price of four dollars, and some at \$1.25 per acre, and as a result Congress, in 1908, passed the so-called Volstead bill which provides that unsold Indian lands and unclaimed public lands shall be subject to drainage assessment the same as if the property of a private person, with the proviso that purchasers at the tax sale of these lands must pay in addition to drainage assessment the amount due the Indians.

This has proven a very important law, for it enables the people themselves to reclaim all lands worth reclaiming. Over one thousand miles of drainage ditches under the new law are now in course of construction, and these will convert hundreds of thousands of acres of hitherto worthless and useless lands into cultivated farms and thousands of farm homes.

As Chairman of the Committee on the Militia, Congressman Steenerson has had charge of many matters of broad national legislation, and has been the author of a number of bills for the benefit of the militia. The Steenerson-Dick law was cited in the Republican national platform as one of the splendid accomplishments of the party. He favored the reform of the rules so as to take from the speaker the power to appoint the standing committees, and voted with the Insurgents in the late crisis in the House when the Speaker was removed from the powerful Committee on Rules, and in all important general legislation such as the tariff, and the regulation of railroads has been classed with progressive Republicans or Insurgents.

There are many reasons why men go

to Congress—but the men who make their work a business after reaching Washington are the ones who ultimately succeed. In the case of the Minnesota Representative, he devotes 365 days a year to his district. He has been a powerful opponent of ship subsidies, not because of hostility to the upbuilding of the merchant marine, but because it was not the right way to accomplish that end, and because it involved the taking of millions out of the postal receipts at a time when the Department was trying in every way to economize to reduce the deficit, and because he wants every available dollar of postal receipts spent for extending and improving rural delivery service and better postal facilities to the people throughout the country. Although the older sections of the district are now pretty well covered by the rural service, it is his ambition to see the newer sections developed and occupied by settlers, so as to justify the extension of the rural service to every farm home.

Halvor Steenerson can certainly be counted as a successful Congressman, and whenever he wants anything in particular for his district he will get it sooner or later. If one plan doesn't work he invents a new system of approach, and with persistent determination keeps on the move until he lands what he goes after. His people at home have learned the force of such methods, and that is why they return him to Congress year after year.

* * *

AT the instant that I entered the Office of Ralph H. Cameron, Delegate to Congress from the Territory of Arizona, my gaze rested on a magnificent enlarged photograph of a mountain scene with a trail leading down its sides. The work was so clever that it might well have been claimed as the work of some famous artist who in the words of Kipling had been privileged to "splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

But it was not the clever photographer who did most of the "splashing," as I soon learned, but Ralph Cameron, builder of the Bright Angel Trail into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He then undertook a task that he had been told was impossible, but with axe, pick and shovel,

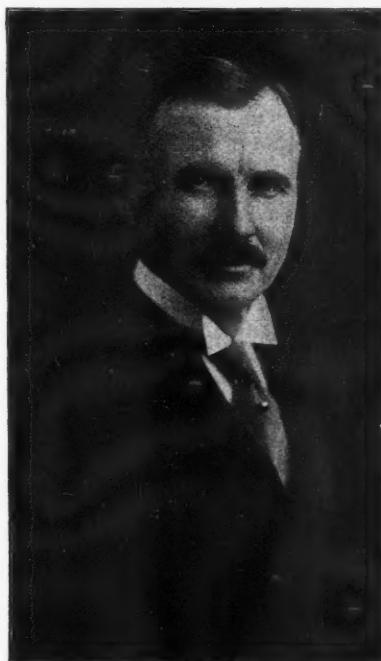
and plenty of dynamite he metamorphosed a sheer descent down the mountain side into a very passable trail. It was originally a piece of mining enterprise, pure and simple, but annually for sixteen years it has been traveled by thousands of tourists, who thus secure one of the finest views obtainable anywhere, of the Grand Canyon and the Colorado River.

Later a railroad company claimed its "right of way" along this trail, and the matter dragged through the courts, the territorial legislature and the Interior Department, but Mr. Cameron won out all along the line.

While visiting with Mr. Cameron, he showed me a letter from Arizona appealing for his help in preventing the execution of an order establishing an Indian reservation in the very heart of a choice agricultural district of the territory, and as I read that letter my heart went out in sympathy to those brave pioneers who had gone into the far-away patches of arable land in that broken wilderness and established comfortable homes only to be threatened after years of industrious labor with the settlement among their holdings of bands of Indians. Uncle Sam, who usually looks so well after his children, had taken this action without consulting any of the white residents of the locality.

Arizona wants statehood, and some of the managers of the interests that have so long prevented the realization of this demand deserve to live forever without the ordinary privileges of full citizenship. Why, even the bond issue of a municipality for school houses or public buildings must be approved by Congress before it has any legal status; and the only representation of the Territory in the national legislature is a delegate who is without a vote. Arizona is as large as a half-dozen Eastern states—it has untold resources in agricultural lands that need only to be irrigated; its hills are pastured by thousands of cattle, and beneath its soil lie some of our country's richest mineral deposits. The things that the government can give to Arizona have been withheld for half a century, and the little aid granted the territory is obtainable only under the most cumbersome system im-

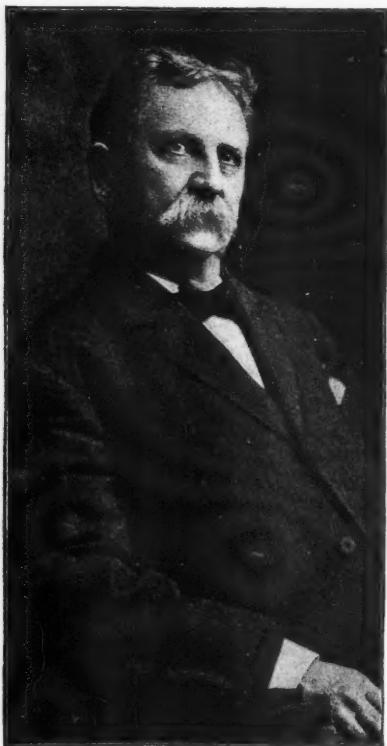
aginable. And yet while this condition exists in the national councils quite fortunately the people of Arizona have selected wisely, and Delegate Cameron continues his labors, cheerfully chasing around the numerous departments, appearing before committees, and shouldering all the burdens of his people in the national Capitol,



DELEGATE RALPH H. CAMERON
of Arizona

in the same way as in those earlier days when he tracked train robbers and cattle thieves to earth as an Arizona sheriff, or at other periods of his life when he "kept store," or handled cattle or sheep. Delegate Cameron is largely interested in mining enterprises, and in the forty-six years of his life has had a variety of experiences in the West that would make a large and interesting volume. He will never cease working day and night for statehood, and when that is accomplished it is a safe guess to make that Ralph H. Cameron will remain at Washington and wear the "purple" in Uncle Sam's "House of Lords."

FROM the third Georgia district comes Hon. Dudley M. Hughes, a farmer by occupation, and one of his friends told me to add—also by nature, which was proven when the sturdy Congressman refused pointblank to doff his familiar felt hat on the occasion of attending the



CONGRESSMAN DUDLEY M. HUGHES
of Georgia

President's reception, declaring that his headwear was the badge of his occupation and therefore could not be cast aside even on momentous occasions of state.

There are a good many people both in and out of Georgia that believe it to be the most progressive state of the South, but Congressman Hughes goes even farther than that and says that the claim is not even open to argument. He comes from the old district formerly represented by Speaker Crisp, and one of the fifteen counties he represents bears that name.

It is distinctively an agricultural region and is rich in the production of cotton—and cotton, declares the Congressman, is the greatest crop grown on American soil. Mr. Hughes entered Congress on the fifteenth day of last March, and he had not taken his seat before the great fight to change the rules committee was precipitated. The delegation from his state was divided as to their course. "I went off to a place where I could not be disturbed, and thought it all out, and then I went back and cast my vote for a change in the procedure of the rules committee, and the policy indicated by this action has been my text ever since. And," he added, "it certainly was a warm initiation."

Congressman Hughes has made a speech on the tariff, and made a telling argument from the Democratic standpoint. As a member of the Public Lands Committee he takes a prominent part in matters of legislation that have attracted attention throughout the country. He is also a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Interior Department where many items of national interest are disposed of. He has been identified with the great conservation legislation, and makes his influence felt in all measures affecting agriculture. He recently made a speech of great interest to the South, advocating the appropriation for the work of the agricultural department in stamping out the Mexican cotton boll weevil. The committee bill, which was passed, appropriates \$255,000 for the work, but Mr. Hughes believes the appropriations for this purpose should be greatly increased, and he has suggested what seems to be the only practical solution yet advanced. The Agricultural Department and the experts admit that they have found no effective prevention for the onward march of the boll weevil, which each year travels east sixty miles, and which, unless checked, in three years will invade the great cotton fields of Georgia. "The government might just as well recognize that it is baffled," he told me, "and establish a system of zones and fight the progress of the boll weevil where it is already entrenched, and in this way prevent its onward march of destruction." His views

are commanding earnest attention in the Department of Agriculture, and unless some effective method of destroying the enemy of cotton is devised, it is more than likely that before long his plan may be put into execution. The Agricultural Department, acting upon Mr. Hughes' recommendations, has done considerable departmental work in the third district in the way of agricultural lectures, in inspecting diseases in peach orchards. He has also secured about three hundred one-acre governmental agricultural stations, besides demonstrations in the manner of making better roads. An unusually large and effective supply of cotton seed was located and made available to meet an emergency among the agricultural interests of the district through his work in the Department.

Representative Hughes is an earnest advocate and careful student of all matters affecting educational matters, and was for many years trustee of his home school and of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, and is now trustee of the University of Georgia and the State Agricultural College. He was also president of the Georgia State Agricultural Society for four terms.

Congressman Hughes has come to Washington with an expressed determination of making a business of serving the people in his official capacity in every possible way. He has missed only twelve roll calls since assuming his office, certainly a fine record in relation to faithful service.

His manner is smooth and pleasant, and he is regarded as a sort of champion story teller—but no one ever has mistaken him for being of a yielding disposition, and the people of his district have long known that when he has a fight on hand he makes the fur fly. And it goes almost without saying that he will be returned the coming session.

* * *

THERE are twice as many United States Senators from Idaho as Congressmen, and therefore it devolves upon Colonel Thomas R. Hamer to carry all the state's heavy burdens through the House of Representatives. Now Colonel Hamer has been in Washington only one term,

and the fates have decreed in his case that he shall represent a comparatively small population but a very large territory; and Idaho is like other new sections of the country inasmuch as it needs a great deal in the way of legislation to bring about its proper development and care for the rich resources yet almost unknown to the rest of the country. The Republicans of Idaho perhaps realized that they had a big job to attend to and selected their man accordingly. The Washington view is that Colonel Hamer



CONGRESSMAN THOMAS R. HAMER
of Idaho

is attending to about as much as ordinarily falls to the lot of several Congressmen, and that he is doing a first-class piece of work. Colonel Hamer enlisted as a private in the Spanish-American War, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. He became military governor of the Island of Cebu, and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines. This is his first session in Congress, but he has an acquaintance and influence that many men have not been able to attain in years.

Idaho has immense wealth in the raw products that it furnishes, and in the formulation of the present tariff bill Colonel Hamer succeeded in securing a rate of one and one-half cents a pound

on lead, after the bill had been practically completed and the schedule placed at one cent a pound. Wool, sugar-beets and lumber are the three other principal products and Uncle Sam has taken care of them all in the tariff schedules, but one of the principal reasons was that Colonel Hamer was on the job looking after his state's interests.

It is said that out in Idaho there is some criticism of their Congressman's alignment with the "regular" Republicans—but quite likely this is mostly campaign talk. True to the traditions and the policies of live Western men, Colonel Hamer early discovered the surest way to get what his state needed, and then he buckled to the task and began to land things. If such states as Idaho do not need tariff protection and a piece of the "pie" that is being handed out for reclamation and other great projects, then the functions of Congress might just as well be suspended; and the strong man who can strengthen a comparatively weak state would certainly be a dullard to come to Washington with any falsely framed notion that he is going to lead in a great wave of political reformation; that kind of thing may at this time have a certain degree of popularity, but it fails to fit in with the plans of practical Con-

gressmen who have a great deal to ask for on behalf of thinly populated states. Idaho certainly possesses wonderful strength in both branches of Congress, and her progressive sons are putting the state on the map as it should be. Colonel Hamer is interested in a bill to restore eight hundred thousand acres of public school lands, lately included in the national forest reserve, to the state, and his enlarged homestead bill, which has also passed, provides for 320 acre dry farm entries, making available millions of acres of land in the state that otherwise would remain unsettled. The great reclamation projects of the West command the earnest attention of all such legislators as Colonel Hamer, and the representatives who can best forward this kind of legislation are performing a splendid service not only for their state but for the nation.

Idaho's Congressman is a type that one reads about, but does not meet every day—he "gets there;" and that certainly is a strong quality at the National Capital. A live wire counts for more in Washington than in any other spot on the Continent, and the Idaho Congressman happens to be one of that class, but he possesses the additional advantage of having the forceful Western way—and that makes him all the more valuable to his state.





By BENNETT CHAPPLE

ONE summer day, 'twas Saturday, dread war was in the air,
The boys around all heard the sound—a battle cry "fer fair!"
"We'll lick 'em! Oh, we'll stick 'em! We'll wipe the very ground!
They can't play ball at all, at all!" And so it went around.

This fervid strife which grew so rife is simple to assign—
"Red Oaks" today were asked to play against the "Twisters" nine
In chosen spot for battle hot;—a backyard lot between
A woodpile and a chicken house, where all would be serene.

With sturdy stride, deep voice applied, each Captain gathered in
His tousled, frowsled team-mates, for the game was to begin!
The umpire was an older lad whose years served him good stead
Should disputes dire enkindle fire with danger for his head.

The small score-boy, with radiant joy, held fast a slender stick,
A piece of pine, with corners fine for notching nick by nick.
The choice supreme of contest keen was settled as alway
By tossing bat, to catch it pat, and see "who had the say."

The toss was won by Freddie Dunn, and straightway, as of yore,
With sage dispose the "outs" he chose, to give Red Oaks last score.
His firm intent was of moment, for its importance grows—
It gives a chance "t' hitch yer pants," and rally at the close.

THE diamond there was laid with care; a plank at center place
Marked pitcher's box; four solid rocks fixed home and every base.
First base was in an awkward place—close by the woodpile hedge,
While down at third, commotion stirred a chicken coop on edge.

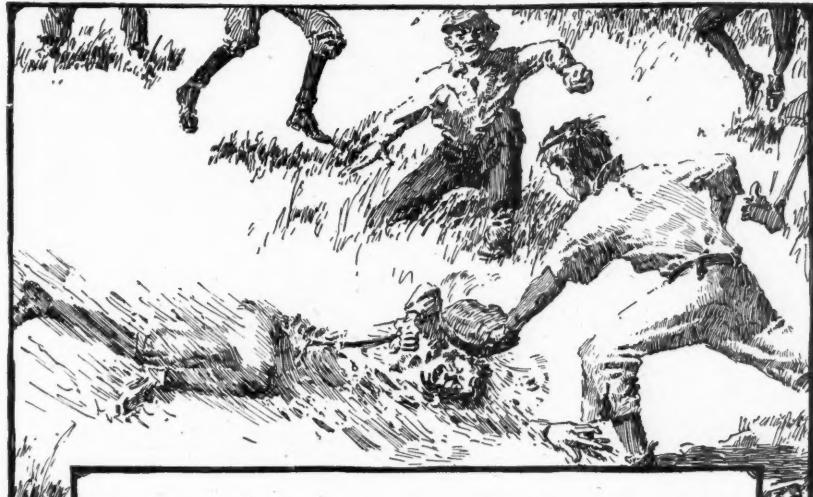
"Play ball!" the Umpire's cry roused all—his voice rang full and clear,
Each took his place with firm-set face; the batter showed no fear.
"Come on, Jim Hall! Just swat the ball!" the Twisters yelled in glee,
Jim "lined 'er out—a fearful clout!"—a "liner" hard to see.

Next Johnnie Knapp was up at bat; he swayed it to and fro
The selfsame way big leaguers play before they "let 'er go."
"Strike one!" The Umpire count begun—and still waved on the bat,
"Strike two!" A deathlike stillness grew; upon his hands John spat.

A mighty cheer then rent the air. "Now show 'em what you're 'bout!"
The pitcher tall served up the ball—"Strike three! And batter out!"
"You wall-eyed pike! Why, that's no strike!" A wrathful murmur rose—
"A mile too high! Most reached the sky!" "Hey, paste him on the nose!"

The Umpire calm felt no alarm; "Play ball!" was his command.
One more, at that, came up to bat; alas! he, too, was "fanned."
Two men were gone; a third was up in effort to score Jim,
Despite his zest, he joined the rest; a "grounder" ended him.





THE third man out? With lusty shout, Red Oaks' first batsman came;
"Now, fellers, we must bang 'er, see? We're goin' t' win this game!"
The catcher masked was heavy tasked to watch the gestures quick
Which signalled curves and clever swerves of Twisters' Slimmy Dick.

Across the plate, to catcher straight the ball flew—"Dandy, that!"
Into the mitt without a hit—"Say, holes 're in yer bat!"
Thus forth and back, without a whack—(two down and no one spoke)
A sudden flash; an awful smash—"Great Snakes! The blame bat broke!"

The ball was where? They gazed mid-air; the outfield chased full well;
With final swoop, in chicken coop the flying baseball fell.
With dash and leap, the boy dug deep to get the ball, and quick
His arm he swung, and firmly flung to cut the "home run lick."

Down at home plate, to save their fate, the catcher jumped about,
In warlike dance, while there was chance to touch the runner out!
What was this that came shooting back, straight forward to his mitt?
Although struck dumb, he watched it come, and grimly "froze to it."

Alas! What waste marks undue haste! Who would have so mistrusted?
The thing he caught great havoc wrought; It was an egg!—"n busted!"
He dropped the shell; it forthwith fell upon the upturned face
Of runner who had just slid through to try to make his base.

THE fielder's fault!—this rank assault caused trouble 'round about;
The Umpire saw the spatter raw, and hollered loud, "You're out!"
"Oh, rotten!" "Biff 'im!" "Rank!" "He's safe!" The air was full of cries.
The Umpire's fun had just begun. The catcher wiped his eyes.

Again the call "Play ball! Play ball!" The Umpire wore a grin.
"I guess I'll have to 'call' this game unless you will begin!"
A solemn spell of silence fell; and then with sudden whoop
The Red Oaks' team with threatening mien rushed in the chicken coop.

A moment more, and out the door they piled with eggs well armed,
To "give it to" the Umpire, who grew rapidly alarmed.
He had not planned to thus withstand a wild onslaught of eggs,
And as he turned, he fairly burned the ground with flying legs.

Just then the owner of the coop came suddenly to view.
"See here, you kids! Who stole my eggs?" They dropped all things and flew
Red Oaks and Twisters, friends and foes, got mixed up in retreat,
'Cross field and lot, the game forgot, they dashed with scamp'ring feet.

* * * * *

So if some day, some blithesome day, you hear a warlike noise,
You'll know it's just a "baseball scrap" between some lively boys.



MUSIC FOR THE SUMMERTIME

By FREDERICK HULZMANN

NOW that the comet and its supplement, the tail, have receded into dim distance, residents in the United States have a few leisure moments in which to bend their thoughts earthwards again, and devote a little attention to music and the gentle arts. Singularly appropriate, in this connection, is the "Flying Dutchman Overture," a resume of Wagner's "Fliegende Hollander," which is pronounced by many music-lovers as the most popular of the Wagner operas. It is featured in the Victor list for July.

All the varied emotions of this world of change are called up in the miniature drama brought before the mind's eye by Arthur Pryor's Band. Included in its excellent work is the new "Arcade Girl March," of Mr. Pryor's own composition, which is listed this month.

Immediate success is promised for the popular Medleys (Pryor's Band) No. 4 and No. 5, double-faced record. Themes of eight of the popular songs of the day are included: "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "My Hero," "By the Light of the Silv'ry Moon," and "What's the Matter with Father," on No. 4; "On a Monkey Honeymoon," "Beautiful Eyes," "Good Night, Dear," and "Don't Take Me Home" on No. 5. One of Lampe's best Two-steps, "Happy Go Lucky," played by the Pryor organization, is coupled with the "Naila Intermezzo" from the Delibes ballet, played by Signor Frosini.

The revival of old college songs is a movement that deserves particular success. This month the Victor records the "Yale Boola March," formed on the old "Boolah" air which seems to antedate the first college in the country. On the opposite side of the record is "What's the Matter with Father?" in true Billy Murray style.

Ernest Ball's new ballad, "My Heart Has Learned to Love You," and Lincke's "Glow-Worm," compose an especially good 10-inch record; the "Alabama Min-

strels" and "Old Heidelberg" (A Trip Up the Rhine), on 12-inch record, furnish good variety. "Daffydils," sung by Miss Bayes, and "Back to My Old Home Town," Mr. Norworth, keep up the Bayes-Norworth reputation for capital entertainment.

The advanced student of pianoforte will appreciate the Grunfeld record—"Etude de la Tarantella, op. 47," of Mr. Grunfeld's composition. Another artistic production is Hauser's "Cradle Song," rendered by Victor Sorlin, the famous 'cellist, with pianoforte accompaniment by C. H. H. Booth. It is a pleasure to learn that Harry Anthony and James F. Harrison have been engaged by the Victor Company for a series of duets. Their introductory record is Campana's "See the Pale Moon."

Announcement of Geraldine Farrar's two records sung in English is indeed a treat. Her art voiced in the old Scottish melody, "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" would have gladdened the heart of Burns himself. The second Farrar record, "My Old Kentucky Home," represents a coveted height in American musical progress—an American song by an American composer, sung by an American prima donna. On the extensive "Red Seal" list the leading Grand Opera artists are found in some of the famous roles.

"Red, White and Blue," "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Dixie," specially arranged and played by the New York Military Band and Premier Quartette, are combined by the Edison company in the record "Patriotic Songs of America," a timely offering for "The Fourth." Then there is "The Star Spangled Banner," played by the United States Band with the embellishments that grace it on occasions when the President greets the public. Surely no Edison owner will wish to be compromised as was the young pianist who at a certain Independence Day Festival entertained his audi-

ence with "God Save the King," "The Watch on the Rhine," "Santa Lucia," and the "Marseillaise," and could think of nothing more appropriate than "Auld Lang Syne," when asked for "something of our own."

An interesting record is "Favorite Airs from 'Mikado.'" Well-known Edison artists are listed in the cast of this familiar Gilbert & Sullivan opera, and the music is quite as good as when originally rendered from the stage. Of present-day light opera music, the best numbers from "Old Dutch," the musical comedy with which Lew Fields has entertained American theatre-goers, are skilfully played by Victor Herbert and his Orchestra; record listed "Selections from Old Dutch." Separate records have been issued for two of the "Jolly Bachelors" hits—"Savannah," sung by Miss Mayhew, and "Come Along My Mandy," Ada Jones and Billy Murray.

Some representative Slavonic music is played by Sousa's Band—record, "Slavonic Rhapsody," amberol. The standard Sousa record is "Mondaine—Valse Berceuse."

The profusion of comic selections listed will doubtless reign supreme during the warm months. "Mrs. Clancy's Boarding House," a vaudeville sketch, is irresistible. Needless to say, the Clancy diet furnishes the point of discussion. Breathless adventures are recounted in "Mister Pat O'Hare," and "Flanagan in Central Park." Ada Jones and Len Spencer are peerless as "Mr. and Mrs. Malone," in record of that title. Nor is Mr. Spencer confined to Gaelic impersonation—his versatility is proven in "Hezekiah Hopkins Comes to Town."

Some favorite Grand Opera selections are among the amberol records: Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia-Ecco ridente in cielo," in Italian, Florencio Constantino, Tenor; Meyerbeer's "Huguenots—Piff Paff," in Italian, Luigi Lucenti, bass; Saint-Saens's "Samson et Delila—Mon coeur s'omre," in French, Marie Delina, contralto; Leoncavallo's "Zaza—Dir che ci sono al mondo," in Italian, Carmen Melis, soprano; Bizet's "Carmen—Seguediglia," in French, Marguerita Sylva, soprano.

With performers who are numbered among the best artists in Grand Opera,

a chorus which has given splendid support and an audience capable of appreciating the high-water mark in music, the Boston Opera House has indeed been a phenomenal success. Particular interest attaches itself to the Columbia announcement that Ramon Blanchard, the leading baritone of the new house of opera, has contracted to sing exclusively for Columbia records. Opera-goers know Blanchard—his wonderful baritone voice has already captivated audiences on four of the continents. His record "Pescator affonda l'esca," the charming barcarolle of "La Gioconda" has been faultlessly recorded. Opportunity to know the Boston Opera male chorus is afforded by their rendition of "Desponiam il brando," the soldiers' chorus in "Faust."

Prince's Band has done good work in rendering Tschaikowsky's "Overture 1812," which brings one back to Napoleonic days. The recording of this selection calls for infinite skill. Meyerbeer's first "Fackeltanz," written for the nuptials of the King of Bavaria to the Princess Wilhelmine of Prussia, is played on the reverse side of the record (Prince's Band).

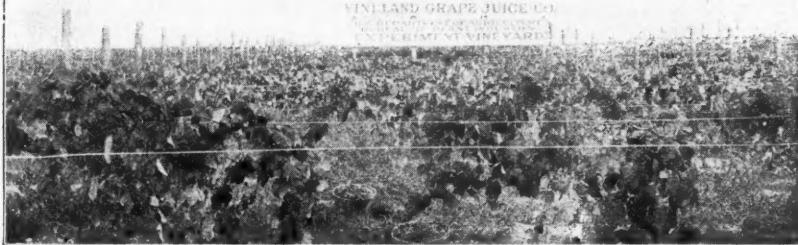
To "liven up a company for an entire evening," the Columbia Company suggests the double-disc in which "My Uncle's Farm" is coupled with a new minstrel selection which embodies "Linder Green," "Fly, Fly, Fly," and "My Rosy Rambler." A choice of records to add to the "livening": (double-disc)—"Alexander and his Clarinet," Collins and Harlan, and "Nora Malone," Byron G. Harlan; "Mrs. Casey," Ada Jones, and "I'm Afraid of You," Mr. Harlan; "Stop that Rag," Collins and Harlan, and "The Girl with a Brogue," Ada Jones. A laugh is also provoked by "Shaky Eyes," Arthur Collins, "I'm On My Way to Reno," Fred Duprez, or "He's A College Boy," Potter and Chorus.

Evidence that the Mayor of Boston is not alone in his regard for Armstrong's popular ballad of three or four summers ago comes with the listing of "Sweet Adeline," among the two-minute cylinder records. Since their municipal executive does not go in for record-making, doubtless Bostonians will be content with Stanley Kirby's excellent rendition.

BEAUTIFUL VINELAND

By FLYNN WAYNE

VINELAND GRAPE JUICE CO.
THE BUDWEISER VINEYARD
THE LUMBERTON VINEYARD



THE GREAT VINEYARDS OF VINELAND HANG HEAVY WITH GRAPES

CLOSE by the traveled highway between Atlantic City and Philadelphia lies a little city whose broad streets, luxuriant shade trees, foliage, plants and shrubs have secured for it the title "Beautiful Vineland." About half a century ago the municipality was laid out one mile square in the midst of Vineland Tract, which had been famous for years as the center of grape culture in the United States. On either side of the shady streets happy-looking homes border the sidewalk, standing in their own lawns, amid flowerbeds and shrubbery; most of the houses are built at a uniform distance of seventy-five feet from the road, and the Vineland idea of space, beauty and symmetry is embodied in the entire borough. Its two hundred miles of well-kept roads are ideal for driving or motoring, and these delightful outdoor recreations are a feature of Vineland life.

Most cities, like Topsy, "just growed," but Vineland was laid out with a specific plan and purpose to accord with the ideals of its founder, Charles K. Landis, who desired to retain nature's bounties and beauties by providing certain regulations in the town's charter, including the prohibition of alcoholic and intoxicating liquors. Thus the quiet and orderly surroundings of a true "home" town are preserved, while men of unbridled appetites have little opportunity to impoverish their families. Here a few privileged in-

dividuals cannot become inordinately rich at the expense of the majority, and Vineland, escaping both the aggressive land speculator and the ambitious promoter, has developed along the normal lines of a conservative municipality.

The town owns and operates its own water, electric light and sewerage plants, the last pronounced by government experts to be a model of sanitation. No case of typhoid has ever been caused by the municipal water supply which is pumped from beneath two stratas of clay, and comes to the consumer cool and free of any contaminating matter.

* * *

Vineland enjoys the ideal climate of the Jersey Pine Belt, made famous by the Lakewood tourist resorts. In the winter the influence of the gulf stream tempers the northern blasts; in the summer Vineland is swept by the Atlantic Coast bracing, invigorating sea breezes, while its elevation places the city beyond the reach of sea fogs and damp, and no case of malaria has ever been known to originate there.

Situated thirty-four miles from Philadelphia and connected by both steam and electric trains, many of that city's business men have established their homes in Vineland and enjoy its superior climatic, school, church—nineteen in number, representing all denominations—and social advantages. A beautiful public park of forty acres is an ideal recreation ground.

A direct line lands passengers in New York in three hours, and rural free delivery covering the entire Vineland tract affords an easy and convenient means of communication at all times. Manual training, now so important a factor in educational lines, was introduced in Vineland schools before it was adopted anywhere else in the United States, and is still one of the best-conducted departments in the educational system. The twenty-four modern school buildings of Vineland are so located as to be of easy access to all parts of the tract, and a central

The superintendent has under his care nearly five hundred persons, representing almost every country on the globe. Under his management the institution has aided much in solving the problem of the education and occupation of weak-minded children; his wards are taught that they play an important part in carrying on scientific experiments in agriculture. Vineland has attained distinction through a summer school for teachers conducted by this institution which teaches instructors its methods of training children. Every year this school is crowded with



ALONG THE SHADY STREETS OF VINELAND

high school graduates students who may enter any of the leading colleges on certificate. An excellent Public Library and a new auditorium are important adjuncts to the educational advantage of Vineland.

The ideal healthful surroundings of the city have drawn to it several New Jersey state institutions, including the Home for Soldiers, Sailors and Marines and the State Home for the Care and Training of Feeble-minded Girls and Women.

A private institution doing a great national work is the Training School for Feeble-Minded Girls and Boys, which stands a mile outside the city on a highly developed farm of several hundred acres.

teachers who desire to introduce this system in their home cities. The sentiment, "Justice to the backward child" is fast taking root in the up-to-date schools of the country, and is being advocated by doctors, clergymen and school teachers, all of whom are deeply interested in the practical Vineland methods.

The Women's Feeble Minded Institute of New Jersey, which is located at Vineland, is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, and is an excellent example of what can be done by state appropriation in the care of its feeble-minded. The broad acres surrounding the institution give ample opportunity

for the cultivation of the soil, which not only furnishes a diverting occupation for the wards, but helps to no small extent in defraying the expenses of the institution.

* * *

"Beautiful Vineland" affords remarkable resources and marketing facilities. In addition to the borough of Vineland and Millville, a manufacturing city of sixteen thousand which adjoins the Vineland tract on the south, the seashore resorts—Atlantic City, Wildwood and Cape May—are but

fields and orchards are contiguous and stretch forth until they are lost to the eye in the undulations of the distant horizon.

* * *

The soil, the climate and other conditions combine to make this the very heart of America's best grape-growing section. Small fruits of all kinds also flourish and attain superlative quality and flavor, commanding high prices in the almost limitless markets of Philadelphia, New York and nearby cities.



THE NEW AUDITORIUM, VINELAND

an hour's ride from the busy little center and demand increased supplies annually. Peas, strawberries, blackberries, tomatoes and sweet potatoes are raised in abundance. Produce shipped to New York in the evening by ordinary freight is in that market at midnight of the same day, and Vineland produce is well and favorably known in every city in the East. Buyers are constantly at hand for all kinds of produce. As the name implies, Vineland is a land of productive vineyards—peach, pear and other fruits—and though private holdings seldom exceed thirty acres, more often five to ten, the well-kept grape

Strawberries, raspberries, pears, peaches, etc., all seem indigenous to the warm well-drained soil, which attains its maximum elevation here, 121 feet above sea level, the highest land in Southern New Jersey. Already about eleven thousand inhabitants make their home in thriving Vineland. Manufacturers are numerous, and well-paid labor causes money to circulate freely. Three banks with aggregate deposits of nearly two million dollars offer exceptional banking facilities, and a strong building and loan association of over thirty years' successful operation, through which numbers of homes have been pur-

chased, has shares to the amount of over a quarter of a million dollars. Some of the western cities with ten times the population might proudly boast if they possessed the varied industries of Vineland, where already the hum of over thirty factories is heard. Shoes, shoe machinery, hard-

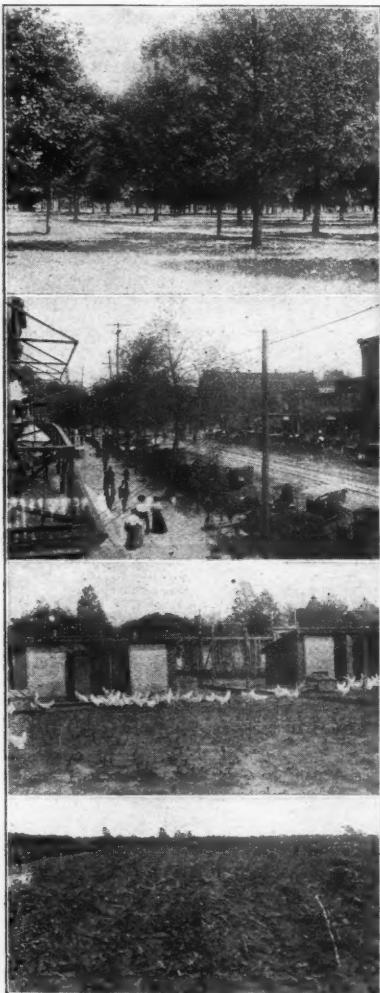
ware, glass, cut glass, pearl buttons, clothing, hosiery, gloves, paper boxes, self-setting planes, "Jersey" vises, macaroni and other products are manufactured here. An iron foundry, extensive lumber yards, planing mills, brickyards and machine shops furnish varied employment, and the contented condition of labor is evidenced by the absence of strikes and other difficulties.

But, more for the welfare of future Vineland than any of these wide-awake industries, there is a progressive, active Board of Trade, composed of seventy-five alert business men who work in harmony for the interests of the town at large. An office is maintained in the heart of the town, and its Secretary, Mr. George R. Martin, a former business man of New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, gives valuable information and assistance gratuitously to individuals and firms that contemplate locating within the district.

Like the regulation country city, Vineland draws a trading population for twenty miles around. An impressive sight to the visitor is the main street (one hundred feet wide), certain days of the week, lined on both sides by the vehicles of out-of-town buyers who come to shop at the large, well-stocked stores. The whole avenue is a bustling panorama of carriages, wagons, automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles. The combination of good roads and up-to-date stores not only encourages shopping, but ensures a large selection of fresh goods at low prices.

One of the leading industries is the making and marketing of Vineland Grape Juice, which has been extensively imitated; but Vineland Grape Juice is unique, retaining all the nurture and delicious flavor of the grape without the use of chemicals or other extraneous matter. The Vineland Grape Juice Company's tract comprises 110 acres, and in connection with it is the United States Agricultural Department Experiment Vineyard of the Middle States. Not only are the cultivation, care and propagation of all possible species of grapes carefully noted, but an exhaustive research is conducted for the prevention and cure of blight.

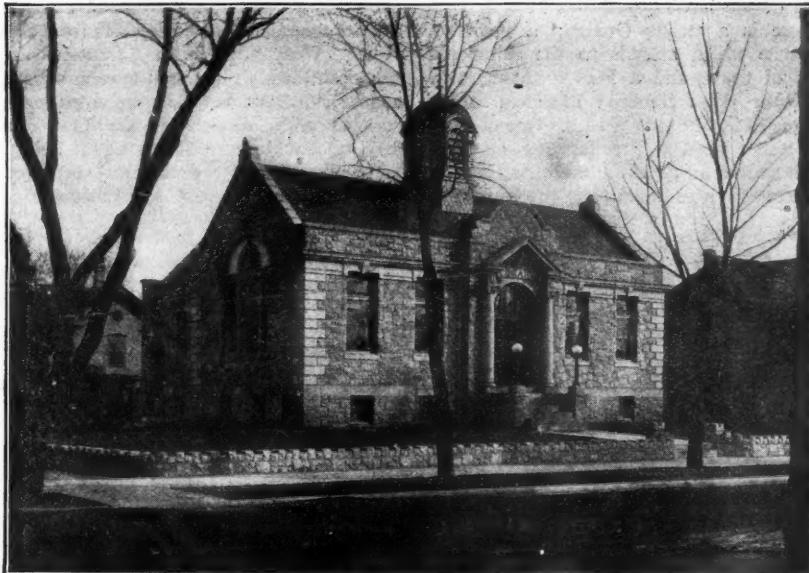
The vines are propagated by "cuttings" from growths one year old. Each cutting



A view in Vineland's forty-acre park. The farmers come from miles around to do their trading at Vineland stores. Poultry-raising on the small farms is a popular industry in Vineland. A harvest of the famous Vineland sweet potatoes.

comprises at least two "eyes" or buds, one of which must be buried deep enough in the earth to ensure rooting. The cuttings are first planted in rows a few inches apart, and the next year are ready for transplanting. Supporting stakes are erected parallel with each row of young vines, which are trained to grow on horizontal wires. In the third year the vines begin to bear and usually reach their full fruition in the fifth year. Cultivation is carried on by the methods applied

Vineland is by no means exclusively a grape and small fruit town; here, too, the succulent New Jersey sweet potato grows abundantly. Many carloads are sent to outside markets, and so well known is the Vineland sweet potato that it will command from seventy-five cents to a dollar per barrel more than those from other sections. The canning of sweet potatoes is a flourishing business. Millions of cans are sent West, and to far-off foreign markets, where the highest prices



PUBLIC LIBRARY, VINELAND

to other crops—a horse and A-shaped cultivator keep the soil loose and the weeds in subjection. From three to nine tons of grapes are produced to the acre, and these, gathered in their sweetly ripened perfection, are taken to the juice mill, where the rich, purple "blood" is carefully pressed out. Up to the present time the famous Concord grapes have held pre-eminence as the hardiest and most prolific yielders, but the Ives Seedling is a close second. Both vines were propagated by the same famous arbor-culturist, the late Mr. Ephraim Wales Bull, of Concord, Massachusetts.

are obtained. To one unfamiliar with sweet potato culture, the tenacity of life shown by the "sprouts" is surprising. In growing sweet potatoes the tubers are first planted in hotbeds. As the sprouts come up thickly they resemble young bean plants, and when five to seven inches tall are broken off the potatoes, and dropped in rows at regular distances. Following the "dropper" a man with long-handled wooden tongs picks up each plant and thrusts it half covered into the soil. A stamp upon it with his heel or toe compresses the soil sufficiently, and the vitality of the little

plant ensures growth in almost every case.

* * *

The rapid growth and close proximity of seaside resorts afford Vineland an exceptional incentive for poultry farming, and many plots of a few acres are utilized for this industry. The summer residents on the Jersey coast are always in the market for fresh eggs and broilers, and are willing to pay good prices for them. For years Vineland has forged ahead in the poultry business until today it occupies one of the leading positions in that line. There is a strong Grange; a Farmers' Grange which attends to the shipments out of town, and a Poultry Association of over three hundred members which arranges for the sale of eggs. One of their contracts pays a premium on all eggs that can be furnished, and the Association collects the eggs direct from the henneries,

paying the following week. An annual poultry show is held at which prizes are awarded, and the regular meetings of the Poultry Association are well attended by the energetic poultry farmers.

For developed and undeveloped opportunities it has always been true that the East offers environments whose attractiveness cannot be duplicated in any other locality. If it were possible to take home-seekers today to the summit of some commanding mountain and show them all the United States, it is probable that the little city of Vineland, New Jersey, would attract thousands of homeseekers from the North, West and South. Centered in the most thickly populated section of the country, Vineland has Eastern conveniences coupled with Western possibilities. In such an environment life is worth living, and hale old age, the universal desire of man, is granted to citizens of Vineland.

HE FOUND IT

A WELL-KNOWN Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)

John Welch by curiosity
(Dispatches state) was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
(It was.)

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
(It wasn't.)

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
(It wouldn't.)

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

California Oil As an Investment by Bennett Chaple

PROBABLY no developing industry in the world creates such intense interest and excitement as a new oil field where gushers are brought in, pouring out thousands of dollars worth of oil every day, and where fortunes are made sometimes in an hour.

The attention of the whole world is directed at the present time to the great oil industry of California, which has grown to such prodigious proportions as to surpass in value the combined production of the gold, silver, lead and copper of the state.

In 1909 California produced \$20,000,000 in gold, \$25,000,000 in lumber, \$31,000,000 in citrus fruits and nearly \$34,000,000 in crude oil, making it by far the greatest oil-producing state in the Union. The companies operating in the numerous fields of California have paid dividends in the past ten years amounting to over \$46,000,000.

According to a report issued by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, forty-nine companies paid dividends for the month of May of this year amounting to \$1,336,303.57.

California, the Golden State, has entered the third golden era of its history, the era of oil, and while this third golden age is but new born, it is, even in its toddling infancy, the greatest of the three; greater by far than the first era of gold, when California's mountain sides and river gorges swarmed with men lured by visions of fabulous wealth; greater by far than that

other gorgeous golden age that followed the miners' stampede, the era of golden oranges and golden wheat, of fruits and grains.

Oil is greatest not in romance, not in history, but greatest of all in dollars and cents, in material wealth added to civilization's store. Within the past eight or ten years, the industry has yielded the enormous total of 321,900,000 barrels of a market value estimated at the tremendous total of \$159,600,000. Nowhere else in the history of industrial activities in the world is there anything to compare with this great record of California's greatest industry, and the beauty of it all is that it is not owned by one man, by one set of men, by one combination of capitalists, but hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the United States and England own the stock of the various companies operating in the field. London has invested millions. New England and the Middle States are just beginning to realize the importance of the industry and its enormous money-making possibilities.

The center of attraction at the present time is in the Midway fields of California thirty-five miles southwest of Bakersfield where several gushers have been brought in during the last few months over a section ten miles long, thus adding thousands of acres to the present proven oil fields. Gushers of large and small capacity abound in this new field, which is about two years old.



CALIFORNIA OIL AS AN INVESTMENT

Some flow 1,000 barrels a day, others 5,000 to 40,000, but the record breaker thus far not only in this field but in the world is the Lakeview gusher, which started March 14, and at the present writing is doing 61,000 barrels per day. The oil of this well has an average value of sixty cents per barrel.

It is no wonder that such developments as this should create great interest and excitement. Many stories could be told of fortunate investors holding stock in companies which struck oil and how their stock went from a few cents a share to as many dollars a share. The stock of the Lakeview Oil Company went begging at twenty-five cents a share, but after the gusher came in was quoted at from \$15 to \$20 a share. One stockholder placed his stock with a broker the day before the gusher was encountered, and was greatly disappointed when told it had no market. The next morning he found himself worth more than \$50,000 in this stock alone, the increase taking place in practically an hour's time.

The growth of the oil industry of California has been so steady that comparatively few people have realized its importance or the tremendous profits to be derived from an investment in the shares of the companies.

\$1,000 invested in common stock of the American Petroleum Company two years ago, is paying \$1,600 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for \$10,000.

\$1,000 invested in Lucile Stock a few years ago, is returning \$8,000 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for \$73,326.

\$1,000 invested in the stock of the Fullerton Oil Company will this year earn \$5,000, and the shares can now be sold for \$60,800.

\$1,000 invested in Pinal at sixty cents per share has paid in dividends as much as \$2,988 per year, and the shares could then have been sold for \$44,800. That \$1,000 is now earning \$1,900 per year in dividends.

\$1,000 invested in Sterling at thirty cents per share is returning \$4,333 per year in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for \$12,300.

\$1,000 invested in the stock of the Claremont, only a comparatively short time ago, is returning \$1,598 in dividends, and the shares can now be sold for \$13,653.

\$1,000 invested in Illinois Crude a few months ago at twenty-five cents per share is now paying at the rate of \$960 per year in dividends, and the shares can be sold for \$2,240.

\$1,000 invested in the shares of the Monto Cristo Oil Company has paid in dividends as

much as \$3,600 per year, and the shares can even now be sold for \$15,000.

These are a few illustrations that come readily to mind. There are many more that a little investigation will bring forth.

But the little illustrations given show that only \$1,000 invested in these shares when the price was low in most cases returned the investor a comfortable income, while in several cases the holdings themselves, if sold at the market, would realize an independent fortune.

Fortunes have been made and fortunes will continue to be made from investment in shares of the California oil companies.

Crude oil is the power that turns the wheels of industry for 4,000 miles up and down the Pacific Coast line from Nome to Valparaiso and from as far east as the Rockies and west to Siberia. The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroads use crude oil in their locomotives exclusively. The Northern Pacific is arranging to do likewise. The demand is rapidly increasing. The Harvard and Yale steamers plying between New York and Boston are already using crude oil. The English navy is converting its war ships to burn crude oil and the United States Navy is experimenting with a view to adopting it.

Every reader of this article will no doubt be interested to know how he can acquire an interest in this great industry with a reasonable assurance of safety for his investment. There are questionable oil stocks exploited through the public press and elsewhere, and one should exercise caution in investing their money. One of the best investments offered today is that of the Midway-Pacific Oil Company owning outright 400 acres in the great Midway field in the very heart of the gusher territory. This company's stock is offered for subscription at thirty-five per cent of its par value, prior to listing on the New York and Boston Curbs, the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board and the Los Angeles Stock Exchange. Rogers-Norton Company of 45 Exchange Place, New York, are the authorized fiscal representatives of the company and will mail full particulars, maps, etc., to any one requesting same. In order to get some of this stock at the present price, it will be necessary to apply at once.

"The Business That Makes Men Millionaires"

By Michael P. Kehoe

THE business of refining has produced more great fortunes than all other industries combined.

In the last half century America has produced a crop of multi-millionaires of such fabulous wealth as the world never before has seen. Rich beyond the dreams of the Arabian Nights are such men as Rockefeller, the Havemeyers, the Guggenheims, Carnegie and Goodyear. The combined wealth of these men forms an aggregate so astounding that the ordinary man can scarcely gauge it. He looks upon this mass of millions with awe. He cannot comprehend how a human being can, in his brief life time, pile up such huge sums of money.

But stop and think. A little philosophy upon the subject will clear your mind. These men are in no way extraordinary. They haven't any more than the usual quota of legs; they haven't any more than the usual supply of brains. In every human way you are as well qualified to be a multi-millionaire as they.

Well, they "seized their opportunity." People say that—as if opportunity were a mortal thing which died about 1850. As a matter of truth, opportunity is eternal. It is yours as much as it was theirs, Napoleon's or Caesar's.

But just what was their opportunity? Rockefeller, Carnegie, the Guggenheims, the Havemeyers—how did they make their money?

First, they were middle men—not producers.

Second, each one of them made his millions from refining a natural product.

Rockefeller refined oil; Havemeyer refined sugar; Guggenheim refined ore; Carnegie refined iron into steel; Charles Goodyear refined raw rubber.

Their opportunity came to clinch the supply of raw material and make themselves the great refiners of that raw material. That is all there is to the great secret. Because they had the refiners, the producer had to come to them. And on the other side, because they had the refineries the consumer had to come to them. They collected their toll at both ends and that toll has amounted to billions.

If you could have invested only \$500 with Carnegie back in the '60's when he borrowed \$1,250 and went into the refining business, you would have been a millionaire today.

If you could have bought \$100 worth of stock in John D. Rockefeller's little wooden refinery in Kingsbury Run back

in 1857, you would have been worth one thousand times that one hundred dollars today.

If you could have purchased \$250.00 worth of stock in Meyer Guggen-

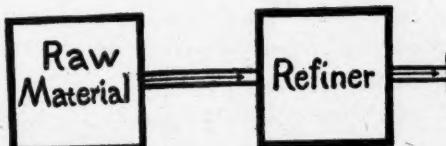


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE STRATEGIC POSITION OCCUPIED BY THE REFINER

heim's first smelting and refining plant, that stock would make you one of the enormously rich men of America today.

Havemeyer's backers have become millionaires; Goodyear's backers have become millionaires.

And the refining industry did it all.

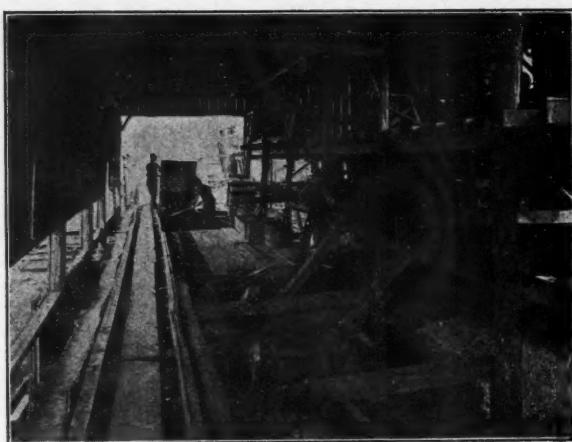
You know that to be the truth—and we know that to be the truth.

But your opportunity to profit from those kinds of refining has passed. The millions which they are paying are going to the men and women who recognized right at the start, the possibilities of enormous returns from refining oil or sugar or ore.

Your opportunity **today** is the same that was theirs fifty years ago, for we are offering you a share in another refining business, which should pay you profits of from 100 per cent to 200 per cent.

There is absolute safety in this investment, too. We can and will give you the highest references from bankers, the Governor of a State, Judges, Congressmen and prominent business men. You will not be asked to invest until you have investigated everything fully and satisfied yourself that ours is a legitimate, well-conducted, valuable business with vast opportunities for wealth before it.

We are refiners; not stock sellers. This is the first and only time we have ever offered our stock on the market. And we do this only because we need capital to increase our equipment, and extract the maximum values from our raw materials.



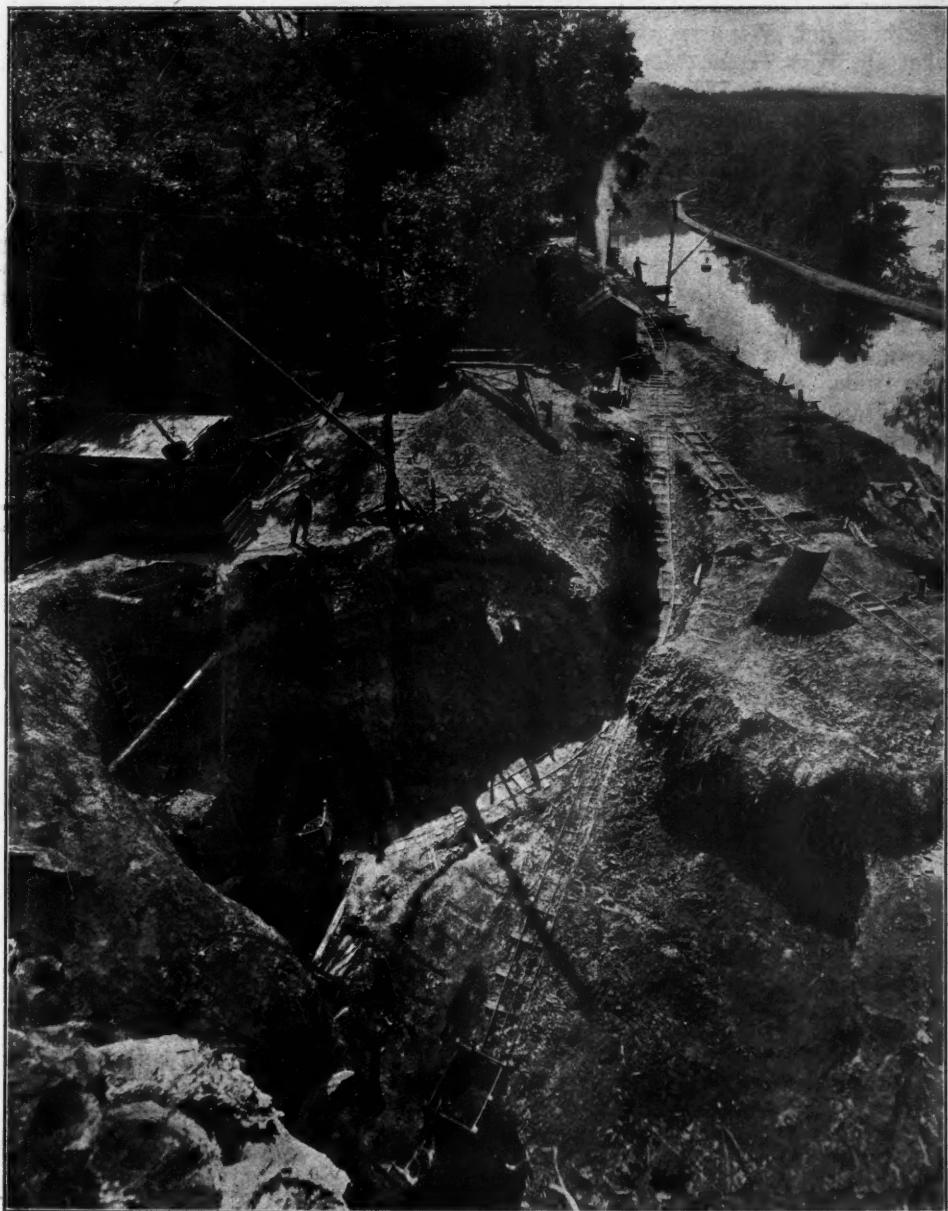
ONE END OF OUR PRESENT REFINERY

The car is being dumped into the concentrator so that the ochre, tripoli, and marl can be washed out of the manganese. The track running along the left-hand side is for bringing the limestone to the kilns.

Here is our story:

We own enormous quantities of raw materials—iron, manganese, marble, lime and their by-products—ochre, tripoli, etc. This property lies within three miles of Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac. In three years we have blocked, dug out, and piled up tens of thousands of tons of these materials. The bulk of these materials we intend to refine ourselves, because we soon found out what we have told you in these opening paragraphs—that the **refiner** is the man who makes the millions.

In every case he occupies the strategic position. No matter how rich your oil wells, or sugar plantations, or rubber plantations, or copper mines, the **refiner**, the man to whom you **must** send your raw materials, will make the largest profits. If he can also own (as we do) the raw materials, his profits are more than doubled.



Bird's-eye view of a portion of our works. This photograph is taken from the Paul Jones ledge of limestone, and looks southeast across our workings. In the lower left-hand corner of the picture is shown the beginning of this ledge, which is one-eighth of a mile wide and extends for over three-quarters of a mile. At the lower right-hand corner is an immense deposit of tripoli, ochre, and manganese, all of which is washed out of the rock and sent to the refinery. It is washed out in a stream which has a current of 24 feet of material, and which yields from 300 to 1,000 pounds of pure manganese. Emerging from the tunnel below the ladder is shown a carload of tripoli. The entire bank alongside this car is solid tripoli, 100 feet wide and 75 feet deep. Bordering this tripoli, along its entire length and mixed with it, is the manganese. Some idea of our methods of operation can be obtained from this picture. Note how the three tracks all converge, uniting into one track which passes the engine house, and goes on to the refinery which lies just beyond, and is located directly on the C. & O. Canal. Two shafts are also shown, and the boom and hoisting apparatus which is used for hoisting material out of either shaft. Alongside of the upper shaft is the pump house, with its equipment of two engines and three pumps. Directly behind the engine house, where the tracks converge, is seen the derrick which swings over the canal and is used for loading and unloading canal boats.

Would you like to investigate that kind of a business? Would you like to know what Dr. Wirt Tassin, Mineralogist, late Assistant Curator, Department of Mineralogy in the United States National Museum, has to say about the value of our raw materials?

Would you care to stand on our barrier ledge of limestone, which is three-quarters of a mile long, one-eighth of a mile wide, and which 1,000 men working for 100 years could not begin to exhaust—stand there with us and look up the Potomac a few hundred yards to the Bakertown Lime Quarries with their 24 kilns running day and night so that they may make \$500,000 a year profit for their owners? Or, if you will, walk a few feet farther to our iron deposit, with its ore which assays 56 per cent of metallic iron, and look across the Potomac to the Virginia Ore Banks, which have been in almost continuous operation for 100 years, and which now ship at the rate of over 100 tons of high-grade ore a day.

And then come with us into our present refinery, where hundreds of tons of crude manganese is already stacked up waiting to be refined. Let us explain to

you the process—how simple it is. Let us show you letters from the Carnegie Steel Co. and the American agent of the Krupp Steel Co., in which they show how necessary manganese is to the steel industry.

Would all this interest you? If it would, ask me to send you a copy of "The Business that Makes Men Millionaires." It is free for the asking to any man or woman who is serious in seeking information.

But as I have been frank with you, I ask you to be equally frank with me. We are distributing a few hundred copies of this expensive book (and an accompanying portfolio of photographs) with only one

object—to interest possible investors.

We need additional capital. I do not ask you to invest. I ask you only to investigate.

If you are willing to spend an hour in going through our large portfolio of photographs (size 15 x 17) and another hour in reading the story we have to tell, I shall be glad to send you both books free by mail. Address:

Michael P. Kehoe,
President Potomac Refining Company,
66 West 35th Street, New York City.

COUPON

Your portfolio of photographs and your book "The Business That Makes Men Millionaires," will be appreciated and read.

Name _____

N. 1

Address _____



LET'S TALK IT OVER

WITH BROTHER JOE

VACATION days recall early experiences taking subscriptions for a magazine and selling books, to replenish the almost invisible college fund. Yes, when farmers were "doing chores" or getting the weeds out of the corn, in the broiling sun, to be all ready for the immortal Fourth of July, it was hard work to engage their attention sufficiently to secure a subscription or get them to buy a book. To arrive, absolutely unknown, in a strange town, and introduce one's self to the merchants—to think up ways of interesting them in buying a book, was an experience worth while, for many of these old customers are now subscribers to the NATIONAL, and we have a lot of jolly correspondence regarding "the old days." The rebuffs were not amusing then—the disappointments were not trivial, although they look so now. Discouragement must have set in if the hard knocks had not always been mitigated by the kindly persons who seemed to appreciate the efforts of the young salesman, who was desperately in earnest. This is recounted for the benefit of the sturdy young fellows now in the field, trying to earn their way through college.

* * *

THE NATIONAL wants more subscribers—they can be secured for the asking. See what you can do in obtaining them, and in selling our books, "Heart Throbs," "Heart Songs" and "Happy Habit." It is healthful and profitable work, and will furnish you experience that will be of great value in later undertakings. Write me

personally concerning your work, and remember that there is one person who understands every difficulty—but you won't find many. The NATIONAL is the kind of magazine one can recommend to a friend, and one subscriber always brings in another.

What a thrill of satisfaction runs through the office when complimentary letters come in every mail, commenting on the current issues month by month. The critical experts insist that last month's NATIONAL is the best printed and contains the best material of any magazine put on the market at the price. The September number will contain the stirring article on "The Awakening of Arkansas," a descriptive tribute to the wonderful development of a state, giving information secured during a personal tour made by the editor through every section of Arkansas, where he was warmly greeted and kindly entertained in the homes of the people.

An article on Arkansas will also be contributed by Opie Reid, whose stories published years ago made Arkansas famous. For this issue also Wallace Irwin contributes one of the best magazine stories ever written, entitled, "Blue Eyes and the Murder Mystery."

Dr. R. K. Carter will conclude his fine tale, "Just Back From Mars," in a blaze of triumph, interspersed with keen flashes of wit. The September issue will teem with life, stories, articles, poems, and pictures. See that your friends all get a peep at the September NATIONAL.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

TRAVELING on a railroad train I noticed a book of Keats' Poems, held firmly in the hand of a young man who was wholly absorbed in its pages. One seldom finds a man "on the road" reading the dreamy verses of Keats, but this gentleman proved to be Henry Dumont, one of the young poets whose verses are attracting widespread notice. Of course I wanted to know all about him, and judicious questions elicited information concerning the principal events of his life and literary work. Born in San Francisco, he attended a grammar school in that city—entering commercial life at the age of thirteen. Beginning as an office boy he is now Chicago manager of the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Mr. Dumont doubtless inherited the gift for writing poetry from his Scotch mother, who dearly loved the works of Burns. His father was a native of the Isle of Guernsey, in the English channel. While remarkably practical in business matters, Mr. Dumont's tastes have always run toward verse, and he writes real poetry. Like most poets he has an especial affection for Keats, who has been described as "the poet of poets," and his little son, four years of age, is named John Keats Dumont. Mr. Dumont's long residence in California has added greatly to the vigor and grace of his writings, for the soil of the Golden State seems to produce poets, the list of Californian poets being long and brilliant. He attributes much of his inspiration to his wife, as practically all of his poems have been

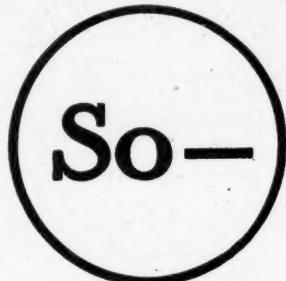
written since his marriage six years ago.

Associated with Mr. Dumont in business was Mr. George Sterling, who resides at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where a celebrated literary colony has already assembled. It was natural that the young poet should take his verses for criticism to the older man, who had inspired him with the



HENRY DUMONT, A CHICAGO POET

desire to write poems. Mr. Dumont is an ardent admirer of the poetry of Mr. Sterling, and considers that he owes much to his guidance. In fact, no one can read the verses of either writer without feeling that he is touching the soul of true poetry. Mr. Dumont has the poet's ideal of poetry—that it should express the beautiful. All his verses aim at this rather than at the glorification of commonplace things, or the depicting of the hideous or curious.



whether you buy Uneeda Biscuit at your own grocer's or at an unknown shop a thousand miles away—you *know* the contents of the package are just as they left the oven—fresh, crisp, untainted, unsullied.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

He is not a moralizer, but he has a keen insight into the emotions of the heart, and an earnest appreciation of unselfish devotion, as indicated in the exquisite story of Naomi and Ruth. In this poem his imagery and the march of the lines is fine, and every stanza is in itself a symphony. These characteristics are also very marked in "The Vision of a City." For the moment the readers see with the poet's eyes,

"A people rich with more than gold,
Feeling a beauty which no wealth can bring."

With his earnest admiration for Keats, it is no surprise to find an exquisite tribute to one whom Mr. Dumont thus describes:

"He came, with all the loveliness of light,
And all the freshness of green things, and all
The dreams that birds try vainly to express.
From him,
As golden dew falls from the shak'en rose
At sunrise, music fell; and they who yearned
Were filled to fainting with the magic sounds
So strange, yet understood."

The sonnets are few, but each one is a gem; most readers will prefer those to "Youth," and "The Sea." In these and in his other verses the hand of the poet touches many subjects; often he puts a great truth into a nutshell, as in "The Miner":

"At what expense the greater good is bought;
For ampler freedom some must bide the
bars."

Of the great teachers of history he writes:

"The world was clothed in darkness till they
came
Who deemed the sword less potent than the
pen."

The tribute to the advance of the human race ought to cheer up a few of the pessimists; the quatrains and lyrics will be a delight to all who love a brief word-picture that stands out with the beauty and clearness of some priceless cameo.

Mr. Dumont has an unique way of classifying words, and insists that some are peculiarly the property of business men, while others, in their very structure, breathe poetry. Among "prose or business words" he places dimension, consequently, manufacturer, article, illustration, consumer, successful, specialty, advertise, former, manager, substitution,

and others. Anyone can see at a glance that they differ materially from such words as message, fearful, night, day, light, darkness, dream, splendor, strength, hope, despair, realm, stirred, incense, melancholy, shadow, prayer, which he classes as "poetic words." This is practically a new science, "the selection of language," and I could see with the poet that "selecting the proper words gives a certain elevation to the poem," and could appreciate his viewpoint:

"I believe that the work of the poet is the most enduring thing in the world, because it expresses the ideal, which humanity will never surpass."

After I had talked with Mr. Dumont, I could better understand the beautiful collection of verses which he calls, "A Golden Fancy and Other Poems." Speaking of these selections he said, "I cannot say which one I like best. They are all my own children and I have a certain regard for each one, which prompts me to include it in the book." Those who have read every page of the little volume several times are convinced that there is not a line which they would be willing to have "left out." The verses group themselves together like a happy family. Each one greets the reader with a winsome smile, and those who want a fresh, dainty and inspiring book of modern verse should at once secure a copy of Henry Dumont's "A Golden Fancy."

* * *

Of all the happy times recorded in my Pleasure Book, those hours spent with Dr. Klopsch and his little folk, at the Children's Paradise, are among the brightest of summer play days. On the boat crossing the Hudson, the captain, who had seen fifty years of service, was the first to tell details about the children. He described how every few days they went up in relays from the poor districts of the city. Each group of 330 children enjoys in rotation a ten days' reality-dream that will always be associated in their minds with the picture of a generous and noble-hearted publisher.

The keen, bright, rosy faces of the cheerful little people represented every religion—Jews and gentiles, Roman

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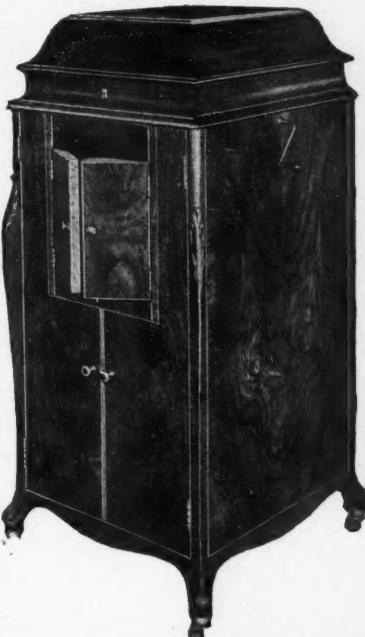
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LET'S TALK IT OVER

Catholics and Protestants—and every one had a special grip upon the heart tendrils of the entertainers. It was a pretty sight when they formed in military procession and the boys opened ranks to permit the girls to pass through to the dining hall, an open-air pavilion which is appropriately named Fort Plenty. It has a picturesque stone tower and a clock with Westminster chimes. The echoes of those bells will never be forgotten by the children who have spent ten happy days within hearing of their music. The girls passed through the ranks arm in arm, while the boys stood respectfully at attention, each child seeming perfectly sure of the place assigned at table.

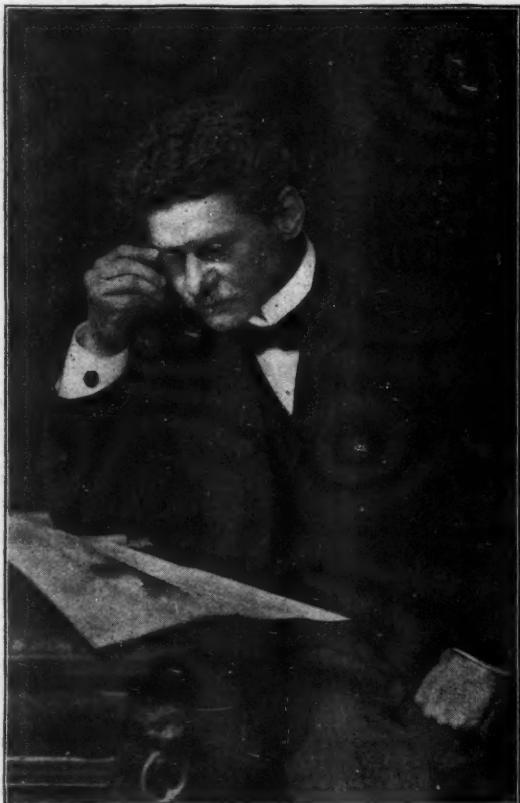
It would have rejoiced the eye of an artist to see them later at play, the little mothers taking care of tiny sisters. Among the groups were faces of every type, with here and there a beautiful, dark-eyed Jewish child, and in the foreground was a cheery little humpback, the brightest of them all. They were all overflowing with love for their teachers and Dr. Klopsch, and as he walked among them irrepressible expressions of affection burst forth.

Among the dormitories studding the crest of the hill is one appropriately named "The Sunbeam." In each of these airy sleeping apartments are little white beds in rows, and here many children rest for the first time between sheets. At eight every child is in bed, and if some of the little people are restless the matron reads stories until they drop off to sleep. The most dreaded punishment that has been devised for an occasional naughty child is not to be allowed to hear the story read by "teacher" at night.

Every hour of the day is filled with incidents that will make thrilling memories for the children in the future. It is wonderful how quickly they feel at home;

though new recruits come fresh from the city every two or three days, they become acclimated in a few hours, and are ready to get all possible enjoyment out of their ten days' stay. Over 3,000 children are cared for here during the summer.

The inmates of Paradise are recruited from the Sunday and day schools of the



*Photo by
Falk Studio*

DOCTOR LOUIS KLOPSCH

city; healthy children are required, it being impossible to provide facilities for caring for sickly ones at present—this is done by other charities. These children are a picked lot, and capable of appreciating their outing. The man in charge of the boys is a sergeant in uniform, to whom they show marked deference.

The little guests at the Children's Paradise have been favored with visits

Time and Chance

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



ORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession. Three thousand years ago Ecclesiastes wrote:

"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all."

Are we masters of Time? In degree, yes, but the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can. When life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come. ~~The~~ The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim winter will ever rage. There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it. ~~The~~ Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other by the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average there is no chance. And the stronger your Company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan. ~~The~~ Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man —a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

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LET'S TALK IT OVER

from many distinguished persons. The day I was there, Rear-Admiral Sigsby, the hero of the *Maine*, and Miss Mabel T. Boardman, eminent in Red Cross work, were there. Miss Boardman gave an address to the children.

The Children's Paradise represents but a small part of what was the lifework of the

and no money collected for charitable purposes had a wider distribution. He sent an immense cargo of corn to the aid of starving India, and aided in the relief of the reconcentrados of Cuba; he responded nobly to the appeal for help sent from China by cable, and cabled money to Finland and Sweden to relieve famine there. When the Japs felt the pinch of famine, Dr. Klopsch came promptly to their rescue.

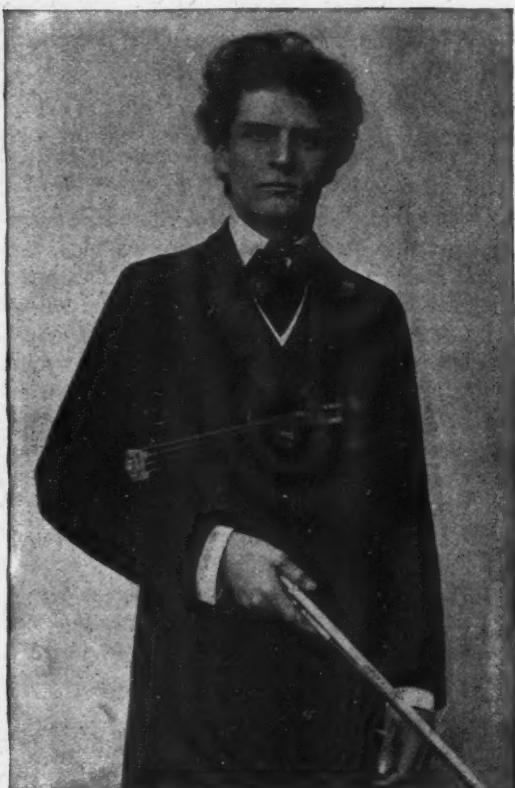
What a splendid life work he accomplished, although cut short in his prime. His beneficent career has been a beacon of faith, hope and charity, and his funeral eulogies were a sincere mingling of love and tears. He is missed by those who knew him in New York, in his work or socially, by all readers of the *Christian Herald*, and all over the world by every one of the millions whom his benefactions have aided. The work of Dr. Louis Klopsch won unqualified admiration and confidence from his readers and all who knew him. He was loved by the children—his memory is revered by the American nation.

* * *

REPORTS concerning the recent European tour of Francis Macmillen, the American violinist, indicate that he is to be awarded the distinction of being the world's greatest violinist. He appeared before Princess Henry of Battenburg, and was highly congratulated by her at the conclusion of a musicale held in the mansion

of Lord and Lady Plymouth in London, and has enthralled the English capital with the magic of bow and four strings.

During the winter season he appeared no less than twenty-five times with the leading orchestras of England and Europe, including the New Symphony Orchestra of London, the Halle Orchestra of Manchester, the Philharmonic Orchestra of Brussels, the great orchestra at Milan, the Tonkunstler Orchestra of Vienna and



FRANCIS MACMILLEN

publisher of the *Christian Herald*, who furnished to the whole world a striking example of what may be accomplished by the persistent efforts of one man. Born in Germany, the doctor was an adopted citizen of whom the United States may well be proud. He had always the soul of the true philanthropist. After he became owner of the *Christian Herald* in 1892, he raised through his paper the enormous sum of \$3,000,000,



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LET'S TALK IT OVER.

others equally famous. He has played under the baton of such noted conductors as Felix Weingartner and Oscar Médbal in Vienna, Dr. Kunwald in Berlin, Georges Lawryns of Brussels, Bernardino Molinari of Rome, Dr. Mengleberg of Amsterdam at Milan, Landon Ronald, Henry J. Wood and Dr. Frederic Cowan of London, and the great Hans Richter. With such a record for this one season the young American violinist certainly has an ovation awaiting him in his concert tour in America this season.

* * *

AMONG the mass of letters received concerning our Panama issue are some which I cannot resist the impulse to print. It confirms the conviction received in going over the work, and revives the inclination to glory in the digging of the Canal as a national achievement—a work that will endure for centuries as a great monument to American genius. The first time I visited the Isthmus I felt that I was gazing upon a great undertaking to which I would be willing to invest in person, without hope of any financial return whatever, just because of national pride. Now I understand the patriotic impulse which swelled in the hearts of many citizens of the South and North, in the dark days of the Civil War, when men sold their lands, and women their jewels, and poorer people contributed their little savings freely, not as a monetary investment, but as a gift to the nation to aid a great movement. If no other feature of the digging of the Canal existed to convince the world that it is a wise undertaking, this welling up of patriotism alone should be proof enough that it is an achievement that will be a credit to the nation.

Editor National Magazine: I must write in appreciation of your articles on the Panama Canal.

I have taken an intense interest in the work, but being a one-legged veteran, I do not expect to see it, and your articles and illustrations are so vivid and practical that it seems like having been "on the spot," to read them.

I am glad one man has sense enough to write and illustrate the work. Others have written of the fine hotels and given pictures of them, just as most travelers do in Europe. The last six pictures cannot be excelled.

They are a whole volume in themselves. I look forward eagerly for the next instalment.

Thank you for such a treat. You are doing a grand work. Keep it up.

H. A. DOBSON, M. D.
118 11th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Below is one of many letters which we are receiving concerning Mr. J. M. Chapple's article on the Panama Canal, which appeared in our May and June-July issues. It was sent to the editor by Mr. Geo. C. Rankin of Washington, who says:

"I have just received a letter from a friend of mine connected with the work in the Canal Zone, in which he refers particularly to your magazine and your very interesting and valuable article on the Panama Canal."

"I read the May National Magazine and the article by Mr. Chapple on the Panama Canal with much interest. It was greatly appreciated and enjoyed by myself and others here conversant with the facts and the situation. Mr. Chapple is certainly to be complimented and I am sure that every 'canal digger' from the chief engineer down appreciates the effort of the National in placing before the American people the true condition of affairs. Mr. Chapple has shown his interest and enthusiasm in the Canal as no other editor has. He is the only man who has come to the Isthmus and learned the facts and properly presented them to the people of the United States. Others have been here, made a flying trip across the Isthmus, peeped into the Culebra Cut, taken a look at the lock site at Gatun, talked with a few men on the works, and then gone back home and published pretentious articles on the Canal without knowing anything about the subject."

And here comes a letter from Ireland:
Glen Fael House,
Skibbereen, County Cork, Ireland.

May 30, 1910.

The Panama number of the National Magazine is a most interesting number and puts everything so clearly and yet in such simple, everyday language. The descriptions of scenery were very graphic. I could picture the scene and greatly enjoyed the whole series of articles from first to last. I always felt the deepest interest in De Lesseps and was very sorry when he failed, and pitied him greatly. It was such a terrible disaster, the crumbling machinery left in the swamp seemed such a cruel waste of money, and such a monument or tombstone over poor De Lesseps' ambition, all buried and deserted in that frightful region. It is a wonderful change to the present day.

M. J. WOLFE.

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HOT DISH HELP

By Mrs. F. W. Fitzpatrick

When a hot dish sticks to your new oil-cloth, empty the dish and add hot water; keep adding as the water cools, until the dish is sufficiently heated to loosen itself.

A Good Suggestion

When I am rinsing my clothes, I shake the towels smooth, fold as I would to iron and rub through a tight wringer; by unfolding carefully when I hang them on the line, they retain the smoothness and creases and are ready to fold and put away as soon as dry. The same is true of many coarse flat things.

MOIST CAKE

By L. A. F.

To keep cake from drying out, beat a tablespoonful of hot water with the sugar and butter; it makes it easier to beat besides keeping your cake from getting dry.

FLAT INSIDE POCKET

By "Ruth"

The writer finds a flat pocket on the inside of her kitchen apron very handy for handkerchief, keys, small change and note book; being on the inside, it cannot catch on any projection and tear.

THE BEST EVER

By S. Hopkins

No more greasy doughnuts! And why? Because, when frying them, have a kettle of boiling water near and dip each cake instantly in and out of the hot water as you take it out of the fat; this makes the cakes keep moist longer as well as removing the extra fat.

BAKED GREEN PEPPERS

By C. E. H.

Select large peppers; cut in halves lengthwise and remove seeds; rinse in cold water. Use any cold meat and chop it up with stale bread as for hash; moisten with tomato juice and season with salt, pepper and melted butter; put a thin layer on each pepper; lay in dripping pan with a very little water; bake an hour, until done. These are delicious for any meal.

Four Good Suggestions

1—You may save many a mealy potato by using a hatpin, instead of a fork, to ascertain when they are done.

2—Shell your peas as soon as you can after picking, whether you cook them or not, as much of their sweetness is absorbed by the pod. The same principle applies to husking corn.

3—Drain your fine china and glass dishes on a Turkish towel; by so doing, you not only save noise, but many a nick, crack and possibly a break.

4—Put a small pinch of salt in each bottle of milk for baby; the salt makes the milk digest more easily and is more strengthening.

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THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager

Department "E," Montreal, Canada

THE HOME

FOR DOUGHNUTS

By Mrs. Roy E. Lewis

Try using a spoon egg-beater to remove doughnuts from the hot grease; it is a great improvement on the fork.

For Embroidery Silk

Wrap each skein in tissue paper and your silk will never become rough or tangled.

For Sunbonnets

After ironing a bonnet, pin it around a gallon syrup pail and place near the stove; when dry it is round on top and fits the head.

A SUGGESTION

By J. H. L.

I note in current issue of the National oil of sassafras mentioned as good for driving flies from a room.

May I venture to suggest that a drop of oil of lavender in a small dish of water is equally offensive to flies and much more agreeable to the average person.

A little of the above dabbed on one's stockings at the ankles, makes it possible to sit on a "mosquito-y" piazza with comfort—a condition absolutely impossible, ordinarily, even with joss sticks or the "friendly nearness" of a cigar.

QUICKLY PATCHED OVERALLS

By Mrs. M. Mitchell

Rip the inside seam, lay on a generous patch and sew on the machine; re-sew the seam, and a great bugbear is easily vanquished.

Stocking Kitchen Rugs

Ladies, take the family's worn stockings, cut them round and round, each in one long strip, and have them made into rugs. Overalls make fine rugs, too.

SLIPPERY ELM BARK SALVE

By Mrs. A. I. N.

Shred the bark and soak in warm water until a thick mucilage is made. Excellent for nail wounds, old sores, boils and scratches on horses; it cleans the wound and heals quickly.

Cutting Brown Bread

Try cutting warm brown bread with a strong thread.

SANDPAPER FOR "SHINY" CLOTH

By S. E. P.

To remove the "shine" of wear on cloth or dress goods, use fine sandpaper and press.

For the Primrose

To keep a primrose in bloom, set the pot in a saucer of water; never water the soil directly and they will bloom indefinitely.

To Keep Cranberries Fresh

When they are your own growing, do not remove the chaff by winnowing; take to a cool upstairs place and stir lightly with the hand occasionally, till dry; then leave them to freeze, as it happens, and they will keep both color and flavor as long as they last.

THE HOME

NEW WAY TO BAKE JUICY PIES

By Mrs. Charles S. Pickett

Place half the amount of sugar used on bottom crust with a slice of bread, cut into small squares; then put in the fruit and the other half of the sugar with bits of butter on top; put on top crust. The bread will absorb the juice.

Light Dumplings

To insure light dumplings, drop them in the stew and leave the cover off the kettle until they are twice the size they were when dropped in; then place on the cover and boil fifteen minutes.

AN AID TO DIGESTION

By Jennie S. Potter

Take the lining of a chicken gizzard, scrub clean, then dry. Eat a small portion at a time, several times a day; it is most effective in the morning before breaking your fast. I was troubled very much with indigestion and found permanent relief after using two of these linings.

LAUNDRY HELP

By Lydia E. Taylor

When rinsing clothes in hard water, the bluing will distribute as evenly as in soft water, if a half to two-thirds cup of sweet milk is added—according to the amount of water.

Substitute For Beeswax

In the absence of beeswax or paraffine, sadrons, heated by gas-flames, or otherwise, may be rendered perfectly smooth by a particle of lard on a sheet of brown paper.

A "PEACHES" HELP

By Mrs. D. S. Weave

When peaches cling, cut around the peach with a knife before peeling, give it a little twist with the fingers and the peach will open without any trouble.

I got this from a peach grower and found it to be a great help when putting up peaches.

A VALUABLE HINT

By Abbie Barry

Fruit jellies of all kinds will keep for years if covered with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch.

Smokeless Lamps

Boil your lamp wicks in vinegar, dry them thoroughly, and your lamps will not smoke.

"Camp" Boiled Eggs

To boil eggs when camping, boil briskly while singing the four stanzas of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," then "Let all that breathe partake."

CURRENT WORMS

By Ada Crandall

For worms on currant bushes, cover the ground at the base of the bushes with coal ashes.

This has been a great success with me this year.

DEPARTMENT OF PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISERS

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

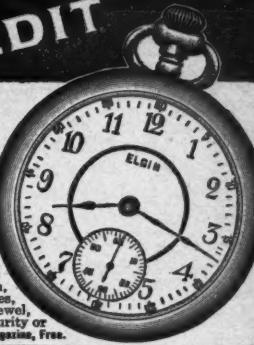
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Clothes that Make a Man

By A. VAGRANT

THE perspicuous individual who said that "it takes nine tailors to make a man" lived in other times. Today he would say that "it takes Macullar, Parker Company—or nine tailors of the other kind to make a man."

Recently I had an illustration of what it means to bear upon one's clothes the hallmark of one hundred per cent. fine. Entering the mess hall of the club at Cristobal in the Canal Zone, and hanging my coat upon a hook, I inadvertently exposed the label bearing the makers' name. The eyes of a bronzed young engineer standing beside me brightened as though he recognized an old friend.

"That looks good to me," he said, pointing to the label bearing the designation "Macullar, Parker Company, Boston, Mass." He smiled at me frankly. "I'm from Boston, myself," he explained, "so I know that you never see that label on a suit unless it's strictly first-class."

We shook hands with the good fellowship of two lovers of good clothes, and after he had accepted one of my Boston-made cigars with grateful thanks we talked of many things and discovered many points of mutual interest. And so, away down there in Panama, with only a tailor's label on my coat for introduction, I formed a very pleasant friendship.

For many years, now, the NATIONAL has been privileged to sound the praises of the splendid output of this fine old firm that has clothed with dignity and taste generation after generation of Boston's representative men, till it has become an institution unique by itself along with the other well-known landmarks that make the memory of Old St. Botolph's town dear to its sons in many lands.

In this age of the sweat-shop and the tenement house worker it is good to know that one firm at least clings to the splendid traditions of its untarnished past and

makes for discriminating buyers clean clothing in clean workrooms from clean materials.

Frankly, I believe we should be as particular about the wholesome cleanliness of the clothes we wear as about the purity of the food we eat, and while other writers are working themselves and their readers up to virtuous indignation over the iniquitous and unclean adulterations of those things that go to sustain the inner man, I feel called upon to make a brief preaching regarding the frequently unsanitary and sometimes disgusting conditions under which much of the "ready-to-wear" raiment now offered for sale is made.

The densely populated Italian district of the lower East Side, the most unsanitary and congested section of New York, where the swarming hives of towering tenement houses shelter a thousand people to the acre, is where the home-finishing of ready-made clothing is largely carried on. Here, in small, dark, ill-ventilated, incredibly dirty tenements, reeking with disease germs and foul odors, where the garments are piled on the filthy floors by day and serve as bed coverings by night, is done the final finishing of much of the smart appearing "ready-to-wear" clothing sold in the great ready-made clothing stores of the big cities.

If, after having seen the heart-breaking, ill-repaid toil of the tenement-house garment-workers in their miserable, unsanitary back rooms and basements, the same man could be shown the light, airy, immaculately clean workrooms of the Macullar, Parker Company, where the skillful, well-paid, contented operatives pass their working hours in pleasant, healthful surroundings, it is safe to say that he would never buy a ready-made suit elsewhere.

It is a wonderful and an instructive sight—these spotlessly neat and well-lighted workrooms with their groups of

CLOTHES THAT MAKE A MAN

pleasant-faced workers, located in the very heart of Boston, on its busiest commercial street.

The visitor notes with something of surprise that an air of cheerfulness invests the place with almost the atmosphere of the old-fashioned "sewing bee." Mr. Parker, the senior member of the firm, moves among the workers with a pleasant smile as they look up from their machines and benches to greet him.

And right here is a notable point demanding comment. We believe no other "ready-to-wear" clothing establishment in the world maintains its workshop and its salesrooms—on the premises—under the same roof. In no other place can the customer, having selected the suit that pleases him, stroll through the workroom where it was made, if he is so inclined, and observe the scrupulous cleanliness and care entering into the construction of the suit he has just purchased. Other firms advertise, "suits made in our own workrooms"—but where are the workrooms? This is what Elizabeth Shefley Sergeant says in the July issue of *McClure's Magazine* in the course of an investigation into the "tenement trades" in New York City:

"Ninety-five per cent of the so-called 'home finishing' in New York City is done by Italians

"A day's wages for the united work of a family do not usually exceed sixty or seventy cents in this trade; they may be much less, but are never much more. The work varies from pulling bastings—this is usually the task of the babies—and sewing on buttons, to putting in linings of coats and trousers, sewing in sleeves, and blind-stitching ~~the~~

bottoms of trousers. The garments themselves vary from the cheapest 'ready-made' to the most expensive 'custom-made' goods; for not only wholesale manufacturers, but, to some degree, fashionable tailors, employ tenement labor. The industry is chiefly carried on in one of the most congested and unsanitary parts of New York—the Italian district of the lower East Side, where very large families live and work on the narrow edge of starvation, in very small, dark, three-roomed apartments, in the midst of tuberculosis and other diseases. It is probably the worst type of tenement work. The garments lie on dirty floors in the midst of the swarming family life by day, and are used as bedding at night."

Is it any wonder that Holmes and Longfellow and myriads of Boston's notable men in years past constantly patronized Macullar, Parker Company's establishment—and that the next generation followed in their footsteps?

It is almost the last survival of the conservative old-fashioned business house in Boston—putting into its output and the conduct of its business that "conscience in little things" that insures its faithful attention to the unspoken as well as the spoken needs of its customers.

To step out of the hurry and bustle of busy Washington Street into the commodious showrooms of Macullar, Parker Company and make a leisurely selection of a suit is a pleasing and restful experience and you come away after completing your purchase with a satisfied assurance that your clothes have obtained the utmost value that perfect taste and skillful workmanship, combined with careful attention to your individual requirements, can offer you.



The National Welcomes the Teachers

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE contributes its little tribute of hearty welcome and appreciative good will to the magnificent and royal welcome which Boston—that Greater Boston which is the heart of education-loving Massachusetts—lays at the feet of the gathering delegates to the Forty-eighth Annual Convention of the National Education Association of the United States.

The National Teachers Association, organized August 25, 1857, at Philadelphia, was the parent stock and embodied the vital spirit and purpose of this organization; viz., "To elevate the character and advance the interest of the profession of teaching and to promote the cause of popular education in the United States."

Broadening its influence and activities, the name was changed at Cleveland, August 15, 1870, to the "National Educational Association," which was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia, as the National Education Society, February 24, 1880, which name was changed to the National Education Association November 6, 1886. Incorporated June 31, 1884, under a special act of Congress as the National Education Association of the United States, the new charter was accepted and by-laws adopted at the Fiftieth Anniversary Convention held amid the fruits and flowers of Los Angeles, California, July 10, 1907.

Representing leading educators in every state and territory of the Union and constantly assimilating the best thought

and practice evolved by the ever-increasing army of members, it is no wonder that the cities of America have delighted to receive as guests and to entertain and encourage as the apostles and disciples of a great evangel the officers and delegates of the several associations which are represented by the National Education Association of today.

Never can the Association visit a city whose July garb of foliage and flowers, of patriotic decorations and loyal flags by day, and glow and color of illumination by night, gives brighter or sincerer promise of public interest and popular welcome. The headquarters of the Local Executive Committee, the Membership Registration, Excursion and other committees in the Old Art Museum, close to the National Headquarters in Trinity Chapel, ensures as never before ample room for all reception and entertainment purposes, while the first general session held in the magnificent Stadium of Harvard University, Cambridge, Monday afternoon, July 4, to be addressed by Governor W. W. Kitchin of North Carolina, President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, and President William H. Taft, Chief Executive of the United States, will be one of the most effective and remarkable demonstrations of national educational interest and enthusiasm ever witnessed. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt will undoubtedly address the closing general session of the Association on Friday evening, July 8.

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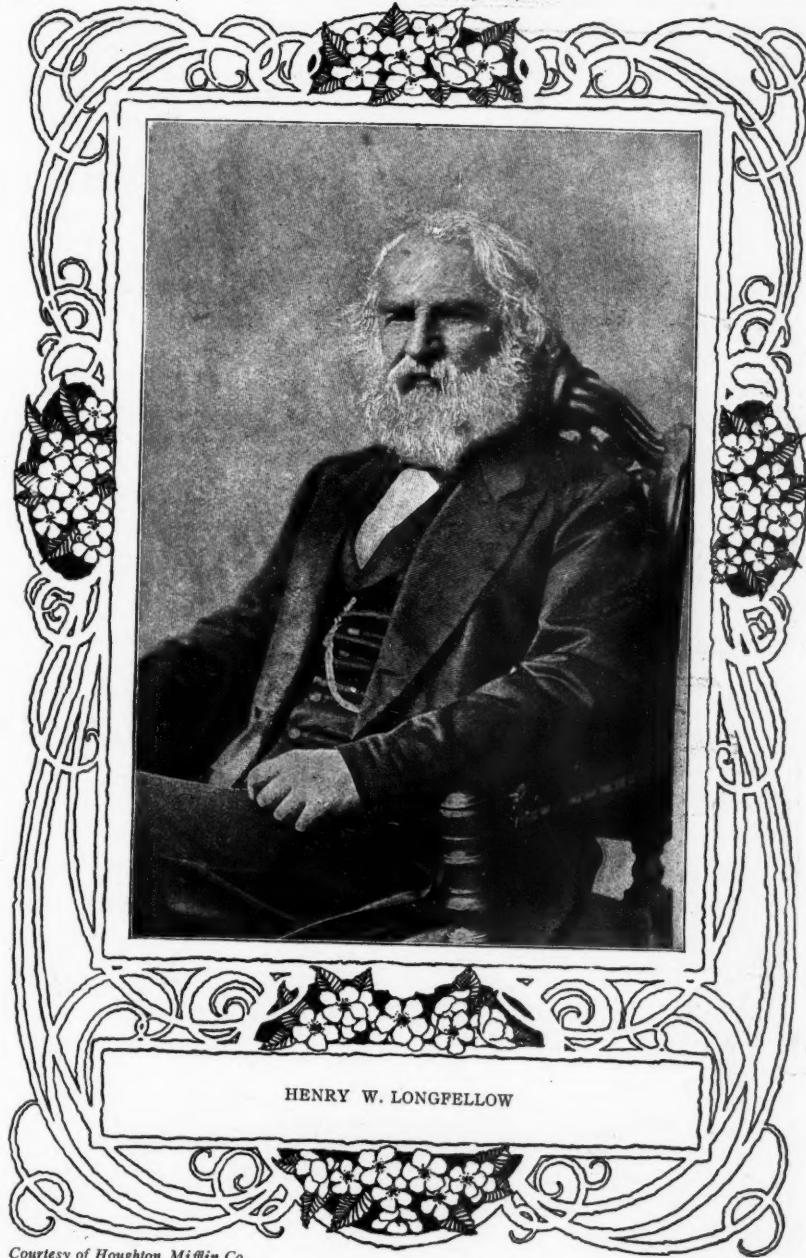
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THE "DOROTHY Q" HOUSE, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS, ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S HISTORIC SHRINES
The back part of this house was built in 1635, and at the beginning of the Revolution was the home of the Quincy family. It was here that John Hancock, Samuel Adams and other patriots were wont to meet to discuss England's policy toward her colonies, and this house was really the birthplace of American independence



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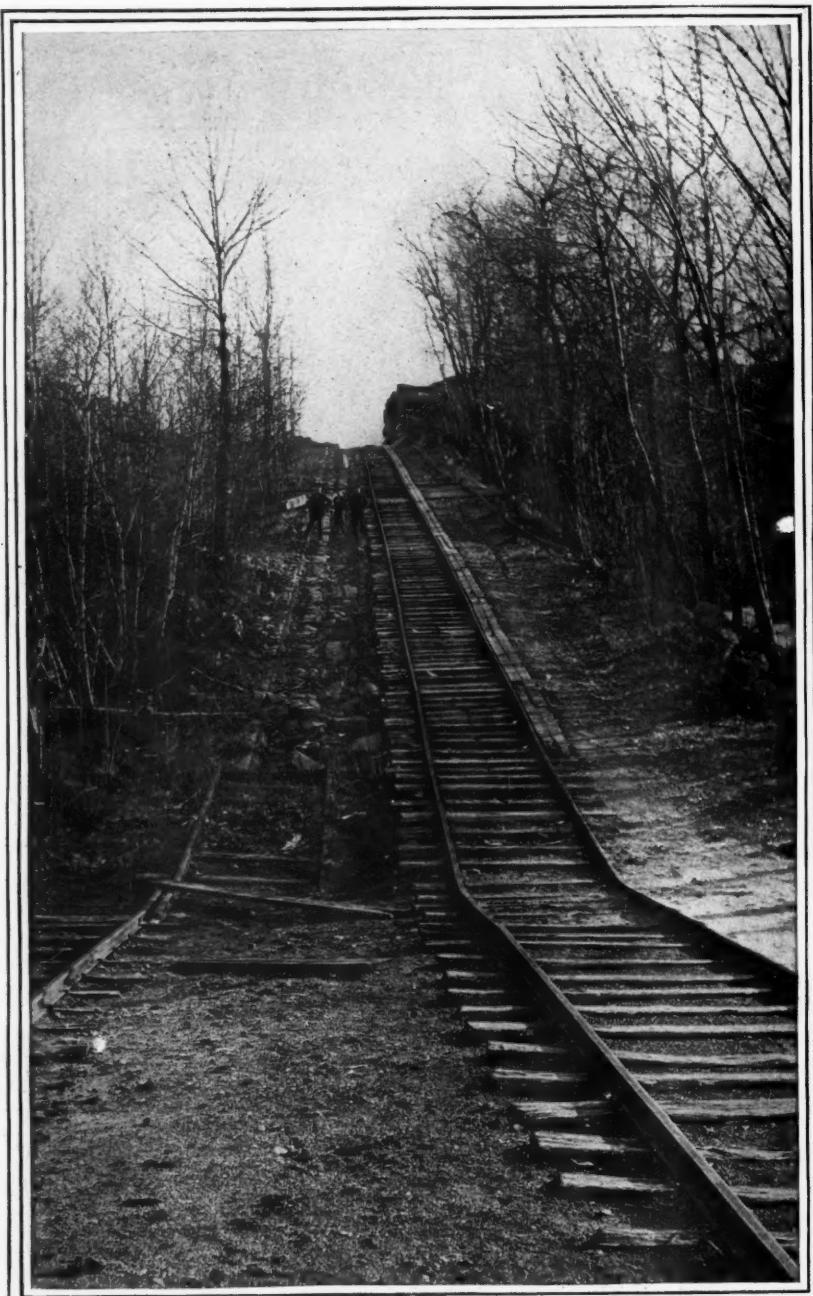


Photo by Ryder

AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD

The first iron railway track in the United States was built at Quincy, Mass. Instead of being laid on wooden ties, as at present, the iron rails were fastened to granite blocks partially imbedded in the earth. At the left of this picture may be seen a part of the track still remaining

